

Oct. 24, 1964

Price 25 cents

THE NEW YORKER



Peter
Arno



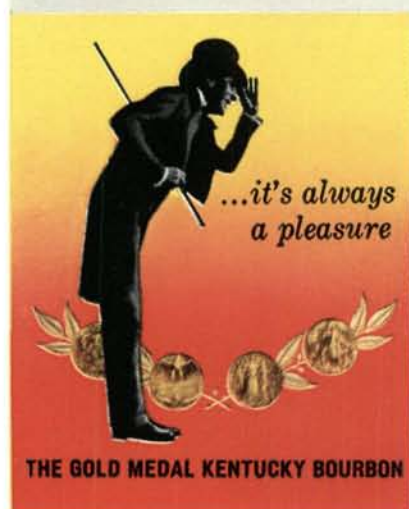
Bottles have changed...

but never the quality of

I.W. HARPER

since 1872

PRIZED BOTTLED IN BOND OR
MELLOW GOLD MEDAL BOURBON



From left to right: "Dandy" Pinch Bottle, 1900; "Amber" Glass, 1880; "Canteen G. A. R.," 1895; "Pewter Pitcher," 1900; "Companion" Decanter, 1910; "Bar Bottle" Cut Glass, 1910; "Dwarf" Decanter, 1885; "Gold Medal" Decanter, 1949; "Harper's Own" Ceramic Jug, 1890; "Little Companion" Cut Glass, 1910; "Nautical," 1890; "The American" Flask, 1875; "Carboy" Wicker-Covered, 1880; "Cameo" Miniature, 1899.

86 PROOF AND 100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND • © I.W. HARPER DISTILLING COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KY.



ANNE KLEIN'S GARNET JEWEL FOR MISS BONWIT JR. Garnet red velvet, quilted and cut to a daring V, the total effect opulent, glowing, unmistakably Anne Klein. Lustrous nylon velvet, SiBonne lined to keep its lovely shape. 3 to 11 sizes, 65.00 Mail and phone orders filled. Do come see the many-faceted collection in our Miss Bonwit Jr. Designer Dresses. It has that special sparkle . . . **THE BONWIT TELLER TOUCH**

**BONWIT
TELLER**

New York Manhasset White Plains Short Hills Philadelphia Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ABSENCE OF A CELLO—Although it isn't long on plausibility, this comedy by Ira Wallach is full of bright moments as it describes the difficulties encountered by a far-out scientist and his family when they pretend to be conformists in order to impress the representative of a hidebound corporation with which the scientist hopes to get a job. Fred Clark is utterly satisfactory as the job-seeker, and has associates in the enterprise who are also meritorious. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

ANY WEDNESDAY—A gay little comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with the tribulations of a doxy who is being maintained by a millionaire industrialist in an executive suite. Sandy Dennis is droll and winning as the girl, and she gets fine support from Rosemary Murphy and Don Porter. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BEEKMAN PLACE—Samuel Taylor's drawing-room comedy is rather a disappointment. It involves a famous violinist, now retired; his wife; a former mistress; and his daughter, caught in the throes of young love. Fernand Gravet, Arlene Francis, Leora Dana, George Courlouris, Laurence Luckinbill, Mary Grace Canfield, and Carol Booth disport themselves happily whenever Mr. Taylor gives them a chance. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE COMMITTEE—A funny octet doing the sort of extemporaneous things that Nichols and May, et al., made popular. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 6 and 9; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Nov. 14.)

THE DEPUTY—Rolf Hochhuth's controversial drama about the dealings between the Curia and the Third Reich, in an adaptation by Jerome Rothenberg. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

THE LAST ANALYSIS—An obfuscated attempt at farce by the novelist Saul Bellow. Sam Levene tries hard to make sense of a washed-out comedian who is reconstructing his life psychoanalytically, but he doesn't get very far. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE PHYSICISTS—Three gentlemen, purportedly scientists and purportedly mad, are in residence in an insane asylum even more peculiar than most. Friedrich Dürrenmatt's drama is somewhat murky as it reflects the imminence of our atomic demise, and the author takes his time in approaching his dénouement, but the theatrical effects are occasionally interesting. Hume Cronyn, Robert Shaw, and George Voskovec portray the three inmates, and Peter Brook is responsible for the staging. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE SIGN IN SIDNEY BRUSTEIN'S WINDOW—Lorraine Hansberry's lengthy description of how things are going among the Greenwich Village avant-garde intellectuals. Gabriel Dell is the Brustein of the piece, and Rita Moreno, as his wife, and Alice Ghostley, as his stuffy sister-in-law, help him along, as do most of the others in the cast. The direction, by Peter Kass, is a bit on the frenetic side. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES—A trio of Irish-Americans—mother, father, and son—resident in



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

the Bronx, have a bickering time of it while they establish that they are really a model of togetherness. The play was written by Frank D. Gilroy, and features Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Winthrop Ames, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

TRAVELLER WITHOUT LUGGAGE—An old fable of Anouilh's—circa 1937—having to do with a victim of amnesia who doesn't know whether a grisly family that takes him in is really the one he wants. Ben Gazzara and Mildred Dunnock do their best. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 24.)

LONG RUNS—BAREFOOT IN THE PARK: Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. Penny Fuller, Robert Reed, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are among those involved. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **MARY, MARY**: Mindy Carson, William Prince, and Howard Morton are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to repair the marital rift. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **NEVER TOO LATE**: Dennis O'Keefe, Martha Scott, Will Hutchins, and Fran Sharon in a farce about a sixty-year-old who finds that he

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	166
THE CURRENT CINEMA	149
FOOTBALL	96
LETTER FROM EDINBURGH	103
LETTER FROM LONDON	152
MUSICAL EVENTS	221
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
THIS AND THAT	160
THE RACE TRACK	99
THE SPORTING SCENE	224
THE THEATRE	93

THE NEW YORKER 25 WEST 43RD STREET TELEPHONE

ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 3-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 3-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

is to become a father for the second time in his life. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS—Extemporaneous fun and games in which an English cast consisting of six young men and one young woman strives to project a few amiable lunacies of the sort that signalized "Beyond the Fringe." They go about their work willingly, but the material doesn't always stand up. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

FADE OUT—FADE IN—The good old foolish days in the Hollywood of the thirties. Not a very original idea. The book is by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, and the music is by Jule Styne. Mitzie Welch has replaced the ailing Carol Burnett. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF—Zero Mostel gives a splendid performance in a revue based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. Jerome Robbins provided the choreography and direction, Joseph Stein did the adaptation, and Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick created the music and lyrics, which are often effective. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

FUNNY GIRL—The late Fanny Brice is portrayed by Barbra Streisand in a musical that is loud and splashy but only intermittently funny. Isobel Lennart provided the book, and Jule Styne and Bob Merrill the music and lyrics. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St., CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HIGH SPIRITS—In this musical version of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit," Beatrice Lillie cuts up as a daft spiritualist. The book, the music, and the lyrics, by Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray, are pleasant and Tammy Grimes, Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward are very helpful. Mr. Coward is the director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OH WHAT A LOVELY WAR—A funny, rueful, and satiric description of how some of the troops conducted themselves during the interminable stalemates that attended the First World War. Joan Littlewood has directed the cast with a fine-honed precision and a lot of ingenuity. The old war songs are still compelling. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN?—Budd and Stuart Schulberg's description of the life and times of a horrible upstart who bulldozes his way to a big job in Hollywood. A little on the monotonous side, the play has music and lyrics by Ervin Drake and features Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—HELLO, DOLLY!: Somersaults with Carol Channing. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING**: About a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Ronnie Welsh is the ambitious youth, and Jeff De Benning has just replaced Rudy Vallée as the President of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **OLIVER!**: Young Mr. Twist, more or less. The book, music, and lyrics were fashioned

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; Robert S. Ogden, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XL, No. 36, October 24, 1964. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1964 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year \$8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, \$9.00. Other foreign, \$11.00.



Lend an ear...

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK Fifth Ave. and 57th St. • HOUSTON First City Nat'l Bank Bldg. • BEVERLY HILLS 9601 Wilshire Blvd. • SAN FRANCISCO 233 Post St.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by Lionel Bart. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

GOLDEN BOY—A musical with a book by Clifford Odets and William Gibson (based on Mr. Odets's play), starring Sammy Davis. Charles Strouse wrote the music and Lee Adams the lyrics. The director is Arthur Penn, the producer Hillard Elkins. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees this week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

BEN FRANKLIN IN PARIS—A musical starring Robert Preston, with book and lyrics by Sidney Michaels and music by Mark Sandrich, Jr. Staged by Michael Kidd and presented by George W. George and Frank Granat. Previews through Monday, Oct. 26. Opens officially on Tuesday, Oct. 27. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A SEVERED HEAD—Joan Fontaine, Robin Bailey, Elliott Reid, and Lee Grant in a British comedy adapted by Iris Murdoch and J. B. Priestley from Miss Murdoch's novel. Produced by David Merrick and Donald Albery, and directed by Val May. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 28. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

LINCOLN CENTER REPERTORY—"The Changeling," the 1622 English melodrama by Thomas Middleton and William Rowley, will be the first in this season's series of four plays. Previews Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 22-24, at 8:30; Sunday, Oct. 25, at 7:30; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 27-28, at 8:30. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 29, at 7. Other performances Friday, Oct. 30, at 8:30, and Saturday, Oct. 31, at 2 and 8:30. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

THE ALCHEMIST—This production, under Stephen Porter's shrewd, strong direction, bounds along the surface of Ben Jonson's masterful satire and is often funny. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:15 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—"La Traviata" (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 23-24, and Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 29-31, all at 8:15.)

CINDY—The young performers who sing and dance in this musical are a vivacious, attractive bunch. The songs are O.K., too, and so is the book, which tells of a girl who works in her father's delicatessen and goes to a charity ball at the Plaza. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

DOCTOR FAUSTUS—A fussy production of Marlowe's great tragedy. Mostly sideshow and very little play. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

DUTCHMAN AND THE AMERICAN DREAM—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is a promising dramatist named LeRoi Jones, whose language is as brutal as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving, for the fifth time, its production of "The American Dream," Edward Albee's sardonic family portrait. No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane

S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsy is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

HANG DOWN YOUR HEAD AND DIE—A London revue, devised by David Wright. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

IN WHITE AMERICA—A chronological arrangement of official and private documents recounting the history of the Negro in this country. It may not make a play, exactly, but, as recited and acted by six performers, it certainly makes a dramatic and moving evening. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

KISS MAMA—A comedy about an Italian family in New York that is considerably more amusing and less soggy than its disheartening title might lead you to expect. The script is by George Panetta, Ruth Rawson is the director, and there are fine, funny performances by Francine Beers, Tom Pedi, and Val Bisoglio, and an agreeable straight one by Julius La Rosa. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE KNACK—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols, is a British import, and so is half its cast. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

OTHHELLO—Substantially the same production that played in Central Park last summer. James Earl Jones' Moor has its strong points and its weak ones. Bette Henritze, a new recruit to the company, is very good as Emilia. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

THAT 5 A.M. JAZZ—A play by Will Holt, who also wrote the music and lyrics. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. YU 2-4240. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THIS WAS BURLESQUE—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinees

Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

THE TROJAN WOMEN—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the aftermath of the Trojan War is always clear and visually satisfying. Michael Cacoyannis was the director, and the beautiful translation is the work of the late Edith Hamilton. The individual performances vary considerably in quality. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Oct. 22: "Concerto Barocco," "Firebird," "Ivesiana," and "La Valse." ... Friday evening, Oct. 23: "Four Temperaments," "Dim Lustre," "The Cage," and "Clarínade." ... Saturday matinee, Oct. 24: "Serenade," "Firebird," "Ivesiana," and "Western Symphony." ... Saturday evening, Oct. 24: "Donizetti Variations," "Allegro Brillante," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Symphony in C." ... Sunday matinee, Oct. 25: "Swan Lake," "Clarínade," "Tarantella," and "Stars and Stripes." ... Sunday evening, Oct. 25: "Scotch Symphony," "Apollo," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony." ... Tuesday evening, Oct. 27: "Scotch Symphony," "Firebird," "Interplay," and "Ballet Imperial." ... Wednesday evening, Oct. 28: "Concerto Barocco," "Dim Lustre," "Irish Fantasy," and "Western Symphony." ... Thursday evening, Oct. 29: "Swan Lake," "Piège de Lumière," "Meditation," and "Gounod Symphony." ... Friday evening, Oct. 30: "Concerto Barocco," "Prodigal Son," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Symphony in C." ... Saturday matinee, Oct. 31: "Four Temperaments," "Fanfare," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Symphony in C." ... Saturday evening, Oct. 31: "Scotch Symphony," "Dim Lustre," "Ivesiana," and "Stars and Stripes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinees at 2:15. Through Sunday, Nov. 8. No seating at any performance after the curtain goes up.)

MATA AND HARI—Satiric dancers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Oct. 23, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

FOLIES-BERGÈRE—The Parisian revue, with a cast of seventy headed by Patachou, Georges Ulmer, and Liliane Montevecchi. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:10 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

ANTA PROGRAM—A new musical version of Shakespeare's "As You Like It," with Dran and Tani Seitz, John Cullum, James Hurst, and Robert Eccles. Presented by the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA as the first in this season's series of matinee programs. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. Tuesday, Oct. 27, at 2:30. For tickets, call PL 7-4564.)

NIGHT LIFE

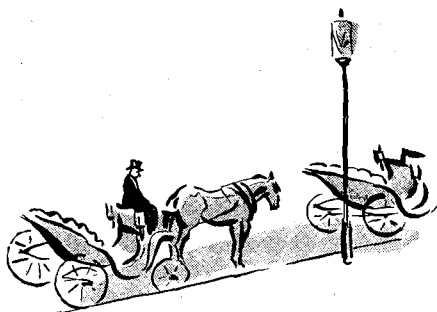
(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The vaudeville turn that goes on at dinner and supper in the Royal Box—Anna Maria Alberghetti, still the small, sweetly trilling meadowlark, and John Bubbles, the worldly-wise veteran, still hoofing and still singing "There's a Boat That's Leaving Soon for New York"—is contrived, starchy, old-fashioned, and an undiminished delight. As if this pair were not enough, and they are, dancing is available all evening. Closed Sundays.

DELMONICO'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Vivid imagination rages unchecked all through the décor in the refectory, which offers knife-and-fork music from eight to ten and exercise music thenceforward. George Anaya's Latinos, who absent themselves on Mondays, are the creators.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—To be seen or not to be seen—that is the question. The proper question-and-answer music is proffered by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. In the





What a glorious idea—

to create a mink coat

that is not only beautiful

but superbly classic,

in either natural ranch or pastel mink—

and do it for 1995.00 plus tax.

It's Lord & Taylor's very special
mink of the year—in the Fur Salon,
at all Lord & Taylor stores

Hood

BEST & CO.

Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.



Coat-dress chic

Stitched lapels and trim of rayon and silk add a smart young Chanel-type accent to our favorite loopy wool coat-dress with 8 tiny covered buttons. Holiday bright shades of lemon, robin's egg blue or geranium, sizes 7 to 13. (N-49) 50.00 7th Floor

Mail and phone orders filled—Plaza 9-2000

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Champagne Room, Freddie Fassler keeps a Viennese fiddle close to his chin. Darkness on Sundays.

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800)—The last of the midtown landmarks with the look and the air of the days when prohibition thought it was being enforced. Many of the principals and bit players have been replaced, but the casting is still in character. The music of Angelo's trio begins at nine; it is interspersed with the piano and songs of Bobby Gosh, new to this town, who has a late-night sound.

MARK TWAIN RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The biggest night boat in America. It sets sail every evening but Sunday, manned by Stan Rubin, his Tiger Town Five, and his Riverboat Ramblers, who start in at seven (Fridays and Saturdays at eight). The music and its delivery range from 1864 to 1964.

NEW YORK HILTON, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—The Seven Hills, a fine little architectural conceit, looks as Roman as can be, and sounds it, too, when I Cavalieri di Roma sit down on the bandstand, on which they pass most of the time between eight and one. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The chipper little Café Pierre is the home of a handful of Ben Cutler's liveliest music-makers, who do a hand gallop every night. Alex Geraldo, who chants to his own guitar, does stay away on Mondays.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Kay Starr, who arrives in the Persian Room at dinner and supper with a sheaf of her whoop-and-holler arias, is chatty and chipper as she goes about demonstrating that this sort of Americana can be funny and not just furious. Emil Coleman's big, rumbling band and Mark Monte's picadors provide dance music through the whole evening. Closed Sundays. ... ¶ In the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, Leo LeFleur's duo tinkles away from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. The LeFleur holiday is always Monday. At eight, Gunnar Hansen moves his violin into the Palm Court, where a dessert sort of menu, plus light wines and light hearts, prevails until one. He stays home Sundays.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Two rooms with a view, in one of which the sounds of George Cort's fivesome impinge gently on your ears and your cocktails, in the other of which the music is translated into direct action on a circular dance floor. The altitude is sixty-five floors, the music plays from eight to one every night but Sunday, and the chef sticks it out to the end.

St. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The orchestra of Peter Duchin, a copious cascade, and the group put together by Quintero, a truly noble Latin contingent, make sure that there is never a quiet moment in the Maisonette, that venerable affair of state. Closed Sundays. ... ¶ La Boite, a smaller and calmer *saile à manger*, affords the musings of Jani Sarkozi's violin and Walter Kav's piano from dinner through supper. Closed Sundays.

SHEPHERD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—The sands of the Egyptian desert here just haven't time to grow cold, for the music (hi-fi, not human) goes non-stop between eight and four every night, and so do the feet of the guests, even though they are engaged in dance steps that are among the seven wonders of the modern world.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Not quite a green pasture, but the air is open and the sky is the ceiling as two small bands, one of them Latin, brave the crispness of our Indian summer. They play from about eight (seven on Sundays) to one or later every evening. The dance floor and dining room are duplicated indoors at the first sign of rain or frost. No music Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Sheila MacRae, who appears with Gordon MacRae at dinner and supper in the Empire Room, does a lot to restore the rapidly ebbing art of caricature. Some of her characterizations are serpent's-tooth humor, others are just long, but no matter. Mr.

MacRae's tenor is in golden health, as usual, and their onstage domestic life is as merry as ever. On Monday, Oct. 26, Leslie Uggams and her ballads will succeed the MacRaes. A top-ranking Meyer Davis band, chivvied along by Emery Davis, and the small group run by Horace Diaz work all evening. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—The population-explosion problem is solved by **ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, at 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200), for its dance floor is a hundred and fifty feet long. The air is community and circumspect, the airs (by two bands) are North and South American, the air-conditioning is majestic. This interesting solution includes bar, grill, Thursday and Saturday matinées (one-forty-five until six), evening sessions from around seven-thirty until around one, a Tuesday floor show (at eleven-fifteen), and an unremitting Sunday session (three-thirty until one). Mondays are rest nights.

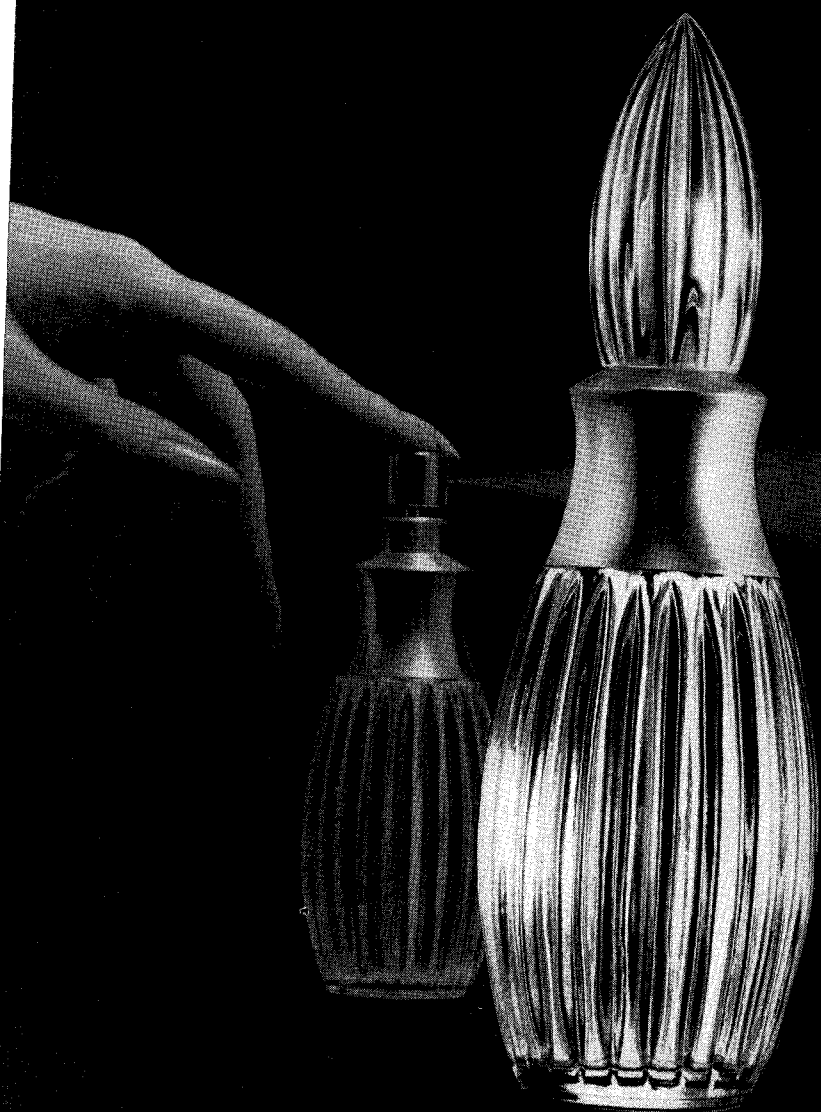
SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Night school for beginning young men about town and their little doves—not that the old grads of this coeducational project don't flock back to the campus in force. The party begins at cocktail time with pensive piano by Sam Hamilton, proceeds through the dinner hour with piano by Goldie Hawkins or Wayne Sanders, and ends up after the theatre with a double-team deal by the Messrs. Hawkins and Sanders. Closed Sundays. ... **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): There are nightingales in the shrubbery of this Florentine garden, where Aldo Bruschi, a fine big bullfrog, offers vocal counterpoint as his feathered friends essay Puccini and other noble Romans in their occasional outbursts. The chanting happens every night, and an easy-does-it dance band operates from Thursday through Saturday. Closed Mondays. ... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, dean of the drawing-room pianists, has returned to his regal domain to do his light-nig arabesques during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays. ... **LE CAPRICE**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): A promenade for liege lords and ladies, along which are to be found the relaxed piano of Jules Kuti from cocktails through dinner, the effervescent piano of Otis Clements from then on, and, after ten-thirty, the piano and ballads of Bobby Short, which have a zip code that is theirs alone. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are the Short sidemen. Closed Sundays. ... **Café AMBASSADOR**, in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Ray Hartley, who has distinct (and sensible) ideas of his own about the way show tunes should sound on a piano, is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. ... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Lovers' knots and lovers' snarls untied while you wait as Mabel Mercer, a ruler all serene, imparts her own special underemphasis to a bouquet of songs that no one else ever seems to discover. Sam Hamilton is, as he should be always, her accompanist. Ten-thirty is starting time. Closed Sundays. ... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4645): The most venerable Spanish settlement in the New World. The natives, unrestless during the day, go nuts about singing and dancing at night. Audience participation is legal. Closed Sundays. ... **CHATEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): One glance at the medieval surroundings is proof that *le Vert Galant* was a merry old soul. The master of revels is Norbert Faconi, dean of the entire fleet of wandering-about-at-night violinists. No music Sundays. ... **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another medieval real-estate deal, likewise decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. ... **WAVELY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. ... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Dolce* is the *vita*, and *dolce* is the threnody of the street



NEW! INTIMATE SPRAY MIST (UNDER GLASS)



OPULENT NEW WAY TO SPRAY THIS CHERISHED FRAGRANCE...
FROM A DELICATE FLUTED DECANTER WITH THE LOOK OF HEIRLOOM CRYSTAL. 3.00 PLUS TAX.

'INTIMATE' BY REVVLON

CHERISHED AS ONE OF THE WORLD'S SEVEN GREAT FRAGRANCES



From the
Young Elite® Shops—
our toga sleepgown, 9.00

Scoop necked, side slit and
ruffled—a straight drift of nylon,
rayon and Dacron® polyester. White or
pale blue, touched with nylon satin and
lace. Petite, small or medium
sizes. Young Elite® Lingerie.

Saks Fifth Avenue

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

musicians who march up and down from six until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Via Veneto West, but all roofed over, so the elements cannot impede either the diners or the strolling violinists. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Dressed fit to kill describes this dining room, and it's a vivacious setting for the guitar of Gustavo Lopez, whose calm music is at home in both Manhattan and Madrid. Mondays are silent nights. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A cheery decompression chamber for young people who are deep, deep in the performing arts. Sort of cookout are the mood and the diet, and the spirit of relaxation is enhanced six days a week by a tireless jazz trio and on Sundays by a jazz duo. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, pillar of society, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Rack Godwin for the construction of his own special fugues for piano. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): How to restore a turn-of-the-century town house while also restoring the inner man. From conservatory to bar to open-air pavilion, all delights the eye, and in the bar the ear is cozened—from five to eight and again from nine-thirty to two—by piano that never interferes with conversation. No music Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL**, 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): A rambling and picturesque *ranchero* that is south of several borders—Mexican, Argentine, Peruvian, to name three. The menu is appropriate to the scene, and so is the music—strolling Latin singers and players on patrol from five-thirty to eleven during the week, and a real conflagration of singers and dancers from one to nine on Sundays. . . . **MICHEL-ANGELO**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The good life as it can be lived in the north of Italy, along with the regional culinary perquisites. There's Joe Candullo and his trio making north-of-America dance music after eight-thirty, plus (Fridays and Saturdays) a few vocal embellishments. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 70th St. (RH 4-9382): Light hearts and gentle people, immersed in the Hungarian lively arts—zimbalon, violin, soprano, tenor, the dance. Tibor Rakossy, the major-domo, is a balladeer of sentiment pure and majestic. Béla Babai's band plays for dancing, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **PLACE LAUTREC**, in the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): The bandonion, a twice-as-big-as-life concertina of interest to antiquarians and concertinagoers alike, is given full play by its master, Mario Peralta, from cocktails until ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN**, Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): Night must fall, but it does so most becomingly through the windows of the owlishly ornamented Crown Restaurant, which offers a fifth-floor look at the Hudson and a harp in action. It is plied, from seven to nine, by the concert-bred Daphne Hellman most of the time, and now and then by Joyce Rosenfield. . . . **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): The dark eyes here are all Muscovite. The most burning pair belongs to Marina Fedorovskaya, who has Russian arias to match. Broody violin and piano fill the interludes between her concerts. The hours are seven-thirty until two. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Dress circle, more often than not. Venetian-glass piano is contributed, from eight-thirty until one or two, by George Feyer. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, an ebullient throwback to the "Naughty Marietta" sort of soubrette, chants at dinner during the week, and at dinner and supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Kurt Mairer's trio chips in with mild and mannerly dance tunes. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, whose speciality is calm, collected pianism, is in the Casino-on-the-Park, an ample rest haven, from five-thirty until midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Roaring fortissimos go hand in hand as the staff, to whom waiting on table comes in second to singing Verdi, gets to work. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): It's the wine cellar of the Hotel Stanhope, and just large enough for Al Valenti, his guitar (American), and a few mild tipplers to con-

gregate. Nine-thirty to one, except Mondays, is the extent of the music. . . . **IL SOLE**, 48 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1060): Ralph Strain, a phoenix too infrequent, has returned to town to play his slow, romantic, those-were-the-nights piano from seven-thirty until two every night but Sunday at the far end of the dining room.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): It does seem as if the most beautiful girls in the world go to the tremendous dancing classes held here every night of the year. At any rate, they are enormously proficient, and enormously picturesque in what there is of their Joseph's-coat practice clothes. Far less ethereal are the Wazzans, an adept band of Moroccan rough-and-tumblers, and the Marquis, a nice, well-behaved, amusing, and typical upper-middle-class American family of chimpanzees from the Jack Benny air-time deal. There is also Van Johnson, star of stage, screen, and radar, making a personal-appearance tour in the usual personal-appearance manner. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Tony Bennett, a Broadway troubadour benignly without pretensions, is stirring a few lively herbs into the big, doughy Broadway songs he is given to sing; Allan Drake is telling jokes that must be able to bear repetition, for that's what they get. The new set of Copa ballerinas is sure to gladden the eye. Dancing. . . . In the lounge, there is never a shortage of shouting and tumult. The quartet of Erskine Hawkins, on view from ten to four without ever a night off, is one reason. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The sound is by Buddy Greco, who would rather coax a pop tune along as far as it will go instead of scoring a knockout in the first round; the fury is Sheeky Greene, whose humor compares as do two peas with the humor of many others. Closed Sundays. . . . **INTERNATIONAL**, Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): Let them call it "Minsky's Follies of '65," but what we have here—girls who are long, lithe, and luxurious, wits (Irving Benson and Jack Mann) who are robust and rowdy, dancers who are dancers, singers who are singers, and a pantomimist (George Carr) who is next to peerless—comes under the head of vast improvement in any comparison with burlesque of the profession's middle ages. Sundays through Fridays at eight-thirty and midnight and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

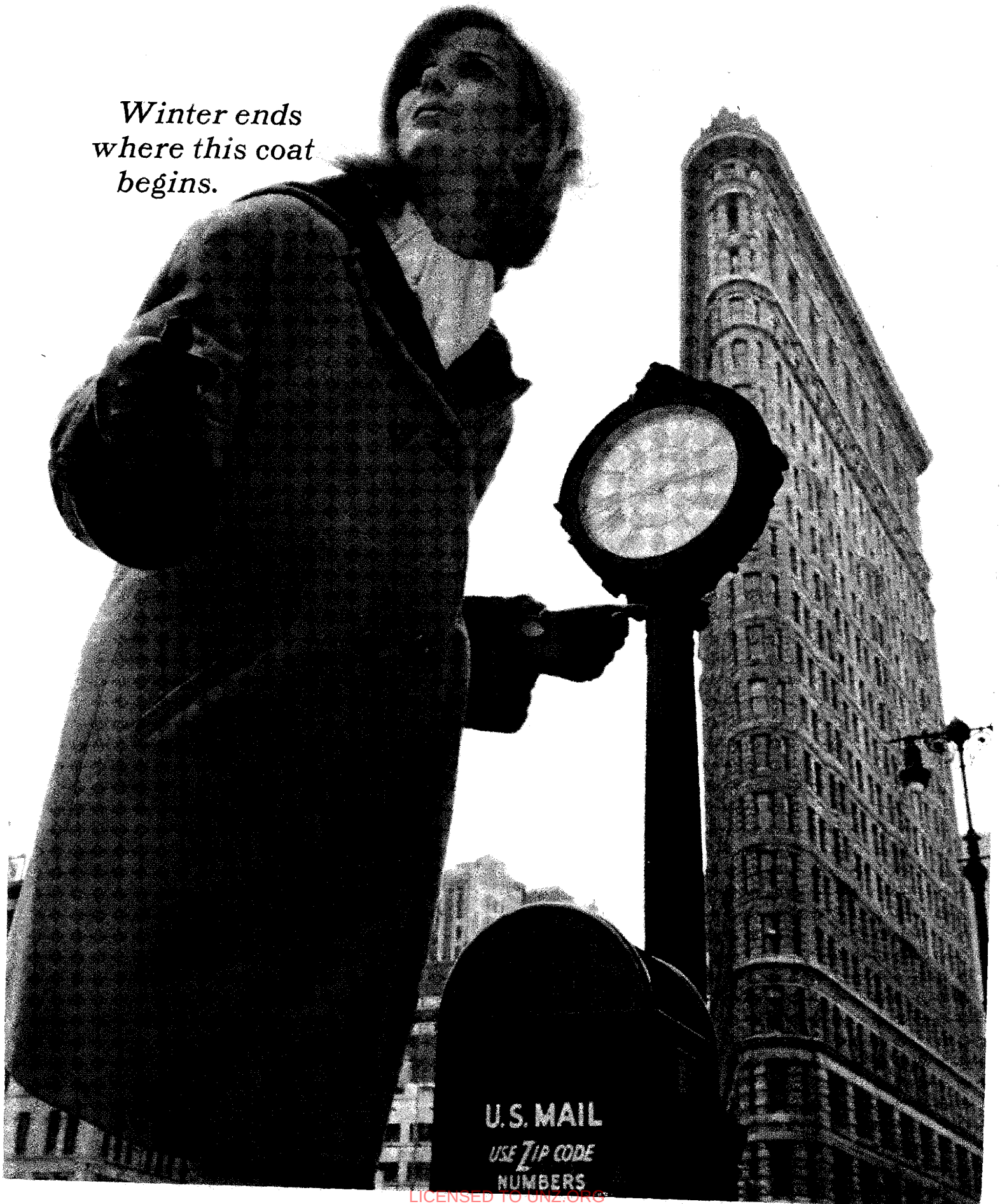
PLAZA 9-, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): In prankish parables and Damascus-steel poesy, "Bits & Pieces, XIV," the latest and maybe the greatest Julius Monk revue, makes burnt offerings and burnt effigies of very nearly all the people and problems that beset the admirers of civilization. Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason wear their Monkish habits with excellent skill; Jamie Ross, Nagle Jackson, Barbara Minkus, and Nancy Myers are the best of playmates and foils. Robert Colston, Carl Norman, and William Roy are at the continuous pianos. Tee-off times are nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Ferocious enthusiasm is the motive of the mixed bag of Latinos—singing, stamping, strolling, swooping around with fiddles, parading some remarkable marionettes—that, glorying in its innocence, occupies the stage in the back room twice on weekdays, thrice on Saturdays, at ten-thirty on Sundays. The customers, no slouches at footwork themselves, are given equal time on the dance floor by a band, led by Emilio Reyes, that dines exclusively on gingersnaps. Tea dancing of a thunderclap order on Sunday afternoons. . . . After ten, in the tiny alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Felicia Sanders, a fully packed voice that operates on the command level, is shivering the timber of this spreading Village chestnut tree. The team of Stiller & Meara gallops through one-act playlets that demonstrate the folly of allowing people to consort with peo-

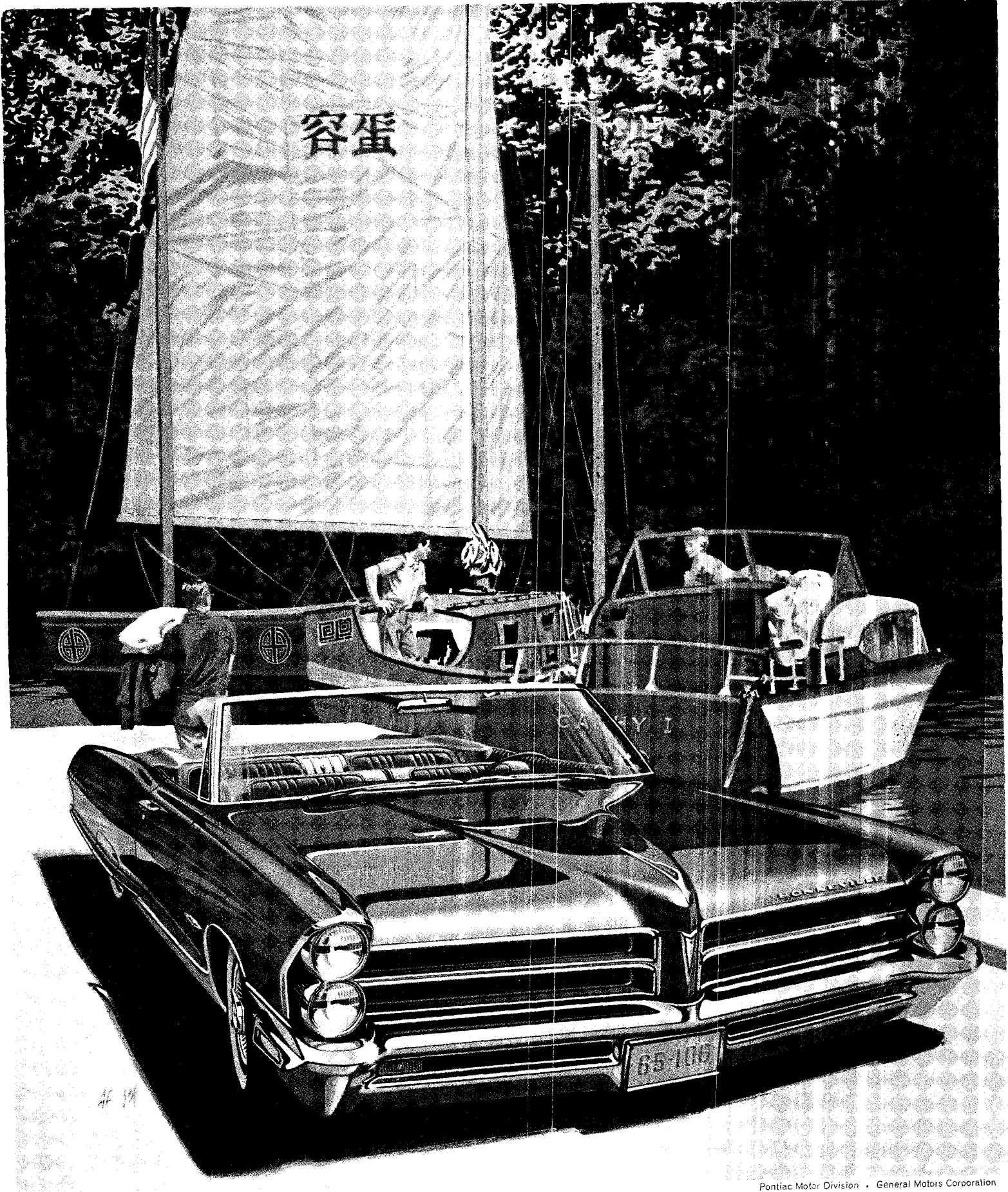
Slipping into this coat is like slipping into the Gulf Stream. **Mighty-Mac** used the softest, most velvety suede to conquer the winds and Borg's richest, densest, deep-pile Orlon* acrylic lining to defeat the cold. Even on the frostiest days you'll wonder what happened to winter. In clay and elephant. Sizes from 8 to 16. \$145.00 at Abercrombie and Fitch, New York, Chicago, San Francisco and at other good stores throughout the country.

BORG FABRICS, A DIVISION OF AMPHENOL-BORG, DELAVAN, WISCONSIN; ELMIRA, ONTARIO, CANADA; WHITSTABLE, KENT, ENGLAND; SINT NIKLAAS, BELGIUM. *DUPONT REGISTERED TRADEMARK.

a Borg fabric

*Winter ends
where this coat
begins.*





Pontiac Motor Division • General Motors Corporation

**It's hardly fair that one car
should move so quickly
and handle so nimbly
and ride so smoothly
and look like this.**

When you're Pontiac, though, what else can you build but a big, handsome, crowd-gathering car? Everybody expects it. Then (if you're Pontiac), you put this looker on a longer, road-smoothing wheelbase; give it sprightly new handling ease; power it with an even more eager Trophy V-8; and equip it with a quick, suave new Turbo Hydra-Matic on order. All this may seem unfair to some people, namely our competition, but that's Pontiac for you.

PONTIAC FOR 1965
The year of the Quick Wide-Tracks

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ple, and Norene Tate and Warren Vaughn play eloquent double piano. The firm of Still-er & Meara dissolves on Sunday, Oct. 25. Closed Mondays. . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWN-STAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The best moments of "The Game Is Up," the revue that lives here, involve R. G. Brown, who sees life through the eyes of a sensitive, disingenuous child. Carol Morley and Marian Mercer are likewise never becalmed by the occasional doldrums in the script. It happens at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is east of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Anthony Holland, Bob Heller, and Barbara Dana are generally concerned with "A View from Under the Bridge," a revue in which business is going on during continual alterations, as befits its free-form concept. Whatever they do of an evening, this triad of players are worth an ear. From eight-thirty on, every night but Monday. . . **CAFÉ AU GO GO**, 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530): Potluck is the chef's special. Among the possibilities is a charade, organized (or disorganized) by Vaughn Meader, that bears the explanatory title of "The Populace (Vox, Vice, and Versa)," perhaps followed by a drop-in afterpiece staffed by itinerant amusers. Mondays are devoted, it is believed, to amateur nights. . . **STROLLERS CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): Still another mystery story. Marian McPartland and her trio, which proceeds by arithmetical instead of geometrical progressions, begins at eight, but what happens later on is anyone's guess. The best guess is that Libby Morris, a menacing and comic *dieu*se from Canada and London, will be declaiming, and that one more afterpiece staffed by drop-ins (and mustered by Betty Furness) will follow suit. Closed Mondays. . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Cuba in exile, and in a jolly state of mind. Diossa Costello, who used to tear Broadway musicals apart years ago, is singing two or three times every evening but Monday; there is dancing every night, and on Sunday afternoons from two to seven.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Max Roach's quartet means what it plays; Abbey Lincoln's voice means what it says. This blending of forth-right musicians takes place every evening but Monday, and every Sunday afternoon, beginning at four. . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Gloria Lynne, whose singing is full-blown rather than lyrical, and the African foursome of Hugh Masekela, who blows a fine horn, take turns on the podium. Fridays and Saturdays, the situation is augmented and improved by the valiant quartet of Gerry Mulligan. Every Sunday, and every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, there is also perspicacious persiflage by Nick Ullett and Tony Hendra, who are very British and very bright. Mondays are set aside for visiting performers. . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The local *Kaffeeklatsch* depends on real coffee and nothing else; the folk music—a compulsory course here—at least depends on real performers, not subdele amateurs. Danny Meehan, the leader of the current gang, is not folk; Broadway musicals supply his lyrics, which get quite a bit of play-acting. He is off duty Tuesdays. . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Hand-to-hand and horn-to-mouth combat, commencing—in the middle of the afternoon—with music to hully and gully to, and ending up with a Dixieland group run by the effulgent Shorty Baker, plus Red Allen's blasters. Guest performers snatch up the instruments on Sundays. . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The quintet of Miles Davis, who likes those dying-fall passages on the horn, and the quartet of Terry Gibbs move out on Sunday, Oct. 25; beginning on Tuesday, Oct. 27, none other than Earl Hines, whose piano has lost nothing in its mere forty years on earth, will turn a rare appearance into a rare occasion: his collection of musicians (singers, too, this time) will be supplemented by the quintet of Donald Byrd. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when other hands take over. . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The latest (the seventeen-thou-

sandth) changing of the guard—or vanguard, considering the music the participants indulge in—occurs on Thursday, Oct. 22. It removes the quintet of Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, which will be succeeded, one night later, by Art Farmer's quartet. Closed Mondays. . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The sound of the twenties, thirties, and sixties, as remembered by Peanuts Hucko, who has a constantly varying assortment of fellow-sympathizers at work with him (Johnny Windhurst, Cutty Cutshall, and Cliff Leeman should be there now). Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-0650): Charlie Mingus is trying, with his mighty fingers and bull fiddle, to say something about jazz that has not been said before and perhaps never can be completely said. The precise, impeccable trio of Teddy Wilson perfects the evening. Mondays a quartet headed by David Amram takes charge. . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the bar is the threesome of Mary Lou Williams, who knows every phase of jazz piano, principally because she has invented so much of it. There is also John Bunch, whose airy involutions make the interlude piano step lively. No action Mondays. . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The little gray home in the west of 52nd Street where so many of us were brought up is offering—on a new site—the same sort of courses as before. Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, and Tony Parenti wax eloquent on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond their recall. No music Sundays. . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-0682): The spirit of a football rally on a coeducational campus prevails: on a shelf overlooking the young people sits a squadron of banjoists (the Banjokers) who, from nine to three or four every night, give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The place is open every night. Sundays, from four-thirty to eight-thirty, the music comes in on a direct wire from Dixie. . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Joe Mooney, applying the most unusual twists and turns to both organ and vocal music, begins his odd ellipses at ten every evening but Sunday. . . **BROKEN DRUM**, 1544 Second Ave., at 80th St. (AG 9-9798): Wilbur de Paris, for whom this nineteenth-century bar-and-grill is a proper setting, has seven men recalling yesteryear, and with vigor. They stay home Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6)

GALLERIES

IBRAHIM MAHFOUD AJAY—Constructions; through Nov. 7. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)
JOSEF ALBERS—Paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)
ALBERT BIERSTADT (1830-1902)—"Man, Beast, and Nature," a showing of oils and drawings; through Nov. 14. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)
BILL BOMAR—Semi-abstracts of nature; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)
JAMES BROOKS—Abstract oils; through Nov. 7. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)
HAROLD BRUDER—Paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)
ALEXANDER CALDER—"Circus," a group of ink drawings (1931-32); through Nov. 14. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)
JOHN CLYMER—Paintings of the northwest country; through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)
MARINA NUÑEZ DEL PRADO—Semi-abstract stone figure sculptures; through Nov. 7. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)
ANDRÉ DERAIN—A retrospective of landscapes,

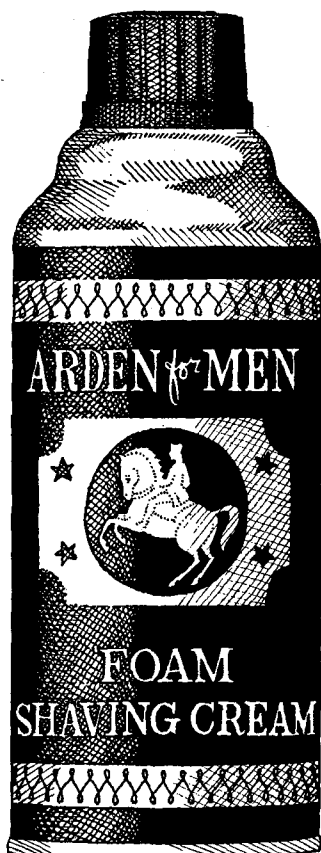


Young Colony applauds

this holiday beauty!

A delightful one-piece dress with a two-piece look. Heavy ribbed cotton . . . white or black . . . 5 to 13. Third floor Young Colony® separates, Fifth Avenue and suburban stores. **25.00**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



Choice

of the well-groomed gentleman, Arden for Men Foam Shaving Cream. Gives you smoother, closer shaves. The kind your barber couldn't better. Absorbs and retains moisture. Doesn't dry out. Doesn't deflate halfway through your shave. A man-sized order for 1.75, plus tax, at

Arden for Men
1 East 54 Street

still-lifes, and portraits; through Nov. 21. (Hirsch & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN FENTON—Figure paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

WALTER GUTMAN—Paintings; through Thursday, Oct. 29. (Aegis, 89 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

JOHN HELD, JR.—Linoleum-block prints; through Nov. 1. (Northwest Lobby, New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St.)

GOTTFRIED HONEGGER—Paintings and reliefs by this Swiss-born artist; through Nov. 19. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN HULTBERG—Paintings in white (1952-60); through Nov. 21. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

GENICHIRO INOKUMA—Paintings by a Japanese artist living in New York; through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

WASSILY KANDINSKY—Oils and watercolors (1903-42); through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Hahn, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

KARL KNATHS—Semi-abstract still-lifes and landscapes; through Nov. 7. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

FRANK KUPKA—Paintings and gouaches (1909-47) by the Czech-born School of Paris abstractionist; through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St.)

RICO LEBRUN—Expressionist paintings (1961-64) by this artist, who died in May; through Nov. 7. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

PETER TODD MITCHELL—Oil paintings based on D. H. Lawrence's book "Sea and Sardinia," through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Griffin, 32 E. 58th St.)

MALCOLM MORLEY—Abstractions; through Nov. 5. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

GAETANO POMPA AND GUSTAVO FOPPIANI—Paintings by two Italian artists; through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

GEORGE RICKEY—Kinetic sculptures; through Nov. 14. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALBERT SANDECKI—Landscapes, seacoast scenes, and birds; through Nov. 7. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER SAUL—Paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

JOHN SENNHAUSER—Semi-abstract collages; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

DAVID SMITH—Stainless-steel and painted-steel constructions, bronze planes, and lost-wax bronzes; through Nov. 14. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SYD SOLOMON—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Nov. 7. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH STELLA—Drawings; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

BART VAN DER SCHELLING—Gouache landscapes and still-lifes; through Nov. 7. (Fulton, 799 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.)

MAURICE DE VLAMINCK—Thirty gouache illustrations done in 1945-46 for Marcel Aymé's novel "La Table aux Crevés," through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Findlay, 11 E. 57th St.)

ÉDOUARD VUILLARD (1868-1940)—A benefit loan exhibition of sixty paintings by this French artist; through Nov. 21. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

ABRAHAM WALKOWITZ—"Improvisations of New York," a show of paintings and drawings from the early part of the century; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

WAYNE WILLIAMS—Welded-metal figure and animal sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Walker, 117 E. 57th St.)

SIDNEY WOLFSON—Geometric paintings; through Nov. 7. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

MANOUCHER YEKTAI—Landscapes, still-lifes, and figures; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Poin-dexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

SCULPTORS GUILD—Their annual exhibit, made up of pieces by seventy-two members, including

Cleo Hartwig, Louise Nevelson, and William Zorach; through Nov. 26. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AFRICAN ART—At the KAMER, 965 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: "Iron Sculpture of the Dogon," through Saturday, Oct. 31. . . . **SEGY**, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.: "Magic and Religion in African Art," an exhibition of masks, statues, and various implements in wood, ivory, and cast bronze; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the ACA AMERICAN HERITAGE, 63 E. 57th St.: This new gallery, devoted to art of the 1880-1930 period, in its opening exhibit has works by (for instance) Marsden Hartley, Childe Hassam, and Ernest Lawson; through Nov. 14. . . . **BIANCHINI**, 16 E. 78th St.: Among the participants in a show of pop art called "American Supermarket" are Jasper Johns, Bob Watts, and Andy Warhol; through Nov. 7. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Paintings and sculptures by George L. K. Morris, Isami Doi, John Storrs, and other artists on the gallery's roster; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by five artists who live and work in Maine—William Thon, Edward Betts, Jason Schoener, Hans Moller, and Waldo Peirce; through Saturday, Oct. 31. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Oils and watercolors by nineteenth- and twentieth-century painters, including Childe Hassam, Ogden Pleissner, and Adolf Dehn; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—"Black on White," a selection of original prints, from Goya to the present, is the first offering in the gallery's new quarters; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Deitsch, 24 E. 81st St.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the ST. ETIENNE, 24 W. 57th St.: The first of two twenty-fifth-anniversary exhibitions, this one presenting works chiefly by Expressionists. Oskar Kokoschka, Gustav Klimt, and Egon Schiele are three of the artists represented. Through Nov. 14. . . . **THAW**, 50 E. 78th St.: Drawings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century masters, among them Daumier, Gauguin, and Gris; through Saturday, Oct. 24.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Ancient Peruvian Ceramics," an exhibition of pre-Columbian pottery from the Nathan Cummings Collection. . . . "Aesop, Five Centuries of Illustrated Fables," a display of illustrations ranging from anonymous fifteenth-century woodcuts to prints by Antonio Frasconi. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings, drawings, prints, and posters by the French modernist Pierre Bonnard; through Nov. 29. . . . "Four aluminum sculptures and a selection of silk-screen prints by the British artist Eduardo Paolozzi; through Nov. 10. . . . "Contemporary Painters and Sculptors As Printmakers," a survey of works done since 1950 in all graphic mediums by a hundred artists from twenty countries; through Sunday, Oct. 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Post-Impressionist paintings and sculptures (by Renoir, Modigliani, Lipchitz, and others) from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman; through Sunday, Oct. 25. . . . "A hundred and fifty woodcuts and lithographs and a dozen illustrated books from the past twenty years by Antonio Frasconi; through Nov. 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"Masters of the Japanese Print: Moronobu to Utamaro," a showing of a hundred woodcuts, dating mostly from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; through Dec. 13. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . "Sumi paintings by Hozan Matsumoto; through Friday, Oct. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5:30.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—A painting or sculpture apiece by more than twenty contemporary artists (Robert Motherwell, Ben Shahn, and Theodore Roszak among them), each of whom has also selected for this exhibit one work by a younger artist; through Dec. 15. . . . "Genoese Painters

from Cambiaso to Magnasco," a show covering the period 1550 to 1750; through Jan. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—A retrospective of more than three hundred and fifty paintings, drawings, and prints by the German artist Louis Corinth (1858-1925); through Nov. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings by the French abstractionist Albert Gleizes (1881-1953); through Nov. 1. . . . Drawings done within the past twenty years by American artists, including Arshile Gorky, Jackson Pollock, and Mark Tobey; through Sunday, Oct. 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Recent American sculptures by John Chamberlain, Lee Bontecou, Richard Stankiewicz, and four others; through Nov. 29. (Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 5; Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Hours of Catherine of Cleves," a two-part fifteenth-century Dutch illuminated manuscript, with color transparencies of its hundred and fifty-seven miniatures; through Nov. 7. . . . Selections from the Library's collections; namely, cylinder seals, papyri, illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, illustrated books, autograph manuscripts, and master drawings; through Nov. 7. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—Recent Venetian art glass from ten Muranese factories, plus contemporary Czechoslovak glass; through Nov. 8. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The American Image," an exhibition composed chiefly of folk sculptures—the Presidents, the American eagle, Uncle Sam, the flag, and so on; through Dec. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masterpieces from the Americas," comprising pre-Columbian jewelry and other objects of gold, Eskimo masks, Mexican stone sculptures and ceramics, South American textiles, and the like; through Nov. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—"West Side Artists—New York City," a display of eighty paintings and sculptures by as many artists, among them John Koch, Theodoros Stamos, and Herbert Ferber; through Nov. 8. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of realist paintings, drawings, and black-and-whites by Edward Hopper; through Nov. 29. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424; for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday evening, Oct. 22: "Samson et Dalila," with Rita Gorr, Jess Thomas, Gabriel Bacquier, and Justino Diaz. . . . Friday evening, Oct. 23: "Tosca," with Leonie Rysanek, Flaviano Labò, Robert Merrill, and Fernando Corena. . . . Saturday matinee, Oct. 24: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Joan Sutherland, Sándor Kónya, Mario Sereni, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . Saturday evening, Oct. 24: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Lisa Della Casa, Anneliese Rothenberger, and Otto Edelmann. . . . Monday evening, Oct. 26: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Nedda Casei, Carlo Bergonzi, Nicolae Herlea, and Justino Diaz. . . . Tuesday evening, Oct. 27: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Joan Sutherland, Sándor Kónya, Robert Merrill, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . Wednesday evening, Oct. 28: "Samson et Dalila," with Rita Gorr, Jess Thomas, Gabriel Bacquier, and Justino Diaz. . . . Thursday evening, Oct. 29: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Lisa Della Casa, Anneliese Rothenberger, and Otto Edelmann. . . . Friday evening, Oct. 30: "Tosca," with Leonie Rysanek, Flaviano Labò, Robert Merrill, and Fernando Corena. . . . Saturday matinee, Oct. 31: "Falstaff,"



for casual or country wear OUR DISTINCTIVE SPORT SUITS in interesting designs and colorings

Our 3-button sport suit with patch pockets and welted edges is made by us in our own workrooms . . . in ruggedly good-looking yet lightweight Irish tweeds and handsome Scottish cheviots. You will like their casual good looks, easy comfort, and long-wearing qualities.

(shown) *Scottish cheviots in greys, browns, lovats or mixtures. Coat, vest and trousers, \$135*

Also Irish Donegal tweeds in traditional grey or brown salt-and-pepper mixtures, \$135

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. 10017

111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

BOSTON • PITTSBURGH • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES

DRESS SHOWN: 65% "DACRON"* POLYESTER AND 35% RAYON.

*America
Lives
in
"Dacron"*



Shirt Dresses of California pleats a plaid in "Dacron"— shape-sure, fresh, fuss-free

In gold, green, taupe, red, blue plaid.
8-18, about \$36. At B. Altman & Co., New
York & branches; Dreyfuss & Son, Dallas;
Gus Mayer, all stores. *DU PONT'S REGISTERED T.M.



Better Things for Better Living...through Chemistry
Du Pont makes fibers, not fabric or fashion shown.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with Gabriella Tucci, Regina Resnik, Judith Raskin, Mildred Miller, Anselmo Colzani, Luigi Alva, and Mario Sereni. . . . ♪ Saturday evening, Oct. 31: "Madame Butterfly," with Dorothy Kirsten, Nedda Casei, John Alexander, and Calvin Marsh. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Thursday evening, Oct. 22: "Salome." . . . ♪ Friday evening, Oct. 23: "La Bohème." . . . ♪ Saturday matinée, Oct. 24: "Faust." . . . ♪ Saturday evening, Oct. 24: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English). . . . ♪ Sunday matinée, Oct. 25: "Die Fledermaus" (in English). . . . ♪ Sunday evening, Oct. 25: "Carmen." . . . ♪ Thursday evening, Oct. 29: "Salome." . . . ♪ Friday evening, Oct. 30: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ♪ Saturday matinée, Oct. 31: "Don Giovanni" (in English). . . . ♪ Saturday evening, Oct. 31: "La Bohème." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8980. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Nov. 15.)

BROOKLYN OPERA COMPANY—Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8:30: "La Forza del Destino." . . . ♪ Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8:30: "La Traviata." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Josef Krips conducting—Thursday, Oct. 22, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 23, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 25, at 3 (all with Lorne Munroe, cello); and Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 30, at 2:15; and Sunday, Nov. 1, at 3 (all with Lorin Hollander, piano).

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Oct. 22, at 8:30. . . . ♪ Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 23, at 8:30, with Lili Chookasian, mezzo-soprano.)

LONDON SYMPHONY—Colin Davis conducting the last in a series of concerts, with Gervase de Peyer, clarinet. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 23, at 8:30.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting the first in a series of four all-Beethoven concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 27, at 8:30.)

FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK—Thomas Dunn conducting an all-Mozart program, with Leon Fleisher, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 8:30. . . . ♪ Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Janos Starker, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

CANTERBURY CHORAL SOCIETY—Charles Dodsley Walker directing, with the Choral Club of the Chapin School and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Oct. 25, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

SALVATORE ACCARDO—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

ILANA VERED—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

RUDOLF SERKIN, ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER, AND LESLIE PARNAS—Piano, violin, and cello, in the last in a series of programs presenting Haydn's piano trios. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Sunday, Oct. 25, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

DIMITRY MARKEVITCH—Playing the Six Bach Suites for Cello Solo. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

TRIO FLAUTO DOCE—Music for recorders, harpsichord, and bassoon. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 27, at 8:30.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—The second in a series of five programs presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Tuesday, Oct. 27, at 8:40.)

GEZA ANDA—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall, Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

PIERRE FOURNIER—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers

Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.)

RALPH VOTAFEK—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.)

GALIMIR QUARTET—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

JOHN WILLIAMS—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8:30.)

BOB DYLAN—Folk singer. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

JAZZ CONCERT—The Swingle Singers, from Paris, and Oscar Peterson's trio. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Detroit. . . . ♪ Tuesday, Oct. 27, at 6:30: Philadelphia vs. St. Louis and Knicks vs. Boston. . . . ♪ Friday, Oct. 30, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Philadelphia.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, OCT. 24: Army vs. Duke, at West Point, at 2. . . . ♪ Boston College vs. Air Force Academy, at Chestnut Hill, at 1:30. . . . ♪ Colgate vs. Kings Point, at Shea Stadium, at 1:30. . . . ♪ Columbia vs. Rutgers, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ♪ Cornell vs. Yale, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ♪ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ♪ Pennsylvania vs. Princeton, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ♪ Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Middletown, at 2. . . . ♪ **SATURDAY, OCT. 31:** Amherst vs. Tufts, at Amherst, at 2. . . . ♪ Army vs. Iowa State, at West Point, at 2. . . . ♪ Brown vs. Princeton, at Providence, at 2. . . . ♪ Colgate vs. Lehigh, at Hamilton, at 2. . . . ♪ Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ♪ Harvard vs. Pennsylvania, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ♪ Navy vs. Notre Dame, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ♪ Rutgers vs. Boston University, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ♪ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven, at 1:30.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Jets vs. Boston Patriots. (Shea Stadium. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Oct. 25: Rangers vs. Chicago. . . . ♪ Wednesday, Oct. 28: Rangers vs. Boston. (Games begin at 7:30.)

HORSE SHOW—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Through Saturday, Oct. 24.)

HUNT RACING—Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 24.) . . . ♪ Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 31.)

RACING—BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: Weekdays. Through Saturday, Oct. 24, post time will be 1:30; after that, it will be 12:30. The Man o' War, Saturday, Oct. 24, and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 31. . . . **UNITED HUNTS AT AQUEDUCT:** Thursday and Friday, Oct. 29-30, at 12:30. The Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase, Friday, Oct. 30. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.:** Weekdays; last day Saturday, Nov. 14. Through Saturday, Oct. 24, post time will be 1:30; after that, it will be 12:30. . . . **LAUREL, Md.:** Weekdays at 1; through Thursday, Nov. 12. The Selima, Saturday, Oct. 24.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, Oct. 24, at 10.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 12.

FOR CHILDREN

OPERA—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "Aida," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 2:30.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the AIRY GROUP: "I Wish I May." (Writers' Stage Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3, and Sundays at 1:30.) . . . **B. GAY PUPPETS:** "Cinderella." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672. Children under five not admitted.) . . .

NANCY COLE PUPPETS: "An Adventure of Edmund Mouse." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672. Children under five not admitted.) ... **EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE:** "Red Shoes." (Town Hall, JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.) ... **EXPLORE, INC.:** "Androcles and the Lion." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 2:30.) ... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Cinderella," a marionette show, Saturdays and Sundays at 1. ... ¶ "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays at 2:30. ... ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) ... **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Three Musketeers." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:50 and 3:30.) ... **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Group Soup." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance.) ... **PICKWICK PUPPET THEATRE:** "The Mice in the Cellar" and "Cinderella." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Oct. 25, at 1:30.) ... **STAGE 73:** "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) ... **UNICORN PRODUCTIONS:** "Aladdin." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 2:30.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Messages from Space." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) ... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Marianne Moore reading from her own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.) ... ¶ Randall Jarrell reading from the works of Elizabeth Bishop as well as from his own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

WINSTON CHURCHILL EXHIBITION—First editions of his fifty-one books, four paintings signed W.S.C., three hundred photographs, a palette and paint brushes, and other memorabilia, in a show arranged to celebrate Sir Winston's ninetieth birthday. Through Nov. 30. (Hallmark Gallery, 720 Fifth Ave., at 56th St. Weekdays, 9 to 5:30.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Oct. 23-24, at 1:45: French eighteenth-century furniture, bronze *doré*, Oriental Lowestoft porcelain, French and other silver and silver-plated ware, rock-crystal candelabra, sconces and chandeliers, paintings and drawings, statuary, tapestries and textiles, and Aubusson and other rugs; the property of Albert Morgenstern and others. ... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 27, at 1:45: English and American literature, from the library of S. G. Lorris and from other sources. ... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 29, at 1:45: School of Paris and other modern paintings and drawings by such artists as Buffet, Mané-Katz, and Poliakov; from various owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 24.

DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME—Ends on Sunday, Oct. 25, at 2 A.M. Turn the clock back an hour.

for
those
black
lace
moods!



Parfums **CIRO**[®]
PARIS • NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE



Mercouri, Peter Ustinov, Maximilian Schell, and Robert Morley. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT—Two attractive junior misses race about New York discomfiting a pianistic poseur. The girls are played by Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth and the poseur by Peter Sellers, and they're all splendid. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Oct. 22. . . . 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Oct. 27, tentative.)

YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW—Mindless, cheerful nonsense in a three-part Italian comedy starring Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni and directed by Vittorio De Sica. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

REVIVALS

ALEXANDER NEVSKY (1938)—Eisenstein's view of medieval warfare. In Russian. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Oct. 23-24.)

THE BALCONY (1963)—Taken from the savage comedy by Jean Genet and acted by Peter Falk, Shelley Winters, and Lee Grant. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; Oct. 22.)

BREATHLESS (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 27.)

CASABLANCA (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Oct. 23-24.)

CHILDREN OF PARADISE (1947)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 23-26.)

CITIZEN KANE (1941)—Orson Welles' appraisal of a rich man's career. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Oct. 23-24.)

DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST (1954)—A French film about the tribulations of a cleric. Claude Laydu plays the priest. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 23.)

DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB (1964)—A comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; Oct. 23-25.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; starting Oct. 27. . . . Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Oct. 28.)

THE HORSE'S MOUTH (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

JULES AND JIM (1962)—A French study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut.

BABO 73—A crude, practically homemade political satire by Robert Downey, unexpectedly full of laughs. (Nickelodeon, 152 Bleecker St., SP 7-3810. Mondays through Thursdays at 9 and midnight; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 5, 8, and 11.)

BECKET—Richard Burton as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Peter O'Toole as King Henry II, in a rousing and surprisingly witty adaptation of the Anouilh play. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

CLEOPATRA—Oh, go ahead and see it. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626; and R. K. O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; through Oct. 27.)

FAIL SAFE—Henry Fonda as the President of the United States, in what one hopes is a contemporary fairy tale. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; through Oct. 25.)

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE—Another ample chapter in the dangerous life and incessant lecheries of Secret Service Operative 007, ably embodied by Sean Connery. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; Oct. 23-25.)

GIRL WITH GREEN EYES—The hardships of young love on the Old Sod, starring Rita Tushingham and Dublin's fair city. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT—Why the Beatles are a benign infection, perhaps incurable. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406. . . . 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Oct. 22.)

IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD—A Cinerama comedy in which everything looks awfully big but isn't awfully funny. Not for small children. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Sundays at 2, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

LET'S TALK ABOUT WOMEN—A nine-episode comedy, with Vittorio Gassman being funny at least seven times. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY—A bitter comedy about an Irish misfit in Montreal. Starring Robert Shaw and Mary Ure, who are, as the Irish say, tremendous. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

MAFIOSO—A funny and frightening picture about a young and reluctant Mafia member who is forced to do his elders' deadly bidding. Alberto Sordi is flawless as the young man, and so is the direction; by Alberto Lattuada. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; Oct. 22. . . . 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Oct. 28.)

MARY POPPINS—A "My Fair Lady" for children, or maybe grandchildren. With Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

THE NIGHT WATCH—A grim thriller about an attempted escape from a Paris prison. Directed by Jacques Becker. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 22.)

ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO—This story of the courtship and marriage of a Negro and a white divorcee with a child is weakened by a dull, mawkish script, but Bernie Hamilton gives a fine performance as the hero, and Painesville, Ohio, where the movie was photographed, is certainly a lovely town to look at. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

THE SERVANT—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a spooky tale of corruption above stairs and below. Stylishly directed by Joseph Losey. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123; through Oct. 24.)

A SHOT IN THE DARK—Peter Sellers being very droll as a French police inspector more incompetent than most. The movie was made under the skilled direction of Blake Edwards, who also collaborated on the script. Everybody involved should be warmly congratulated. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Oct. 27, tentative.)

THE SOFT SKIN—The latest François Truffaut picture is a fine, gentle study of adultery and its consequences. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

TOPKAPI—How to steal crown jewels, in another of those adult-education courses by Jules Dassin with, as his capable assistants, Melina

(New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 24.)

JULIUS CAESAR (1953)—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, with James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; through Oct. 26.)

LOLITA (1962)—A comedy about a middle-aged professor and a sexy adolescent. James Mason, Peter Sellers, Shelley Winters, and Sue Lyon. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 27.)

MONSIEUR VERDOUX (1947)—Charlie Chaplin's interpretation of the career of M. Landru, the French Bluebeard. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 22.)

PETER THE FIRST (1937)—A Soviet sketch of the Czar. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Oct. 26.)

POTEMKIN (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Oct. 27-28.)

THE PROUD AND THE BEAUTIFUL (1956)—Jean-Paul Sartre's story about romance in a flea-bitten Mexican town. With Gérard Philipe and Michèle Morgan. In French and Spanish. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 28.)

ROMEO AND JULIET (1936)—The Montagues and the Capulets, played by Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, John Barrymore, and Basil Rathbone. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; starting Oct. 27.)

SANJURO (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 22.)

THE SILENCE (1964)—Another chapter in Ingmar Bergman's study of the human condition. With Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 23. . . . York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; starting Oct. 27.)

SONS AND LOVERS (1960)—D. H. Lawrence's 1913 tale about the silver-cord tangle between a Nottingham miner's wife and her artistically gifted son. An English-American production, with Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, and Dean Stockwell. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Oct. 27.)

TABU (1931)—The F. W. Murnau film about life in the South Seas. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 26, at 7:50 and 10:10.)

A TASTE OF HONEY (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's play about the coming of age of a girl in an English slum. Directed by Tony Richardson, and with Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, and Robert Stephens. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 23.)

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT (1944)—Vichy violence and scheming in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 27.)

TOM JONES (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, and many others. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Oct. 28.)

VIRIDIANA (1962)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. A Spanish picture. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 22.)

ZAZIE (1961)—A wild romp through Paris, as seen through the eyes of an eleven-year-old child. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 25-26, last showing on Oct. 26 at 3.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—The last two programs in a series called "The Films of Carl Dreyer"—Through Oct. 24, showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8: "Day of Wrath" (1943), in Danish. . . . Oct. 25-28, showings at 3: "Ordet" (1955), in Danish. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)

TOPKAPI.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)

"My Fair Lady," Audrey Hepburn, Rex Harrison. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

DE MILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)

"The Outrage," Paul Newman, Claire Bloom.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)

"The Unsinkable Molly Brown," Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell.

LOEW'S CINERAMA, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)

"Circus World," John Wayne, Claudia Cardinale. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)

MARY POPPINS.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)

ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)

Through Oct. 27: CLEOPATRA.

From Oct. 28: "Rio Conchos," Richard Boone, Stuart Whitman.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)

"The Visit," Ingrid Bergman, Anthony Quinn.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)

Through Oct. 25: FAIL SAFE.

Oct. 26: Theatre closed.

From Oct. 27, at 8:30: "The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews. (A limited number of opening-night tickets are available at the box office.)

TOHO CINEMA, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)

Through Oct. 26: "Saga of the Vagabonds" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

From Oct. 27: "Young Swordsman" (in Japanese).

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)

"Lilith," Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)

IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)

YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (in Italian); and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marjess Dawn.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)

Through Oct. 27: "The Cool World," Hampton Clanton; and "The Quick and the Dead," Larry Mann.

From Oct. 28: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)

Through Oct. 27: "Weekend" (in Danish); and "A House Is Not a Home," Shelley Winters, Robert Taylor.

From Oct. 28: "The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)

Through Oct. 27 (tentative): "Of Human Bondage," Kim Novak, Laurence Harvey; and "The Prize," revival, Paul Newman, Edward G. Robinson.

From Oct. 28 (tentative): "The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr; and "Honeymoon Hotel," Robert Goulet.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)

"The Visit," Ingrid Bergman, Anthony Quinn.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)

"Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian).

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)

"Lili," revival, Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)

"The Outrage," Paul Newman, Claire Bloom.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)

TOPKAPI.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)

Through Oct. 27: CLEOPATRA.

From Oct. 28: "Rio Conchos," Richard Boone, Stuart Whitman.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)

GIRL WITH GREEN EYES.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)

"Natty, Naughty Château" (in French), Monica Vitti, Curt Jurgens.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
25	26	27	28	22	23	24

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED
ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-1663)

THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-1664)

"Lilith," Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)

"Murder Ahoy," Margaret Rutherford, Lionel Jeffries.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)

Through Oct. 27: "Four Days in November," a documentary film dealing with the assassination of President Kennedy.

From Oct. 28: "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), Eiji Okada.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-4130)

Oct. 22: THE BALCONY, revival; and "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?", revival, Jayne Mansfield, Tony Randall.

Oct. 23-25: FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE; and DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB, revival.

Oct. 26: "Little Caesar," revival, Edward G. Robinson, Humphrey Bogart; and "The Roaring Twenties," revival, James Cagney, Humphrey Bogart.

From Oct. 27: 8½ (in Italian), revival; and THE SILENCE (in Swedish), revival.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)

BECKET.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)

ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)

Through Oct. 26: "The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr.

Oct. 27: Theatre closed.

From Oct. 28: "The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)

Through Oct. 27 (tentative): A SHOT IN THE DARK; and THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT.

From Oct. 28: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)

"That Man from Rio," Jean-Paul Belmondo.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)

Through Oct. 27: "Robin and the 7 Hoods," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "Dead Ringer," Bette Davis, Karl Malden.

From Oct. 28: "The Thin Red Line," Keir Dullea, Jack Warden; and "El Cid," revival, Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)

"The Unsinkable Molly Brown," Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)

Oct. 22: VIRIDIANA (in Spanish), revival; and SANJURO (in Japanese), revival.

Oct. 23-26: CHILDREN OF PARADISE (in French), revival.

From Oct. 27: TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT, revival; and "No Sun in Venice" (in French), revival, Françoise Arnoul, Christian Marquand.

NICKELODEON, 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-3810)

BABO 73.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)

Oct. 22: "Splendor in the Grass," revival, Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty; and "Women of the World," revival, a documentary film.

Oct. 23-24: CASABLANCA, revival; and CITIZEN KANE, revival.

Oct. 25-27: "Woman of Straw," Gina Lollobrigida, Sean Connery; and "The 7th Dawn," William Holden, Susannah York.

From Oct. 28: To be announced.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)

Through Oct. 27: LOLITA, revival; and "Of Human Bondage," Kim Novak, Laurence Harvey.

From Oct. 28: MAFIOSO (in Italian); and "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)

"Only One New York," a documentary film.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)

Through Oct. 27: "The Fall of the Roman Empire," Sophia Loren, Stephen Boyd.

From Oct. 28: "The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr; and "Duel of Champions," Alan Ladd.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)

Oct. 22: MAFIOSO (in Italian); and "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.

From Oct. 23: "Nothing but the Best," Alan Bates, Denholm Elliott; and "Love on a Pillow" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Robert Hossein.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)

Through Oct. 27: "The Empty Canvas," Bette Davis, Horst Buchholz; and "Auntie Mame," revival, Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker.

From Oct. 28: "The Thin Red Line," Keir Dullea, Jack Warden; and "El Cid," revival, Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT; and THE HORSE'S MOUTH, revival.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)

Oct. 22: A HARD DAY'S NIGHT; and THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT.

Oct. 23-24: ALEXANDER NEVSKY (in Russian), revival.

Oct. 25: Sergei Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible, Part I" (in Russian), revival.

Oct. 26: PETER THE FIRST (in Russian), revival.

Oct. 27-28: POTEMKIN (silent); and "Childhood of Maxim Gorky" (in Russian), revival.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)

LET'S TALK ABOUT WOMEN (in Italian).

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS (formerly 57th St. Normandie), 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)

Through Oct. 25: Theatre closed.

From Oct. 26: "Anatomy of a Marriage: My Days with Jean-Marc" (in French), Marie-Jose Nat, Jacques Charrier.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)

Through Oct. 24: THE SERVANT.

Oct. 25: Theatre closed.

From Oct. 26: "Anatomy of a Marriage: My Nights with Françoise" (in French), Marie-Jose Nat, Jacques Charrier.

CARNegie HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)

Through Oct. 26: JULIUS CAESAR, revival.

From Oct. 27: ROMEO AND JULIET, revival.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)

"Only One New York," a documentary film.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)

THE SOFT SKIN (in French).

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)

Oct. 22: MONSIEUR VERDOUX, revival.

Oct. 23: DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST (in French), revival; and "Cleo from 5 to 7" (in French), revival, Corinne Marchand.

Oct. 24: JULES AND JIM (in French), revival; and "Rules of the Game" (in French), revival.

Oct. 25-26 (last showing on Oct. 26 at 3):

ZAZIE (in French), revival; and "No Sun in Venice" (in French), revival, Françoise Arnoul, Christian Marquand.

Oct. 26, at 7 and 9:30: TABU (silent); and "The Informer" (silent).

Oct. 27: BREATHLESS (in French), revival; and "A Man Escaped" (in French), revival, François Leterrier.

Oct. 28: THE PROUD AND THE BEAUTIFUL (in French and Spanish), revival; and "Lola" (in French), revival, Anouk Aimée, Marc Michel.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)

Through Oct. 27: SONS AND LOVERS, revival; and "Woman of Straw," Gina Lollobrigida, Sean Connery.

From Oct. 28: TOM JONES, revival; and 8½ (in Italian), revival.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)

Oct. 22: THE NIGHT WATCH (in French); and "Dimka" (in Russian).

From Oct. 23: THE SILENCE (in Swedish), revival; and A TASTE OF HONEY, revival.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)

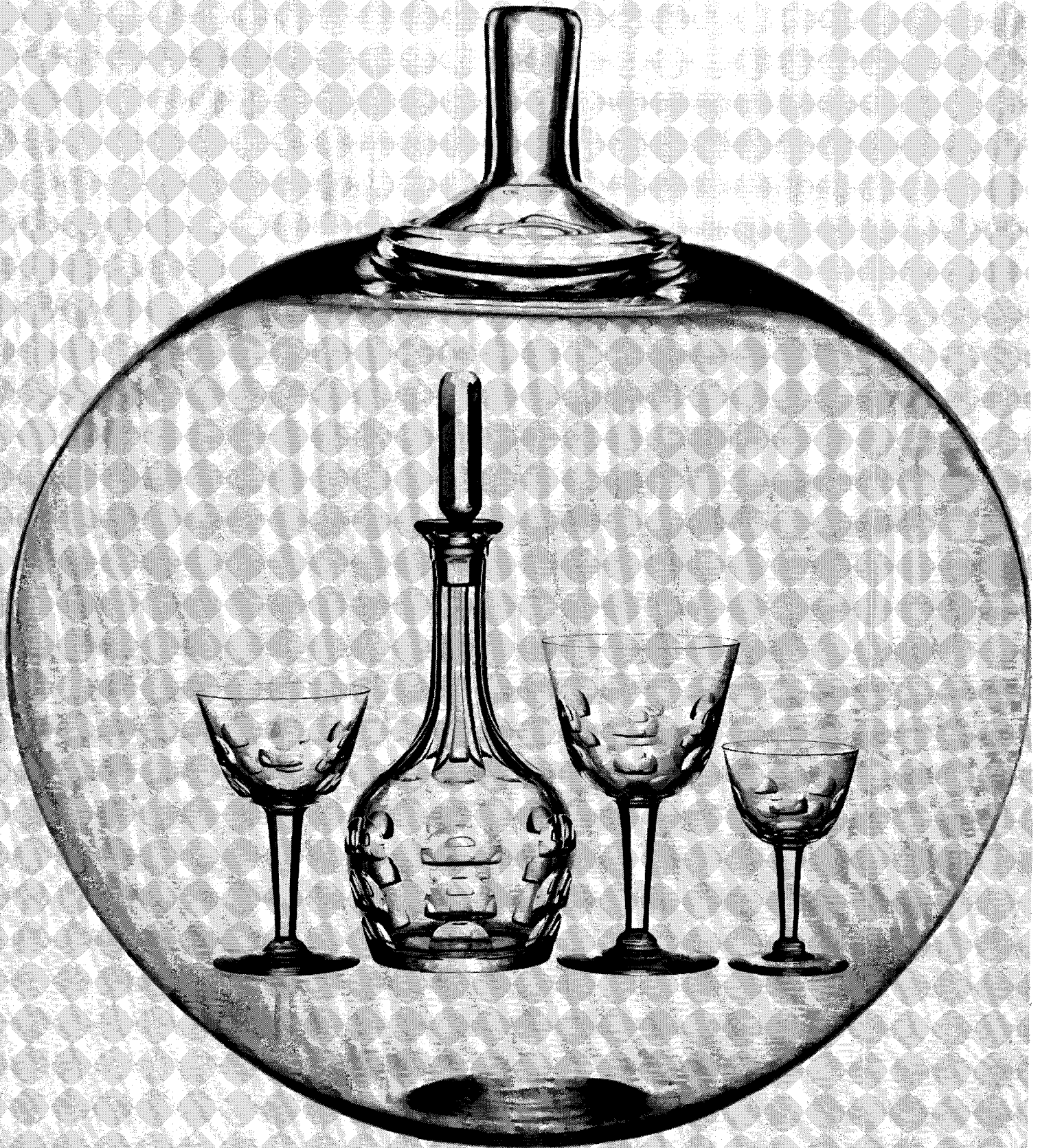
Oct. 22: MAFIOSO (in Italian); and "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.

From Oct. 23: "Nothing but the Best," Alan Bates, Denholm Elliott; and "Love on a Pillow" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Robert Hossein.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET • U.S.A. REPRESENTATIVES: EAST—FISHER, BRUCE & CO., 221 MARKET ST., PHILADELPHIA 6, PA.; WEST—ZACHO, 3157 WILSHIRE BLVD., LOS ANGELES 5, CA.

ORREFOR

CRYSTAL





The Esperanto Model 558 with Stereo FM and AM/FM Radio-Phonograph in Pecan is \$995.00.

Now Magnavox brings you new dimensions in home entertainment— Magna-Color* with Astro Sonic** Stereo High Fidelity.

*MAGNA-COLOR—the latest development in color TV—gives brighter pictures in dazzling colors—automatic color tuning that holds colors constant. Quick-ON in seconds. Selective monochrome pictures in beautiful sepia or black and white, as well.

**ASTRO-SONIC Stereo High Fidelity is so revolutionary (no tubes), it is ten times more efficient than the tube sets it obsoletes—flawlessly re-creates the most beautiful music you have ever heard!

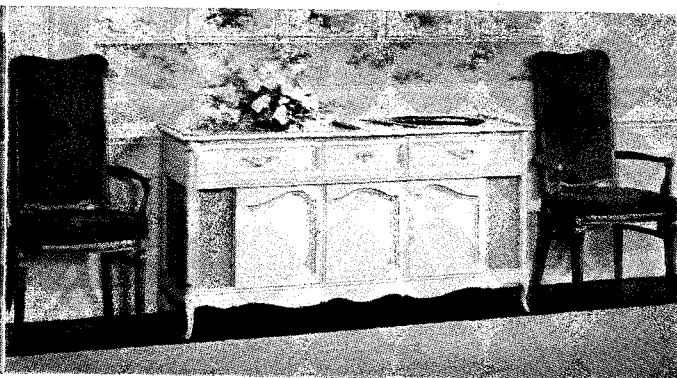
And Astro-Sonic gives you high fidelity sound with TV as well as stereo FM/AM radio-phonograph.

Only Magnavox gives you these great features. See the wide variety of elegant styles—in color TV from \$449.50, Astro-Sonic consoles from \$298.50—at your Magnavox dealer listed in the Yellow Pages.

the magnificent
Magnavox
270 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.



The Danish Modern Model 676 in beautiful Natural Walnut is only \$398.50.



The French Provincial 686 in Fruitwood or Antique Ivory is \$595.00.



BLACK VELVET; PAUL MASSON CHAMPAGNE IN MOURNING

Although the idea of mingling Paul Masson champagne, if you must do it you might do it with Guinness Stout. For the result, Black Velvet, is the most somberly elegant mixture ever devised.

To understand the paradox of its existing at all you should know that it was born at a Royal funeral. At the State Reception following the solemn rites one of the titled guests thought it fitting that the champagne be in mourning too. He therefore called for Guinness to be added and dubbed the mixture Black Velvet.

That was many years ago, but it remains to this day the most In of mixed drinks. It is surprising

that its vogue is not more widespread, for its taste, though unusual, is both agreeable and tantalizing.

And it is extremely easy to make: fill an 8 oz. goblet half way with Guinness and then fill the rest of the way with champagne; although you may wish to vary the proportions to suit your taste. A split of Paul Masson and a split of Guinness should serve two nicely. A whole bottle of Paul Masson and 2 pints of Guinness should make for a plushy small party.

One thing sure: get both the Paul Masson and the Guinness good and cold first; it gives them a heavenly, tingly feeling as they trickle down your throat.



©1964 PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA (An hour south of San Francisco. Come on down.)



He does.

She does too.

And so would you command the attention your appearance deserves in a Sentinel—the weather-coat armed with exclusive features like “instant zipability”—the unique cold defense system that permits the interchange of Sentinel coats and linings at will—and “Ventrim”—the rear guard action that

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES

defeats lining pull and peek-out.

In a range of weather-vain shades and patterns, ZEPPEL* processed for lasting resistance to rain and stain. An exclusive blend of two ply 65% “Dacron”† and 35% Pima cotton, the only coat that comes close to the Sentinel at \$35 is the Lady Sentinel.

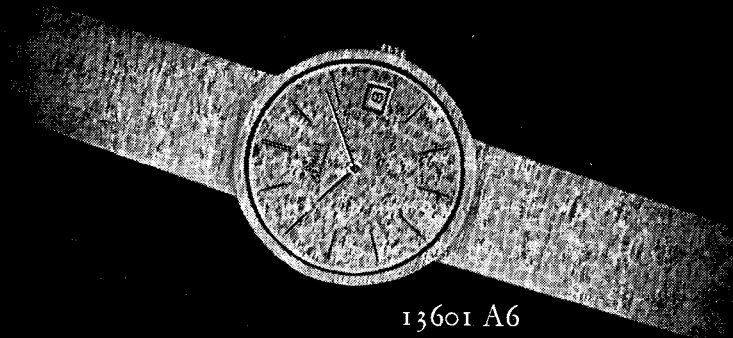
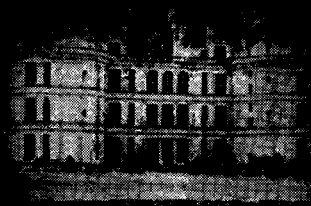
†DUPONT T.M.

SENTINEL™
BY **PLYMOUTH** OF BOSTON
PROTECTED WITH **ZEPPEL***

*DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS FABRIC FLUORIDIZER

PIAGET

THE MOST EXPENSIVE WATCH
IN THE WORLD
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL, TOO



13601 A6

The only ultra-thin automatic calendar watch in the world, based on the famous movement of only 2,3 mm. of thickness.

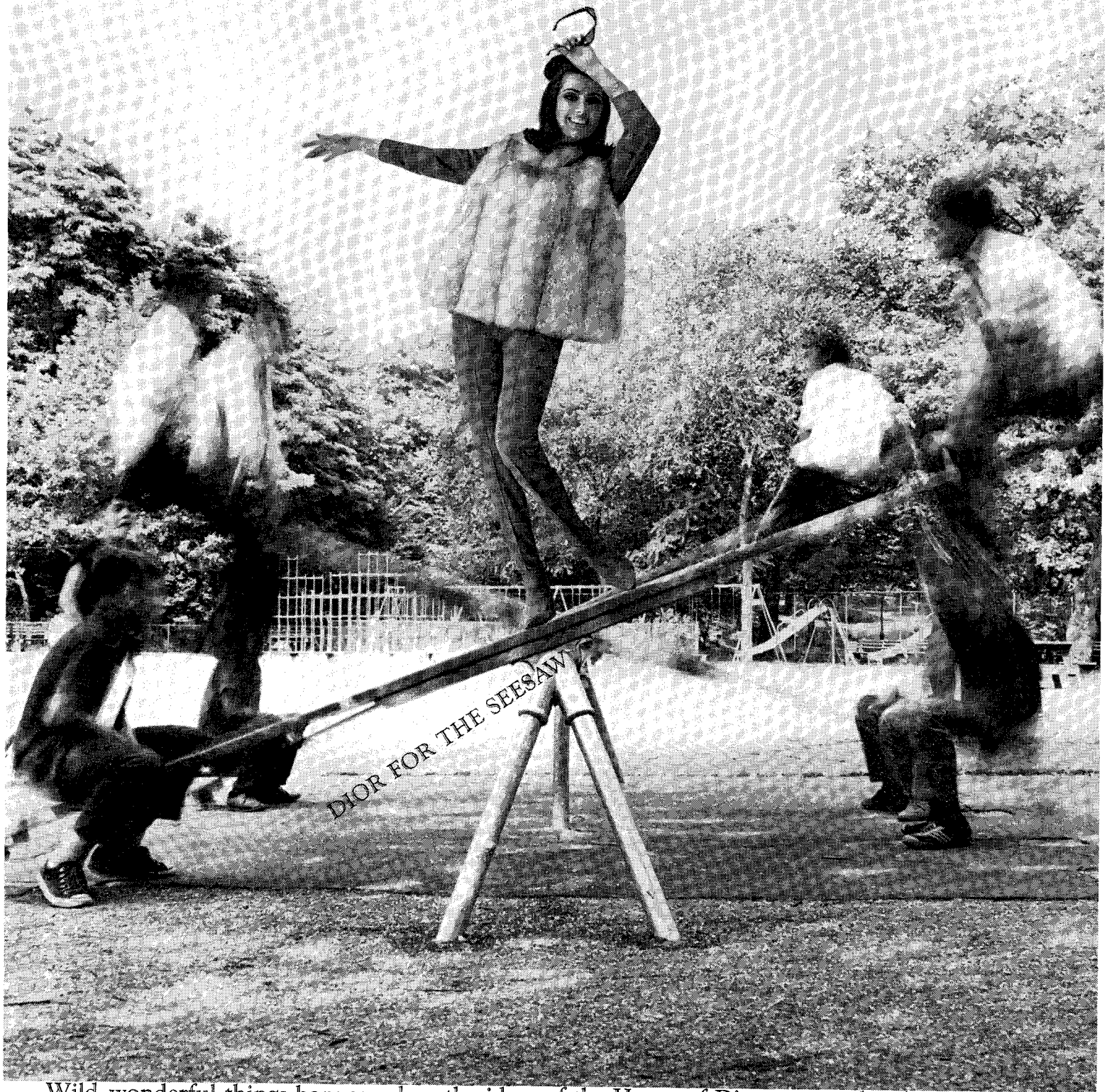
MADE ONLY IN 18 KT GOLD OR PLATINUM, THE PIAGET WATCH CASES ARE THE WORK OF PIAGET'S BEST JEWELRY DESIGNERS AND CRAFTSMEN, WORTHY OF THE MECHANISM THEY ENCLOSE.

MORE THAN 150 HOURS OF WORK GO INTO THE MAKING OF EACH OF THESE EXCLUSIVE WATCHES. THAT IS WHY THE PIAGET WATCHES ARE SO EXPENSIVE. ATTENTION TO DETAIL IS CARRIED TO ITS HIGHEST EXTREME BY TRUE SWISS CRAFTSMEN. THE ENGRAVING OF THE GOLD WATCHCASES AND BRACELETS IS DONE BY HAND: THE DIAL AND HANDS ARE ALSO OF GOLD, THE GLASS IS OF SAPPHIRE, A NOBLE MATERIAL PROOF AGAINST SCRATCHES AND SHOCK. PIAGET IS THE PRODUCER OF THE ONLY ULTRA-THIN AUTOMATIC WATCH IN THE WORLD (MOVEMENT 2.3 MM. THICK)

A WORK OF PRESENT DAY ART, DESIGNED WITH ALL THE CONSCIENTIOUS DEDICATION OF THE TRADITIONAL CRAFTSMAN: THUS CAN WE SUM UP THE PIAGET WATCH.

PIAGET

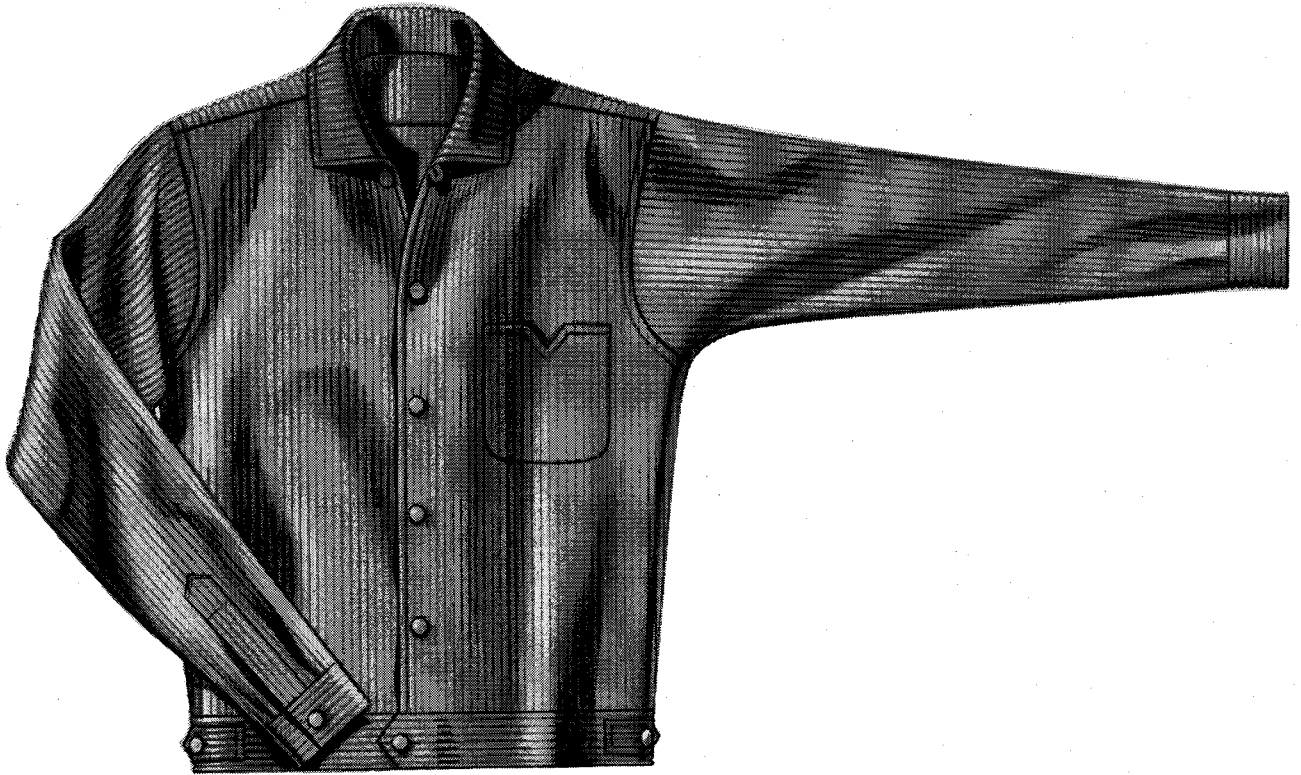
SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED BROCHURES:
PIAGET WATCH CORPORATION, 10, ROCKEFELLER PLAZA,
NEW YORK 20, N.Y.



Wild, wonderful things happen when the ideas of the House of Dior are translated into Saga Norwegian Blue Fox. It's the gay fur, the fun fur—simplement merveilleuse over Dior's sky blue suede boot-pants and blousing. Christian Dior Furs come from the atelier of Laurence Kaye, New York and can be seen at the retailer in your city. In Paris at Christian Dior. In Canada at Holt Renfrew.

SAGA BLUE FOX BY CHRISTIAN DIOR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



This is a picture of a corduroy sport shirt, a corduroy jacket, corduroy slacks and a corduroy slack-suit.

Wear them one-at-a-time, or together for every casual moment of the season.

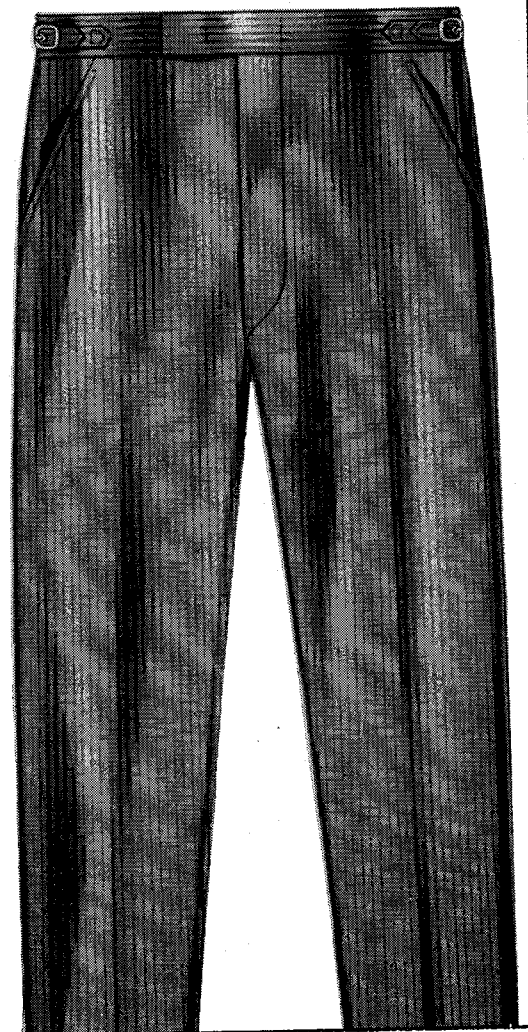
The jacket, about \$13, comes in six colors.

The slacks, about \$15, in four colors.

Both at fine stores everywhere.

Prices slightly higher in the west

MERRILL SHARPE LTD.
180 Madison Avenue, New York 16



By George!

a very persuasive fragrance for men



Cologne, After Shave, Talc, Shower Soap Bar, Gift Sets
The S. & H. Pogue Co.—New York
Titche Goertinger—Dallas

Caryl Richards, Inc., New York, N.Y.
Saks 34th—New York

Buffums—Long Beach

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BED ACCESSORIES BY CARLIN

Allevia is part of the dream

The part any woman can make come true—to have a younger, prettier complexion. Do your dreaming under the spell of Allevia, Alexandra de Markoff's new night cream. It quickly becomes

an invisible part of your skin's surface, helping all the while you sleep to revitalize your skin—give it fresh color and tone—and a smoother texture. \$18.50, \$30.00 and \$45.00 plus tax

Alexandra de Markoff

Joseph Magnin • The J. L. Hudson Company • Joseph Horne Co. • and other fine stores

This winter get a suntan where you never got one before.

Maybe you never thought of going to Israel to get tan. But you can. Bask on the beach at Eilat: Red Sea, pink mountains, and a nightclub called The End of the World.

After you've tanned your hide, slip into something that won't hide your tan and explore the rest of the country.

There's the newness of modern cities with air-conditioned hotels. And outside of town, another kind of newness: pioneers wrenching farms from the desert.

Then you see a signpost that says

"Beersheba" and "Jerusalem." And suddenly the place is over 4,000 years old.

The names here mean what they say. King Solomon's Mines isn't a book or a movie. It's the mines. Mt. Zion isn't a hospital. It's the traditional site of the Last Supper and the Tomb of King David. And the Queen of Sheba Hotel stands where the lady did.

In Israel, you can fish for St. Peter's fish, bargain-hunt at the Bed-

ouin Market, and have tea while you float on the Dead Sea.

The cost?

EL AL Sunseeing Tour rates can give you a winter vacation in Israel for just about what you paid on your last vacation in the same old place.

Our tours all go from New York to Israel, but they don't all end there. You can go on to Spain, or France. Or Italy. Or Greece. In fact, we have 97 tours between Novem-

ber 1st and February 28th. With prices for thrifty bud-

getters or big-time spenders.

For instance, you can visit Israel for 14 days this winter with EL AL jet round trip, hotels and breakfasts included for only \$587.* If you want to do it in the grand manner, you can have 11 days in Israel, 3 in Rome, 3 in Naples/Capri and 2 in Florence with deluxe hotels for \$938.*

All our tours are described in a new illustrated color folder. Ask your travel agent for it, or write: EL AL Israel Airlines, 610 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. 22, N.Y. (Or visit any of our offices in the cities listed below.)

After you've taken an EL AL Sunseeing Tour, you can always go back and tan yourself in the same old place.

But it won't be the same.



EL AL Israel Airlines. New York, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Chicago, Beverly Hills, Detroit, Miami, Washington, Boston, San Francisco.

*Fares based on 40 person group economy rate.

**No Scotch
improves
the flavour
of water
like
Teacher's**



BLENDING SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • ©SCHIEFFELIN & CO., N. Y.



the Swiss call it

®

GUGELMANN

HALA is the world-famous sport shirting, woven in Switzerland by Gugelmann & Co. (est. 1862). It is a 50/50 blend of purest lamb's wool and finest cotton. Lightweight, soft, warm, luxurious, and *washable* . . . it is tailored in America by CISCO into the most delightful sport shirts any man ever enjoyed. Once you wear one (they're only \$14.95 for tartans and patterns, and \$12.95 for solid colors) you'll know why the British call it "superb", the French call it "fantastique", the Americans call it "great".

CISCO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Brilliant bolts of color to dress a table in.

Couturiers would love to get their hands on them. But Dansk makes these linens in placemat sizes only.

Smashing colors. Hazy tweeds. Clear solids. These are rich suit-weight linens in a crisp, crashy weave. Tempting. But strictly for table-top designers.

This placemat collection is called Finnish Accent. Dansk's fabric designer, Ritva Puotila, who has a charming accent of her own, created them to dress every type of table. They show off the high gloss of mahogany, the oiled glow of teak, the patina of 18th century pine.

And what happens when china gets a Finnish Accent? Originality happens. Because this couture mat is woven to work as well with Lenox or Wedgwood or Rosenthal as with hand-crafted earthenware. That's what's so Dansk about it.

A word here about the accessory napkins. They're unique lap-sized rectangles of a finer handkerchief linen. Yarn-dyed. And no one but Dansk makes a yarn-dyed napkin.

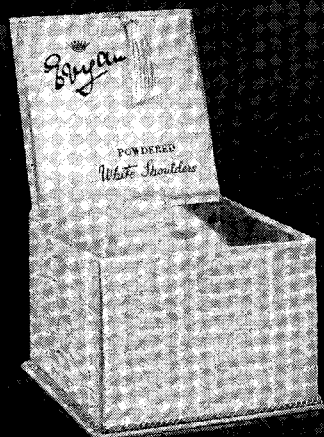
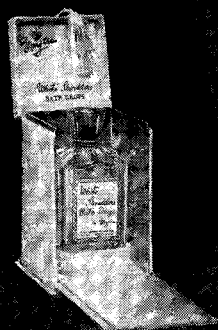
Our swatch-book shows 18 placemat colors, 14 napkin colors. Match them. Mismatch them. Collect them. You'll

never again say about your table—it hasn't a thing to wear.

Note: There are 416 more designs for the well-dressed table in Dansk's Top-of-the-Table Collection. For a private showing, write for our free catalog to Dansk Designs, Dept. FT, Great Neck, New York.

DANSK
DANSK DESIGNS LTD


Glycerin



"White Shoulders"

BATH DROPS

POWDERED WHITE SHOULDERS

LUXURY SOAP



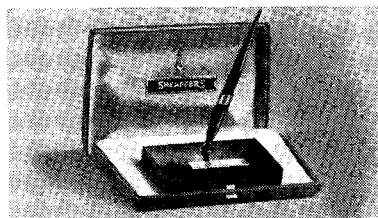
© 1964, W. A. S. P. CO.

How to make any executive feel like the Chairman of the Board

(Desk set by Sheaffer)

Whatever the gift-giving occasion, you couldn't pick a more appropriate present for a man on the way up.

A Sheaffer Desk Set is a compliment to his good taste... a combination of your choice of richly styled bases and of famous Sheaffer fountain pens with cartridge-filling action, superbly crafted with 14-K

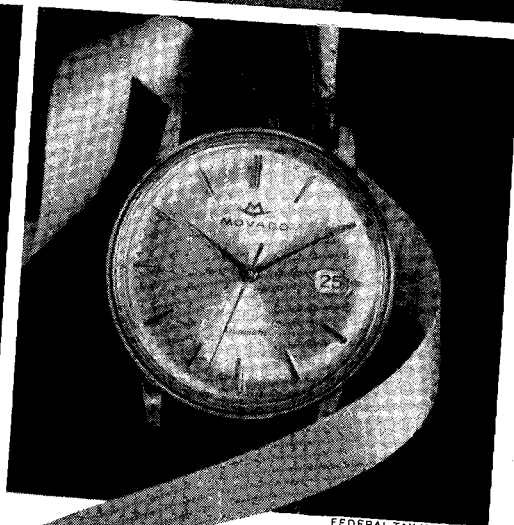
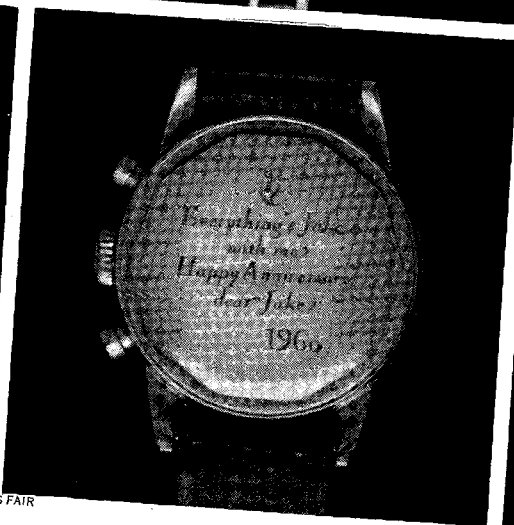
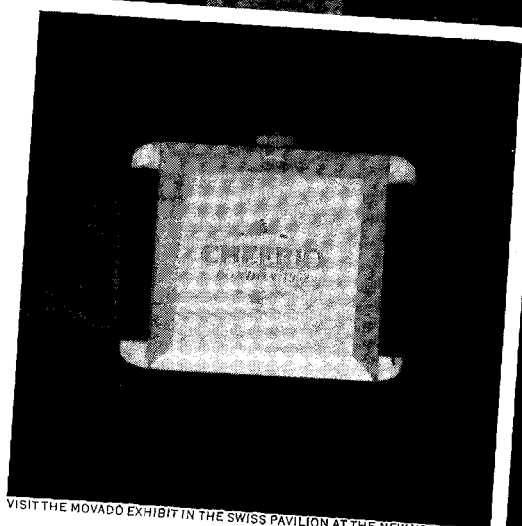
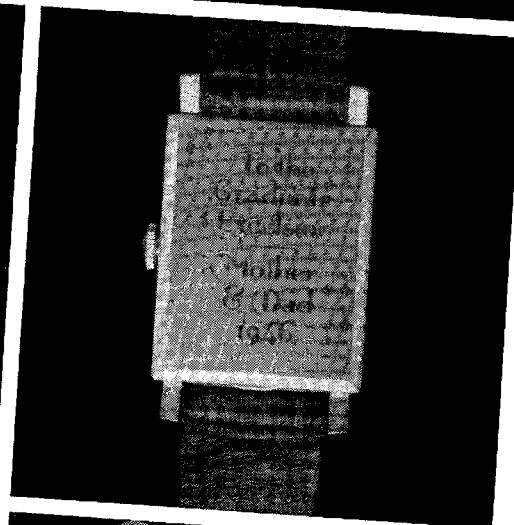
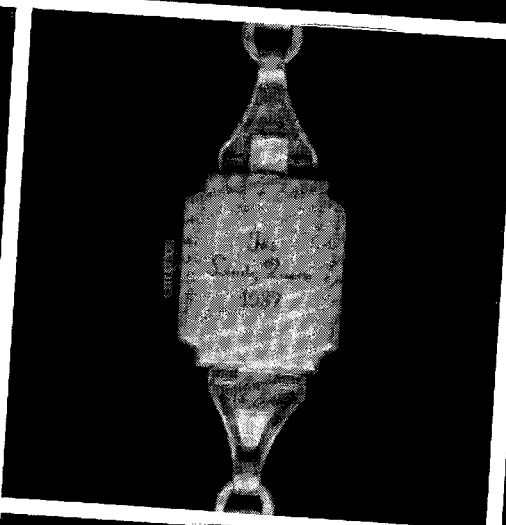
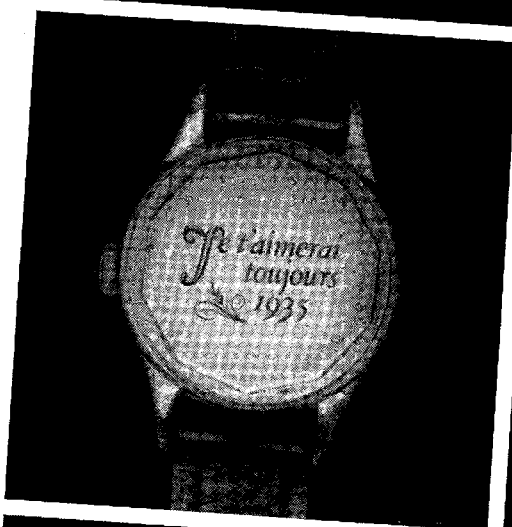
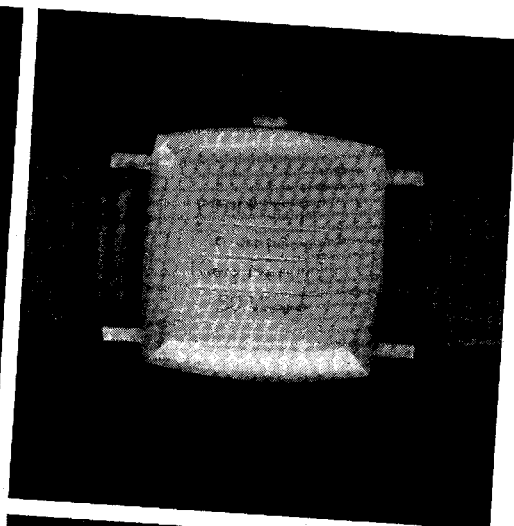
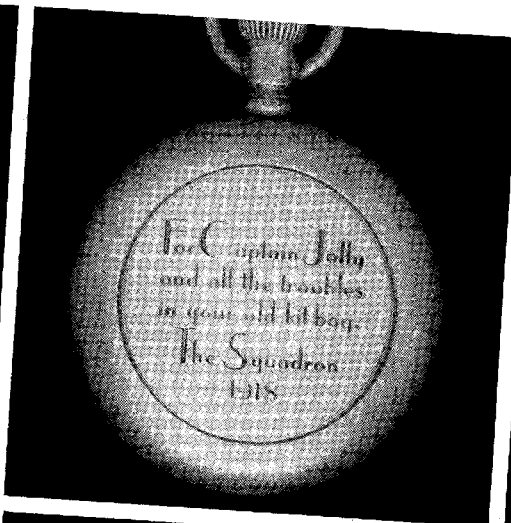
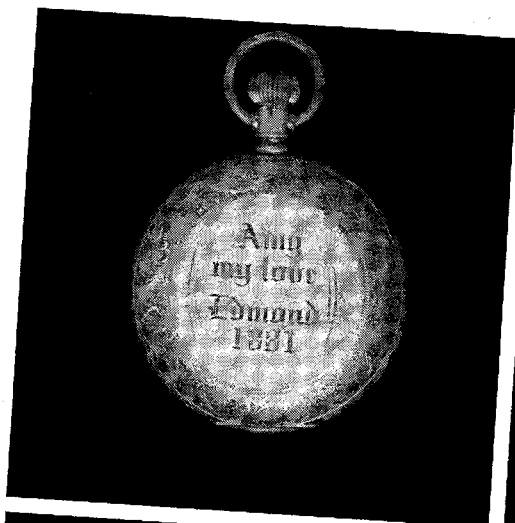


gold points, kept writing-moist in exclusive airtight sockets.

When he actually becomes Chairman of the Board, and for many years thereafter, he will continue to remember your thoughtfulness each time he reaches for the Sheaffer pen that you gave him "on the way up."



Choose from a wide variety of Sheaffer Desk Sets at your retailer's, or write for free catalog: W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company, Department NY-104, Fort Madison, Iowa. (Set shown, in brilliant jet crystal, \$20.00. Available with personalized nameplate.)



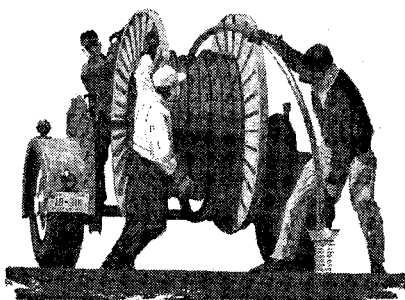
VISIT THE MOVADO EXHIBIT IN THE SWISS PAVILION AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED

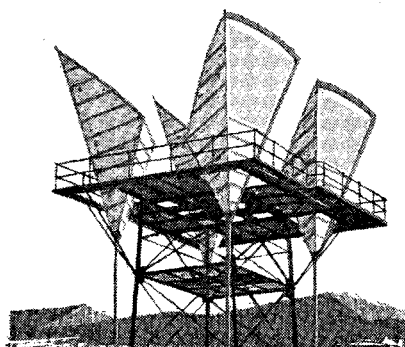
In 1964, make an indelible impression by giving a Movado watch too. Swiss-made by a fourth-generation watch family, Movado has won 203 international first prizes — to prove that nothing's more faithful as time goes by. The 14K gold self-winding water-resistant Kingmatic Calendar watch \$255; in stainless steel \$135. For brochure on our men's and women's collection beginning at \$75, write Movado, 610 Fifth Avenue, NYC.

MOVADO

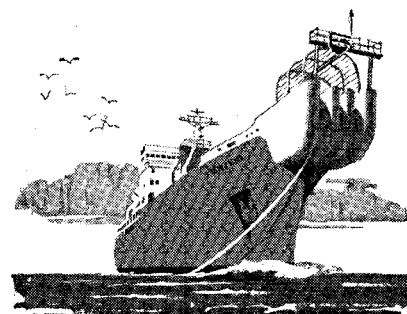
Here are some of the ways we handle your telephone calls today



A buried coaxial cable may carry as many as 9300 phone conversations at the same time.

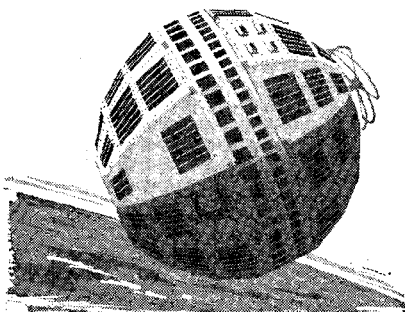


Radio relay systems can handle more than 17,000 simultaneous phone conversations.

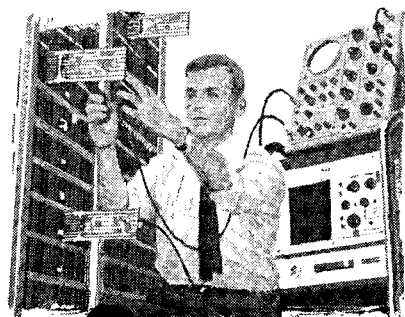


Submarine cables whisk your words under-seas as clearly as when you talk across town.

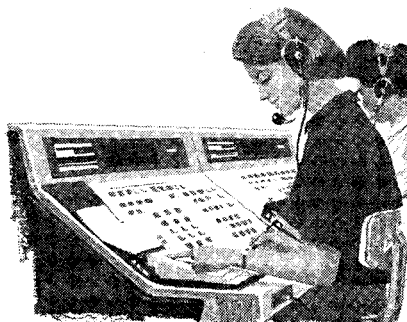
These developments will speed your telephone conversations tomorrow



A worldwide system, pioneered by Telstar® satellites, may speed your calls via space.



Electronic Switching will connect you faster and provide many useful new phone services.



Directly-dialed Collect and Person calls will speed to completion with Operator aid.

And all are planned to meet an expanding nation's need for service

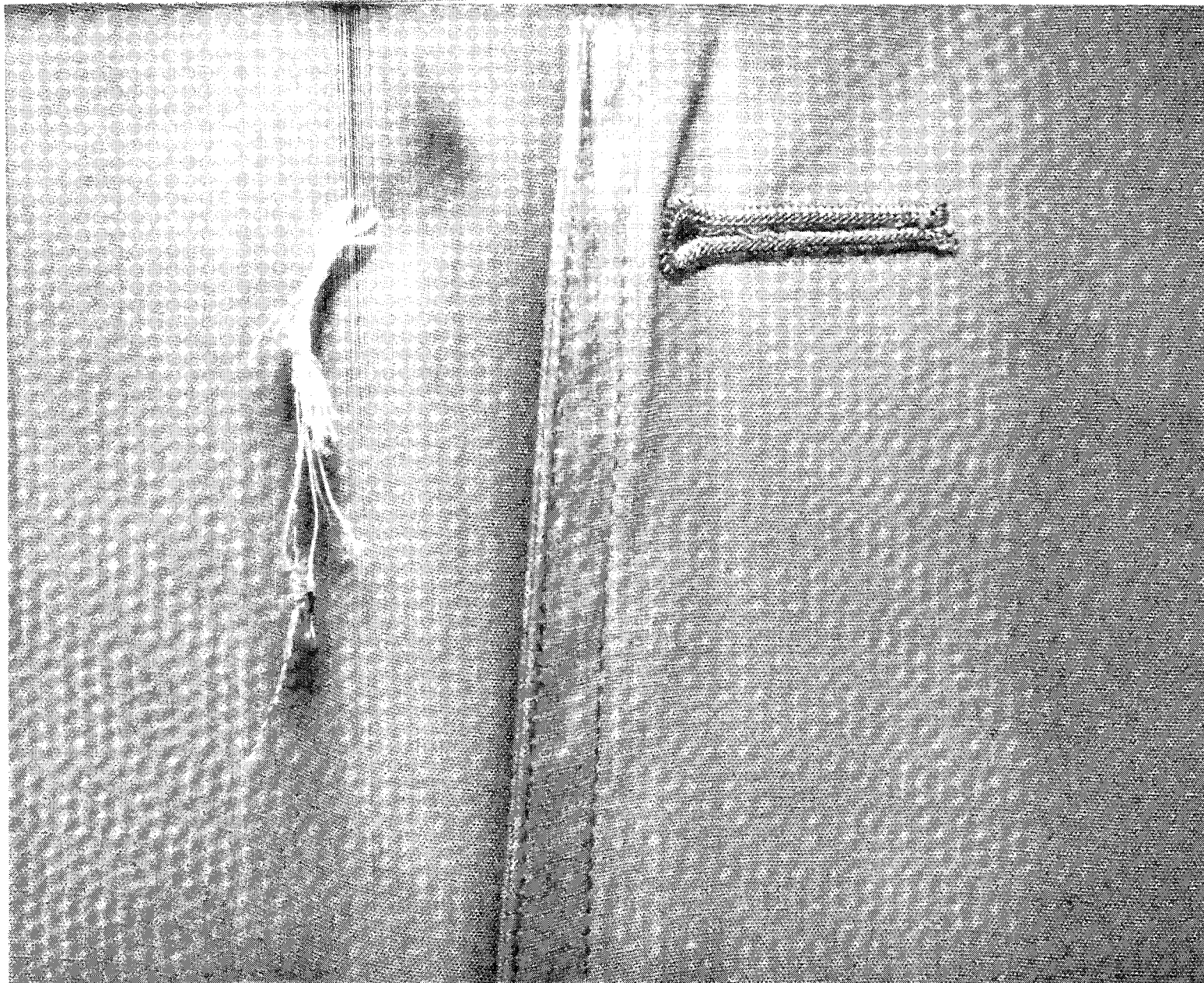
As the population grows and households multiply and business machines devour greater mountains of data, the Bell System must constantly find and develop new com-

munications techniques to stay ahead of new demands. We're working hard to do that today. And we can promise you finer, faster, more versatile services tomorrow.



Bell System

American Telephone & Telegraph Co. and Associated Companies



You can wait till you get home and ask your wife to sew it on for you.
 You can ask your secretary to stop typing and fix it.
 Or you can quietly retire behind closed doors and do it yourself.

On the other hand, you could assert yourself
 and buy a new London Fog Maincoat® with Bachelor's Buttons.



They don't come off in the first place.

London Fog has invented a special permanent guard that fits around the thread between the coat and the button. This way, we protect the buttons on all our coats, including the Dundalk:

a classic raglan in exclusive Calibre Cloth® (65% Dacron® polyester, 35% cotton), complete with zip-out 100% black Alpaca lining. In natural, olive, black or navy, \$55.

London Fog®
BALTIMORE 11, MD.



Between us girls, the
facts about Fraser's®
Stainless are
over the
heads
of most
men.

Try to explain to him that Fraser's Stainless is not harmed even by harsh detergents and repeated machine washings at high temperatures. Or that Fraser's special Cromargan steel can't tarnish.

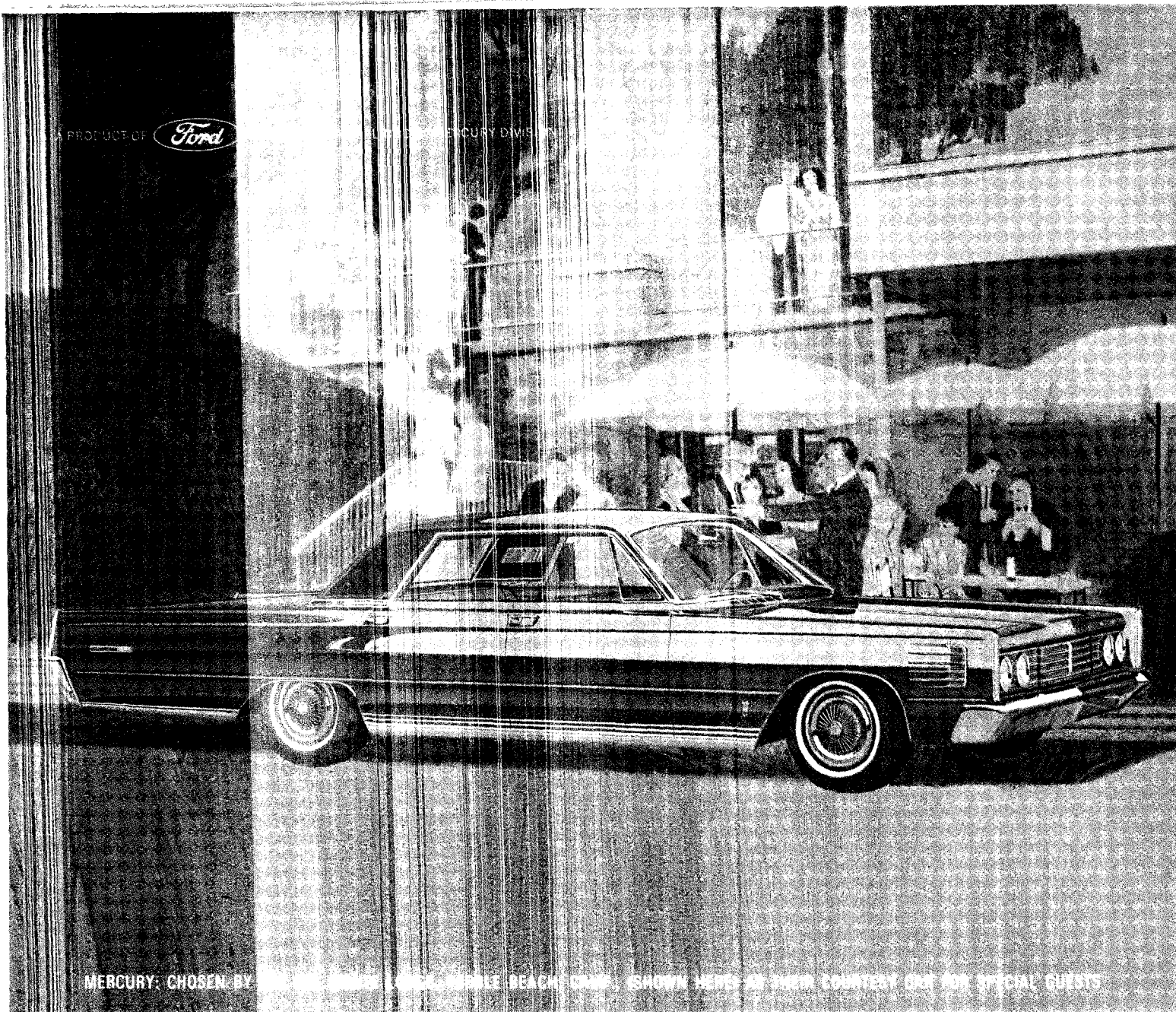
After all girls, it's you, not he, that's plagued with the problem of keeping the things you buy showroom bright. But be patient . . . He'll learn.

Want our ring-binder catalog illustrating the whole Fraser line? It's yours for just one dollar. Write today and we'll throw in the name of the Fraser dealer nearest you for free.

FRASER'S® STAINLESS

FRASER'S, INC., 236 N. 10TH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10001
WMF (CANADA) LTD., 100 WELLINGTON ST. W. • TORONTO 5

Fraser's Oval Casserole. \$19.95



MERCURY: CHOSEN BY THE NEW YORK LUXURY BEACH CLUB, SHOWN HERE AS THEIR COUNTRY CAR FOR SPECIAL GUESTS

...the
beginning of a
new generation of Mercurys

now in the Lincoln Continental tradition

You've never seen a Mercury like this before. Clean, sleek, beautifully proportioned. It now rides on a longer wheel-base, has a wider stance, and the kind of luxury features and options once reserved only for

the most expensive cars. The idea behind all this newness was to create a car that reflected the Lincoln Continental

tradition—the Lincoln Continental way of doing things. See how well this new kind of Mercury suits you. Soon.



Mercury

**This
is Fortrel!**
the fiber that keeps its promise*

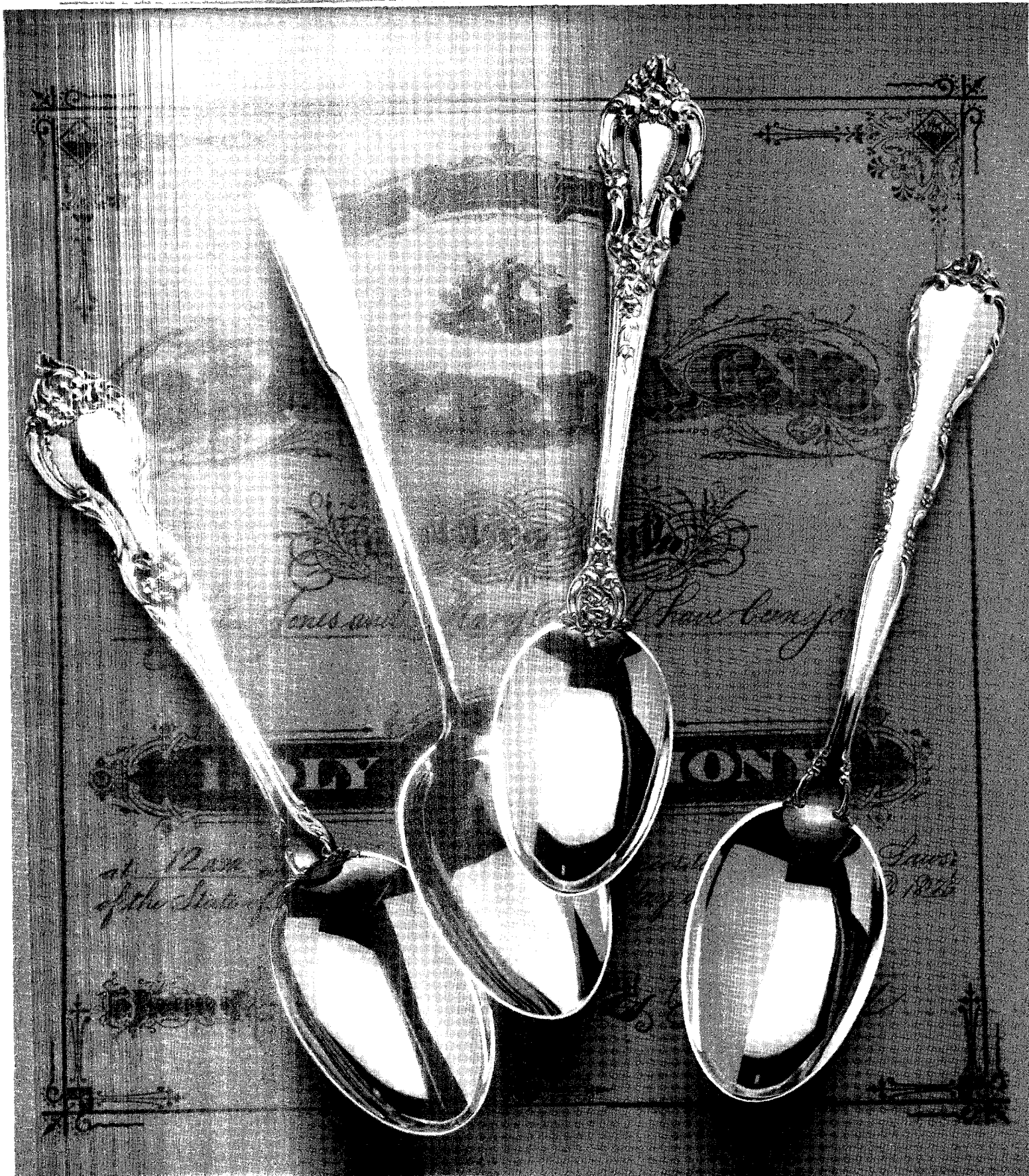
Celanese® *Registered Trademarks of Fiber Industries, Inc.



**The promise: Tudor's new accent-area rugs
machine-wash, machine-dry—fast, at high heat!**

Put Tudor's soft, plushy-piled rugs anyplace in your house. Even the hall where traffic's high. They're of Fortrel* polyester, so stains and dirty footprints disappear in the washing machine. And you can turn up the dryer heat. It's not too hot for Fortrel. The pile will come out fluffy, blissful underfoot. And color-bright. See the glorious colors in "Spectrum" rugs. A linear design in ten 2-tone color combinations. Sturdy, skid-resistant back. 27" and 54" round; 24"x36" to 54"x72" oval. 27" round, about \$8. Oval, 24"x36", about \$9. B. Altman & Co., all stores; The Higbee Co., Cleveland; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; Hudson's, Detroit; May Co., Los Angeles.

Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS



LEFT TO RIGHT: ALEXANDER, RICHMOND, AND MICHAEL

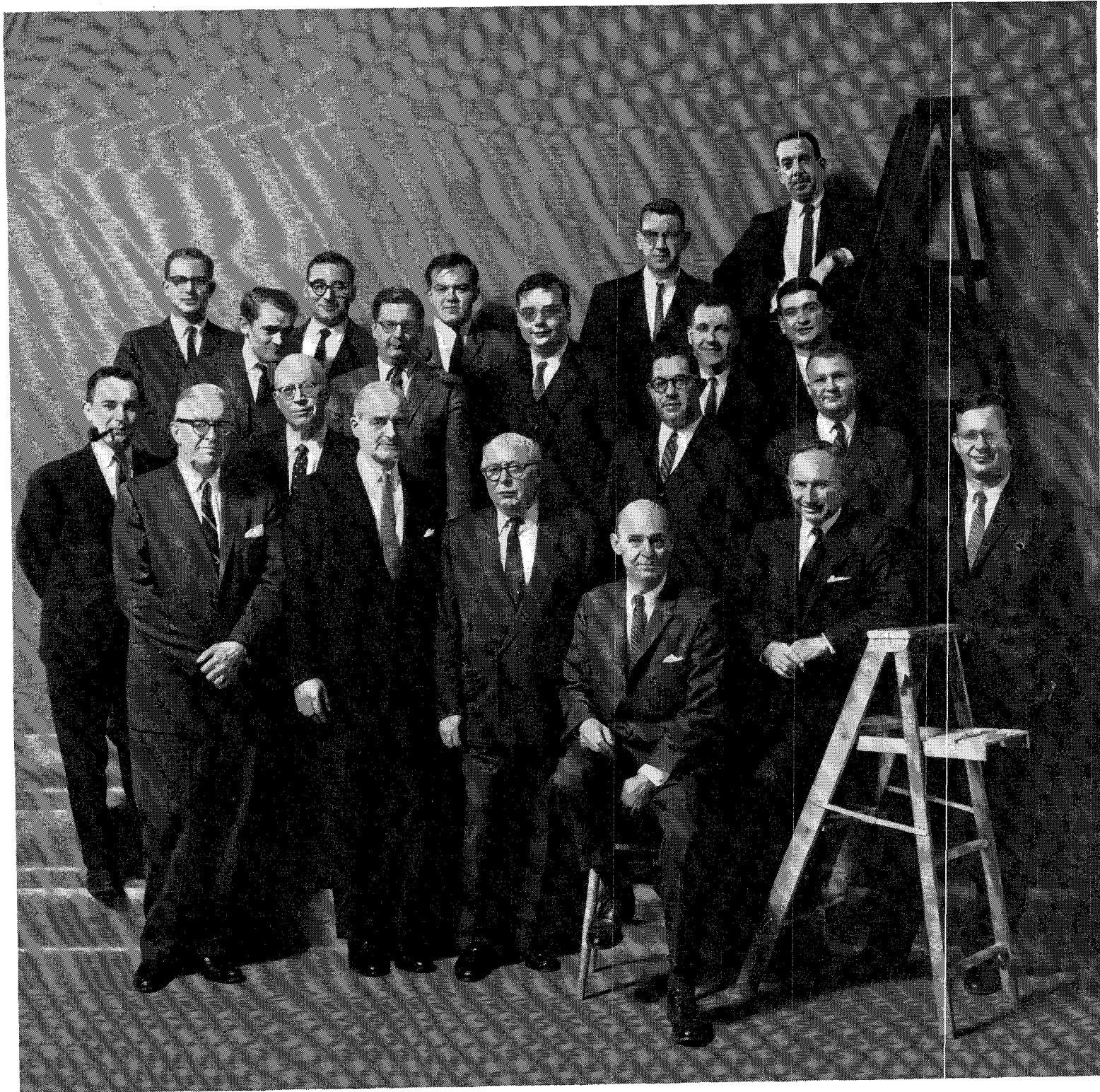
Set your table before you set your cap

Does your number of Lunt Sterling settings total up to at least four? That's the very minimum you'll need to begin a gracious home. And even if your first meeting is on a packing crate you'll have started your life together in style. For nothing matches the elegance of Sterling. Nothing adds such a glow to a dinner, even if you've burned the roast. Consider it in terms of value. It never wears out.

LUNT
STERLING

It grows even lovelier with use. What else could you buy for your home that gives such lasting rewards? Consider silver in terms of beauty. What else so purely practical can match the loveliness of sterling? What else will stay so beautiful for so many years? All reasons why you should count on your Lunt Sterling as soon as you count on him.

For information write: Lunt Silversmiths, Dept. Y-4, Greenfield, Mass.



**These are the men who recommend stocks at Shearson.
We pay them \$533,000 a year.
Let them work for you without charge.**

Gathered here are the partners and analysts who select the stocks they believe have the best chance of making money for Shearson clients.

350,000 miles a year. These men are professional cynics who spend untold hours in the critical study of company reports, trade magazines and financial statements. They also get off their seats and get out where the news is...into executive suites, plants and laboratories. Last year they traveled more than 350,000 miles, studied more than 10,400 annual reports and held more than 5,400 interviews with company executives. Even then, a Shearson research analyst cannot make recommendations on his judgment alone. His analysis must also convince members of the Invest-

ment Policy Committee which makes the final decision. **A searching review.** This committee is composed of senior research partners, floor partners and members of the Investment Banking Department. It seeks to eliminate all but the most promising stocks. The registered representative, although not rigidly restricted to the firm's Master List of recommended stocks, is required to inform you when an investment recommendation is based on his own evaluation.

Would you like a sample? The key point about Shearson research is that hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of professional judgment come to you each year without charge. You may use it or not; it's there for the taking.



SHEARSON, HAMMILL & CO. INC. 14 WALL ST./MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE/OFFICES COAST TO COAST

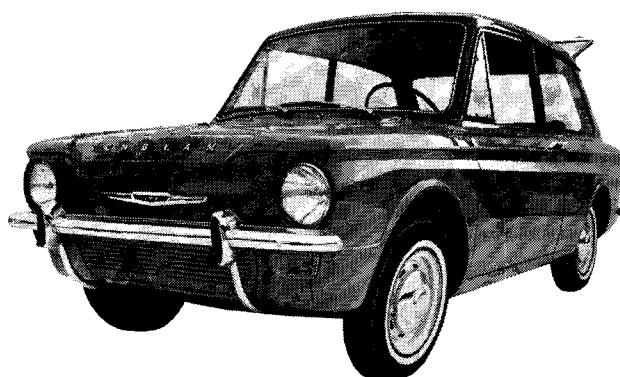
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IF YOU'RE CONSIDERING BIGAMY... CONSIDER THE IMP

The law holds that a man can enjoy a second car. We hold that the second car doesn't have to be an also-ran, but right up there with the big ones in class and performance. We propose the IMP -- that productive prodigy with a racing type overhead camshaft engine that sings right up to 80 (a real mechanical miracle*)...with a back seat that folds down to create 19.75 cubic feet of load area... with wrap-around visibility... with

real bite-size gas consumption...and with the coalesced thinking of a lot of men who created a solid, more-than-competitive car at \$1,495, equipped.** It's the greatest car Number 2--and if you can't kick the monogamy habit-- it's the greatest Number 1.

*Car & Driver Magazine -- "The best car Rootes ever made... a mechanical miracle..."



'65 SUNBEAM IMP 
SPORTSEDAN BY ROOTES OF ENGLAND

TRAVELLERS NOTE: IF YOU ARE PLANNING TO GO ABROAD ASK ABOUT OUR MONEY-SAVING OVERSEAS DELIVERY PLAN
**EAST POE, EQUIPPED WITH HEATER AND DEFROSTER. WHITEWALL TIRES OPTIONAL EXTRA. FOR INFORMATION WRITE TO ROOTES MOTORS, 505 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y., OR 9830 WEST PICO BOULEVARD, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

CANOE



Dana

COLOGNE • SOAP • TALC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

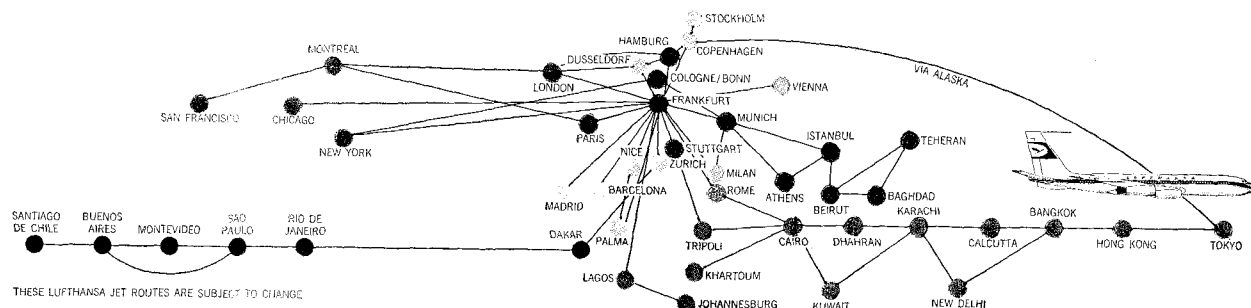
MADE, PACKAGED, SEALED IN FRANCE



Worldliness is a trip on **LUFTHANSA**

...it's flying with a sophisticated difference all over our world-wide system. As you'd expect, we fly to more cities in Germany than anyone else, but we can also take you elsewhere in Europe, to the Near and Far East, Africa or South America. And you'll have supremely efficient service that's also sophisticated. Careful planning. Thoughtful suggestions for

your trip. Knowledgeable information. Most expert Travel Agents know our cheerful efficiency is one thing that's made us one of the 4 leading airlines flying to Europe. We think you'll agree. Ask your own Travel Agent about the Lufthansa German Airlines impressive Tour Program. Or call at our offices—in the principal cities of the U.S.A. and Canada.





Now, enjoy all the excitement of color in the brightest,
most true-to-life RCA Victor Color TV ever...from \$399^{95*}
optional with dealer

Lifelike natural color. New Vista® Color TV for 1965 gives you the most true-to-life RCA Victor Color ever... with better color purity, greater contrast than ever before. Color is so bright, so lifelike, you have to see it to believe it! Crisp, clear black and white pictures, too. Automatic Scene Control for balanced brightness and contrast.

Most widely proved—dependable. RCA pioneered and developed Color TV—made it a reality—proved it in homes like yours across the country. It's the most widely proved Color TV you can buy. Today, it's America's first choice—more people own RCA Victor than any other TV—black and white or color.

***New low price.** Now only \$399.95 for the *Darcy*, not shown. Manufacturer's nationally advertised price, optional with dealer. All prices, specifications subject to change.



The Most Trusted Name in Television

TMK(s)®

SEE WALT DISNEY'S "WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR," SUNDAYS, NBC-TV NETWORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Martin's spent
8 years getting ready
for tonight.



Peck
&
Peck

Photographed by Ynocencio at Shepheard's in the Hotel Drake, New York



The Peck & Peck Girl loves the finesse of our *Carletons*

Ours alone—this beautiful brocade in a jacketed costume, elegant with the fine dressmaker detailing that distinguishes our Carletons. Rayon and silk in a pale blue, emerald or jet black. 8 to 18, 50.00

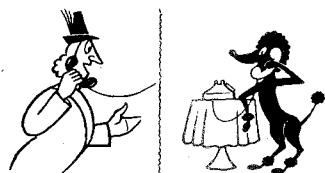
Fifth Ave., New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia • Rochester • Baltimore • Detroit • Cleveland • St. Louis • Twin Cities • Indianapolis • Washington, D.C. • Atlanta • Kansas City • Hartford • Buffalo • Providence



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SENATOR JAVITS told the Senate the other day that a right-wing group in Florida was using the telephone to spread tape-recorded messages of hate and distrust. Quite aside from the nasty political impact of this, a basic question of communication is involved. Should a machine be allowed to use the telephone? We think not. Or, rather, we think the regulations should be very tight: only such canned messages as contribute to public health and safety should be permitted—a doctor's answering service, a roundup of weather, a time signal, things like that. All other use of the phone should be live, with someone talking into the thing at one end and someone listening at the



other end, even if it's only a French poodle. If we turn the facilities of the phone company over to machines, the possibilities for mischief are endless, the true purpose of communication is defeated, and the way is opened for the kind of abuse that is now causing concern.

Our Man in London

LAST fall, when General Frederick Coutts, a sixty-four-year-old Briton of Welsh and Scottish descent, took command of the Salvation Army, he held a news conference at the Army's international headquarters, in London, during which he remarked, "If I am to replace the 'firstly, secondly, and thirdly' of Victorian speech and speak to the beardies and weirdies, then I will do so. You can certainly say that I am going to get with it." He added that he saw no reason for not using

jazz, along with the Army's traditional trumpets, drums, and tambourines, at street corners to catch the attention of sinners. With that in mind, he said, musical groups in the Army were experimenting with electric guitars.

We made a note at the time to call upon General Coutts at a later date to see how his program was working out, and the other day, having arranged an appointment through Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Carr, the General's aide in charge of public relations, we did so. Colonel Carr met us in the lobby of the Army's international headquarters, a brand-new six-story brick-and-concrete structure on Queen Victoria Street, a couple of blocks from St. Paul's. Arriving at the General's suite, on the top floor, we were introduced to his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant-Colonel Stanley Arthur Gordon Barrett, who, in turn, escorted us through a pair of double doors and introduced us to General Coutts. The General was on his feet by the time we had crossed the threshold, and he strode quickly from behind his desk to shake hands. He is a tall, well-built, smooth-faced man who is quite bald, wears glasses, and speaks in a soft voice with a trace of Scots accent. He was wearing the Army's regular-issue simple blue uniform, his rank being indicated by a single gold bar on maroon plush epaulets and a gold Salvation Army insigne on each side of the collar clasp of his tunic. He bade us be seated, and then, instead of returning to sit behind his desk, pulled up a chair in front of it, crossed his legs, and asked how he could help us.

We recalled the substance of his press-conference remarks when he assumed command, and asked if he would give us a progress report on getting with it.

The General smiled, and said, "Actually, I am indebted to one of the twenty or thirty newspapermen present at that interview for the phrase

'to get with it.' When I had been trying for some time to explain in my hesitant way what I intended to accomplish, this reporter said, 'You mean, of course, that you would like to get with it.' I concurred, and that is how I



became associated with the expression. However, let me say that while it's a colloquialism, it stands for what I would like to do." The General stopped and looked at us benignly.

What steps, we inquired, had been taken to achieve that aim?

"You don't mind if I talk a bit? I am something of a reticent sort at first," General Coutts replied. Having been assured that we were keen to have him talk, he continued, "Well, I mentioned in that press conference that our young Salvation Army people, when visiting cafés, key clubs, dance halls, and so forth, would go to those places with their guitars. This was fastened on as a new and original idea, but I really must disclaim any credit, because we have for years used guitars on the Continent. In fact, stringed instruments are as conventional in our work in Scandinavia, and to a lesser extent in Germany and Holland, as the brass band is in England. I feel, you see, that if we must speak the idiom, whether musical or linguistic, of the teen-agers for the sake of what we'd like to say to them—well, then, I'm prepared to use it. Not that it's my native language. A little beat goes a long way with me."

General Coutts paused, and then went on, in his customary quiet, modest tone, "You may have noticed a while ago that near the top of the pops was a disc—'It's an Open Secret'—recorded by our little Salvation Army group,



"No, I will not tell you how to get to the Dunlap place!"

which we call the Joy Strings. Our group—guitars, vocalists, string bass, and traps—is made up of four young women and four young men. All but one of them are either cadets or officers at our William Booth Memorial Training College, here in London. The exception is the drummer, who is an architect by profession and a Salvationist by religious preference. He handles the traps for the Joy Strings in his spare time as an expression of Christian service."

Switching on his intercom, the General politely requested Colonel Barrett to fetch copies of the Joy Strings' records. In a few moments, there was a gentle knock on the door, and Colonel Barrett brought in two 45-r.p.m. records, which, at General Coutts' direction, he handed to us. One was in a plain white envelope, and had "It's an Open Secret" on one side and "We're Going to Set the World A-Singing" on the other. The second record, which had two numbers on each side, was more impressively pre-

sented in what General Coutts described as a four-color sleeve; on the front was a photograph of the Strings, taken at a recording session. All in uniform (and the drummer wearing a beard), they were a happy-looking group—particularly Captain Webb, an attractive brunette.

"She is quite a gifted girl," General Coutts said. "And at the moment I think the group is serving quite a useful purpose. When Colonel Barrett last checked, 'It's an Open Secret' had sold over sixty thousand copies. I understand that our recording firm, E.M.I., expects our little group's new record, which will be released shortly, to sell even more."

General Coutts thanked Colonel Barrett, who departed. "I am sure you realize that this record thing has not been put in motion as a gimmick or for the sake of providing entertainment in current commercial terms," the General said. "We're not interested in that. What we are passionately interested in, of course—and you won't

mind my speaking about it—is the Christian Gospel. And we'll do anything consonant with the spirit of the Gospel to put the message of the Gospel over."

The putting over of the Gospel message, it developed as we talked further, has been a lifelong concern of General Coutts, whose parents were both Salvation Army officers. It is a rule in the Army, he explained, that an officer must marry an officer or a person who intends to become an officer. The General's wife is, of course, an officer, and they have three daughters and a son; the son is married to an officer and serves as the principal of a Salvation Army school in Nigeria. "My father became a Salvation Army officer in 1887—just twenty-two years after the movement had been founded here in London by a Methodist minister, William Booth," General Coutts continued. "As for me, after I was demobilized at the close of the First World War, in which I had been an officer in the Royal Flying Corps (it sounds very ancient—I'm sorry), I applied for entry into the Salvation Army Training College, and was admitted. I was then twenty. On finishing my training and receiving my

lieutenant's commission, I spent fifteen years in what we call corps work; that is to say, I was in charge of various of our evangelical centers, which are the equivalent of churches. The Salvation Army, if you will permit a brief digression, is a church, offering membership and the recognized Christian means of grace, solemnizing marriages, naming children, and burying the dead. Our officers can do all that a minister does. As you know, the Salvation Army is to be found on all continents. We have a world membership of approximately two million. What you may not know is that when you see a chap in Salvation Army uniform, the chances are that he is not on the Army's payroll; that is to say, he is not an officer. In fact, nine out of every ten members of the Salvation Army are lay people—soldiers, as we call them. They work for their living, so to speak, and what they do for the Salvation Army is what other laymen, whether Methodist, Episcopalian, or some other denomi-

nation, do for their church. Well, I hadn't planned to go on like that. So sorry."

Getting back to General Coutts' career, we learned that on his way to the top he held a succession of important posts, including those of literary secretary, principal of the Training College, and, during the six years preceding his elevation to the generalship, commissioner in charge of the Eastern Territory of Australia. In the Salvation Army, he explained, there is one general; he is elected by the High Council, which is composed of forty-nine commissioners, and he serves, barring incapacitation, until the mandatory retirement age, which is seventy. General Coutts is the Army's eighth general.

"Returning to England after an absence of six years, I have been deeply impressed by the fact that the Army is very much alive in the mother country," the General said. "There's life in it. Oh, my word, so much life! Next year, we shall celebrate our centenary. I am sure that we shall continue to demonstrate our relevance to the social climate of the time."

As we rose to leave, General Coutts kindly made us a gift of the Joy Strings' two records, which we played at our first opportunity. They sounded thoroughly relevant.

THERE'S a restaurant near Branson, Missouri, that advertises "Genuine Hawaiian Luau Served Smorgasboard Style."

Jeepney

AS we threaded our way through some stalled traffic the other day, what should appear before our startled eyes but a vehicle straight out of pop art—a weirdly hybridized, gorgeously bedizen creation that looked as if it had begun life as a humble jeep but had quickly graduated to wilder, if not better, things. It was painted bright red, with orange, yellow, green, and white stripes, and it further manifested its glory

with the help of antennas, tassels, plastic curtains, a fringe on its roof, and a silvery model airplane on its hood. Peering inside, we discovered that an enormous rear-view mirror, elaborately etched with a floral design, extended all the way across the top of the windshield; in the middle of the mirror was a small, framed reproduction, in color, of a painting of the Madonna and Child. The dashboard was covered with bright-green plastic, and the gear-shift—seemingly the usual four-wheel-drive jeep shift—was decorated with a fringe like that to be found on the ceremonial tribal dress of a Sioux. The seats were of red leather, the floor was carpeted in red, and on the ceiling were watercolor paintings of palm trees, fish, butterflies, gin bottles, and dice, along with the names of famous boxers.

The vehicle was, in short, a ravishing sight, and we were about to ask the driver—a solemn, silent young man dressed in a blazing-red jacket with gold buttons—what its provenance might be when a light changed somewhere and the hooded cobra of traffic began to uncoil. Hastily, we noted a name on the rear bumper—"U.S. Industries, Inc."—and later, after putting in a phone call to that concern, we were passed along to one Manuel Cuenca.

"You have seen a Philippine jeepney!" said Mr. Cuenca, evidently much pleased by our interest. "Would you care to go for a spin in one?"

We said that nothing would please us more.

"Which color would you like?" asked Mr. Cuenca. "We have them in red, yellow, blue, green, and maroon."

We said we'd like a red one, and in almost less time than it takes to tell it, Mr. Cuenca had arrived at our door with the very jeep we'd seen earlier, driven by the same solemn young man, whose name proved to be Michael Koenigsberg. Offering us the seat next to the driver, Mr. Cuenca went to the rear of the jeepney, opened a small door, hopped in, and seated himself on one of two facing seats that ran the length of the tonneau.

Mr. Koenigsberg shot away from the curb with the steely aplomb of a professional taxi-driver, though it came out at once that jeepney-driving was but a sideline for him. "I'm a Ph.D. candidate in international relations at N.Y.U.," he said, scooting from lane to lane in a way that can have done very little for local urban relations. "I also play violin, viola, and cello in chamber orchestras."

Mr. Cuenca, clinging with both



hands to a grip bar in the ceiling of the jeepney, told us that U.S. Industries manufactures industrial equipment and distributes it all over the world. "Since some of our business is in the Philippines, we've been familiar with jeepneys for some time, and we decided to import ten of them to New York, to carry our customers and guests around the city. The jeepney was born after the Second World War, when Filipinos started converting war-damaged and surplus jeeps into a new form of civilian transportation. They put a different body on top of the standard jeep chassis, and added a back entrance and these two long seats. There are at least eighteen thousand jeepneys in Manila alone. I'm from Manila myself, and I can assure you that the decorations on this jeepney aren't at all exceptional. They express the national temperament. Filipinos are very individualistic. They're also known as the toughest drivers in the East. A good many people have asked about buying one of our jeepneys, either as a taxi or for private use, but they're not for sale."

As we stopped for a light at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, a Filipino came up and called out, with a broad grin, "*Komusta ka?*" ("How are you?")

"*Mabuti!*" ("Fine!") shouted Mr. Cuenca.

"*Ano?*" ("What's happening?")

"*Nakarating na ang jeepney dito!*" ("The jeepney has come to New York!") shouted Mr. Cuenca, hanging on tighter than ever as the light changed and the cello player gave the jaunty little spangled beast the gun.

THE new Sears, Roebuck Christmas catalogue offers the lads of America a sixteen-inch camouflaged "patrol" bicycle, complete with tommy gun, two grenades, combat helmet, walkie-talkie, and training wheels.

Campaigning

ROBERT FRANCIS KENNEDY has been campaigning for fifty days for election to the United States Senate from New York, and we joined him at eight one morning last week at his home in Glen Cove and drove in to town with him for the start of another day. (We have every hope of giving equal time to Senator Keating.) His car, a rented white Chevrolet sedan, had a campaign-dented roof, a telephone, and a

driver named Jim King, who informed Mr. Kennedy that his first appointment was a television interview. "You might want to put on your black shoes instead of those brown ones, as long as you're wearing the gray suit," Mr. King told Mr. Kennedy as we drove down Glen Cove Road toward the Long Island Expressway. "We've got the black shoes on the seat back there."

Mr. Kennedy said he'd change his shoes as soon as we reached the city.

"And change the cufflinks," Mr. King said.

Mr. Kennedy nodded, and showed us the cufflinks he was wearing—a handsome gold pair embossed with the Department of Justice seal. "People sometimes pull them off when I'm in crowds," he told us. "My brother and sister-in-law Jackie gave them to me about a year and a half ago. I lost one in Syracuse last week at the airport, but I found it a few seconds later myself, on the ground. A couple of weeks ago, I lost one in the ballroom of the Americana, and thought it was gone, but somebody picked it up and sent it back anonymously a couple of days later to my apartment at the Carlyle. The experience was very lifting. Now, just before I go into crowds, I put on substitutes—cloth ones."

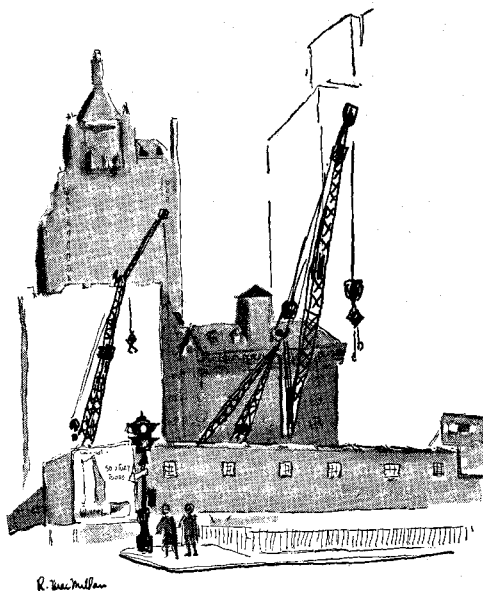
We asked Mr. Kennedy how he found the energy to do morning television interviews in addition to regular campaigning. He said that energy was no problem—that he had always felt he needed eight hours' sleep but found now he was getting much less than that and still didn't mind taking on interviews. "People have so many questions about me, and I have an opportunity on TV to give them the answers," he said. "This is an awfully big state, and basi-

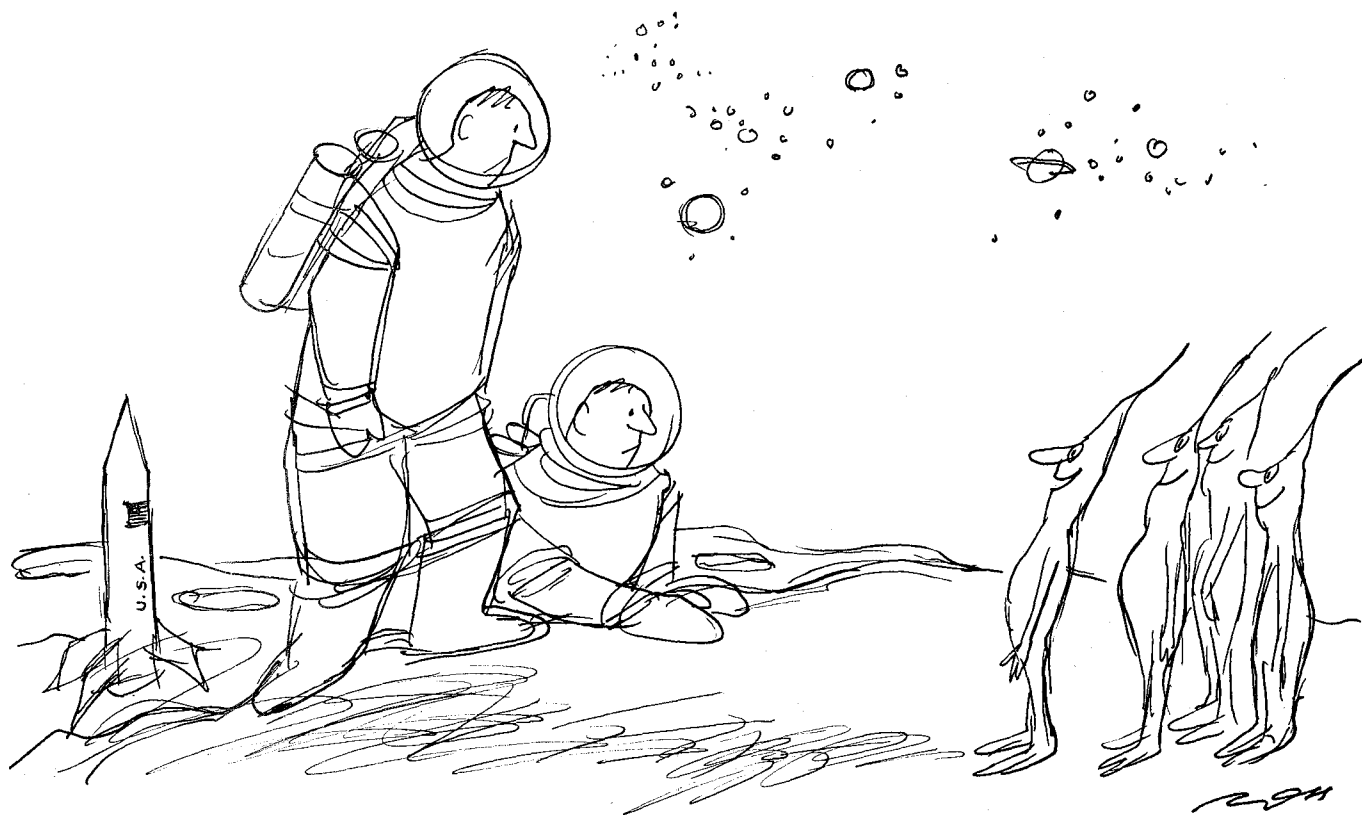
cally it's a matter of communication. I've been involved in a lot of campaigns, but this one is so different in so many ways. In previous campaigns, our family was so closely bound up together. There was one candidate, but we were all sort of involved, including my father, of course, who felt so strongly about it. Now my brother isn't here, and my father can't speak, and my younger brother isn't around. The whole operation is different. Everything is different. In a campaign, somebody has to think about all the speeches at all the dinners, about the debates, about how to use TV, about who might be helpful, about what kind of ads to use, about whether the literature gets out properly, about the right kind of message to send upstate. You think about a lot of things when you're running a campaign. Ideally, the candidate should be thinking about what he's going to say in his next speech, and not about the mechanics of the campaign—not about where the suitcase is or whether somebody is going to meet the plane. But it's never that ideal. There's such a short period of time in which you must function and function efficiently. It's about like establishing General Motors—getting hundreds of thousands of people working, deciding who's taking on certain responsibilities, and getting the cars out in a short time."

"Well, how's it going?" we inquired.

"It's a relief, in a way," Mr. Kennedy said. "I like being out of Washington. That's first. And I like seeing so many other people. I like communicating again with that part of American life. I like looking at people, in all the towns and all the cities all over the state. They smile. They don't have an angle. It's very lifting. They're just ordinary American citizens. Washington is so inbred. Washington is a one-industry town. Everyone reads the columnists. Everyone reads the editorial page. Something disturbs them each day. Here, the people that come to an airport to meet you just seem to have sort of a basic confidence that the country is in good hands. They represent the United States so much better than what we have in Washington. They smile. The impression you have is that they look happy, and yet serious at the same time. And they listen to you. It's just nice, that's all. It's just the way they look. That's what makes it worthwhile."

"Any surprises?" we asked.





"What did you bring us?"

Mr. Kennedy considered the question for a while and then said, "The intensity, I suppose, is greater than I would have anticipated. I don't go in much for thinking about all the incidents along the way. I'm not great at that sort of thing. But I did get a lift out of something that happened in one of the parades on Long Island the other day. A man of about thirty-five who was with his wife yelled out at me, 'Carpetbagger!' His wife was carrying a rolled-up newspaper, and when he yelled at me, she hit him over the head with it. I find I'm doing better in some places than in other places. In my speeches, I haven't done as well as I should do, on occasion. In Buffalo one night, I had to speak at a Democratic dinner at eleven o'clock after a morning that started out at five-thirty, and I know I might have made my points sharper in that speech. I know when I make a good speech, just as I know when I play a good game of tennis or swim well. You do the best you can. I try to make an effort all the time. If you started out thinking you had to keep yourself feeling well rested and up to this or that, you'd hardly ever move."

We asked Mr. Kennedy whether he preferred one kind of audience to another.

"College audiences, usually," he

said. "They usually ask the best questions, and when there's opposition in the audience, it's basically more stimulating. I'm always trying for communication. Yesterday, I was supposed to make a speech before a group of teachers—eleven hundred nuns. I was handed a speech written for me at one in the morning, and I was supposed to speak at ten. I found I didn't like the speech. It was very pedantic and routine. It just didn't have any idealism. It was just vaguely about youth. So I spoke extemporaneously about some of the issues, and how we needed intelligence to make the right decisions. They *listened*."

"How's the campaign as a campaign?" we asked.

"I expected this campaign to be on a higher level," he said. "I find myself being charged with making deals with Nazis and running out on Negroes and being anti-Italian and being a crook, covering up for Bobby Baker, and I just didn't expect it would be as bad as that. When you bring the campaign to that low level, it lowers the opinion of people about the people involved in politics. In a national campaign, you couldn't get away with it. If you made charges on that low level, they'd be answered immediately, but in the state campaign nobody bothers to answer, nobody gets very horrified at

it. They print what somebody says, but nobody bothers to answer the false charges or writes what the facts are. On the other hand, in a campaign, people make such efforts for you. One young guy gave up his job in the Justice Department, in Washington, and came to New York with his wife. They have no money, and they're working as volunteers. There are a lot of people like that. They run out to a factory at five-thirty in the morning and open a door and take your coat, and you never see them again. That's inspiring. It's a difficult campaign. I may have a difficult time winning. I'll do the best I can. There are terrific problems facing the country, including problems of whether people are going to live or die. I'd like to play a role in the future. I'd like to do something about it. If things work out, I'll be in the United States Senate. If they don't, I'll teach or something. Either way, I'll be glad I made the effort. It all pales in significance in the light of the events of the past year."

SIGN observed recently on the door of the Spanish National Tourist Office:

CLOSED TODAY
FOR
OFFICIAL OPENING

COMFORT

"LOVELY," Morgan said, leaning down from the landing with his hand on the banister.

"What is?"

"You, on my stair."

"Oh," Lucia laughed. As she came to the last few steps, she halted and extended her hand, not in greeting but so that he might pull her to the top—which he did. "So many *steps*," she gasped, pausing on the landing. "Morgan, why don't you *move*?"

"I like them," he said. "They keep away all but the intrepid."

"I'm not intrepid."

"So you hardly ever come," he said, and smiled. They were standing outside his open door. "I would kiss you, but I could never get under the brim of that hat."

"I'll take it off in a minute," she said. "I mean—I'll take it off *anyway*."

He touched her elbow. "Come in. Mrs. Fanshaw's here—it's her day. If you'd only rung up yesterday I could have put her off."

"Well, I just suddenly wanted to *see* you. I haven't seen you since before I went away." Lucia lowered her voice. "Lord, do you still have Mrs. Fanshaw? Marvellous name. Like an eighteenth-century courtesan."

"Which she probably was." Morgan closed the door behind them and called out, "Oh—Mrs. Fanshaw. Miss McKitterick's here. Will we be in your way in the living room?"

Mrs. Fanshaw appeared in the bedroom door, tall, queenly, with a lacy cap of curled white hair. "Not," she said, "at the mo."

Lucia was pulling a pin out of her

straw hat, and turned her head sideways to murmur a greeting.

"Morning, Madam," Mrs. Fanshaw said, only just smiling back. "Well, sir, in a little I might come and finish in the kitchen, if that won't bother you. I won't be more than five minutes, at the outmost." She often improved upon shopworn phrases in this way.

"Fine," said Morgan. He followed Lucia into the living room. She sat on the sofa, her discarded hat on one side of her and Morgan on the other. She shook out her fair hair. Her dress spread about her in flowered folds.

"You're quite brown," he said. "Where did you get that?"

She looked at her bare arm as if she had never seen it before. "I can't be. The weather was very bad till we got to Yugoslavia."

He was silent for a moment. He wondered how he could ever have imagined that she had taken the trip alone. "Weather's been remarkably good here," he said.

"Oh, this morning was glorious. If I hadn't been feeling so utterly—demoralized, I would have walked through the Gardens."

"How did you come, then?" He had a sensation of evading the issue.

"In a taxi."

"You could have taken a No. 29 and got off at Palace Gate."

"Well I didn't."

"Will you have some tea?" He got up and went into the kitchen, which opened off the living room. "It's all ready." He brought the tray out and put it on a low table in front of her. "I'll see if there are some biscuits around."

She heard him opening cupboards in the kitchen. She looked about, at the handsome old furniture, which had belonged to his mother, at a wall of sagging bookshelves and a litter of papers on shaky little tables like the one before her. The teapot and the pitcher, silver, were magnificent; there was an enamel saucepan of hot water, cups without matching saucers, and a single spoon. "What about sugar?" she called.

He came back holding a tartan tin and a glass bowl half filled with encrusted sugar. "Will you pour?"

She had to use a fold of her dress to protect her fingers from the heat of the handle. "But in Yugoslavia it was fine," she said. "The weather, I mean. Don't you have a strainer?"

"God no. Of course not."

"Oh Morgan, why don't you get married?" She handed him his cup.

"Cheaper to buy the tea strainer," he said.

"Seriously." She gave him a swift glance.

He drank his tea. Finally he set his cup down and stretched a little. "Oh well," he said. "*Non sum qualis eram*, and all that."

"Oh Morgan," she said again, but with a faint commendation, as if he were a child who had given the correct reply.

"However," he continued at once, as if she must not get up her expectations, "I'm not going to blow my brains out, or anything like that." There was another pause, and he added, "What a dated expression that is. It sounds as though it would have to be done with a fowling piece."

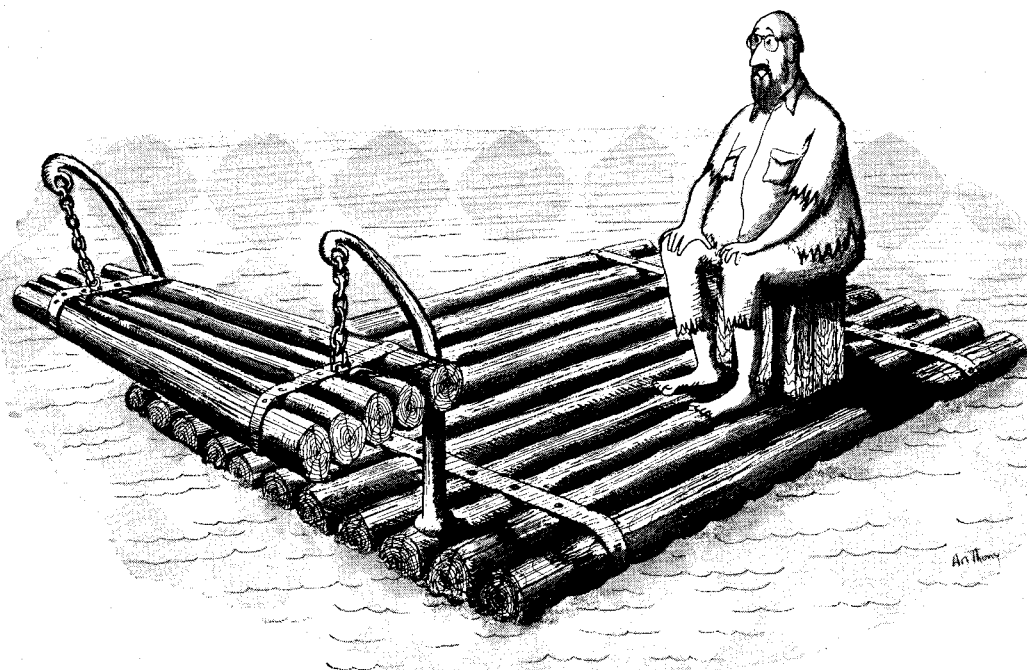
They both laughed.

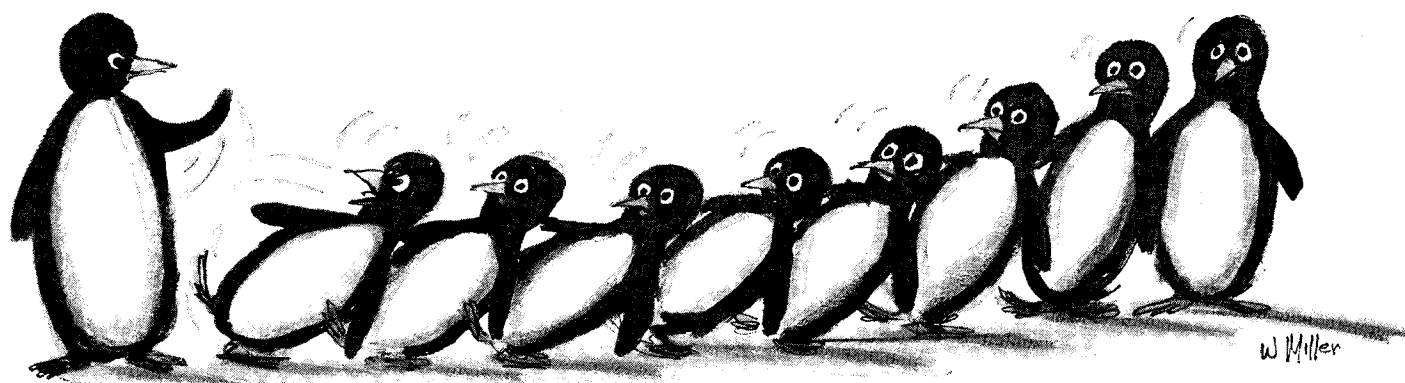
What now? thought Mrs. Fanshaw, entering with a duster in her hand.

She never comes here, that one, without she wants something—it stands out like a needle in a haystack. "I think you've got the worm in your chest, sir," she said.

"Oh yes?" Morgan inquired politely.

"There's every sign. On the sides, and around the handles." She shook her duster out the open window with a sort of flurried determination, as if she were signalling to the enemy. Her cap of feathery hair and a coating of white face powder that had lodged in her eyebrows contributed to an air of having been herself improperly dusted. "Better watch it. Once





"Very, very funny!"

it gets in, it spreads like wildflowers."

"Really?" said Morgan. Why on earth doesn't she shut up and go into the kitchen, he wondered.

"Oh certainly. Hand over foot," she said. She noted Morgan's hand, which touched the sweep of Lucia's dress, while Lucia, unconcerned, looked at Mrs. Fanshaw over her teacup. Heartless, Mrs. Fanshaw observed to herself; heartless. "I'll put those biscuits on a plate." She picked up the tartan box. She went into the kitchen and closed the door.

"It's really too bad," said Lucia, "poor old thing. Imagine having to work at that age, going on one's knees to scrub, lifting furniture about. What a shame. Good strong face she has, too. Nobody's fool."

Morgan settled back with his cup. "Well, what's your news?"

"Oh—no news, I suppose. Really nothing to tell you." She poured hot water into the pot—cautiously, for the saucepan had no lip. "In fact . . ." she said, and hesitated.

Mrs. Fanshaw reappeared. "Must have been here for years, this tin. It's a regular Pandora's box—you'll never get it open."

"We'll do without then," Lucia said.

"In fact?" Morgan prompted her, when they were alone again.

"I was going to say that I only seem to come here when I want something."

"You name it," he said, hoping it wouldn't be money, for he didn't have any at present.

"I meant—comfort. All that."

"Not much of that around here," he said, indicating the room. "Of comfort no man speak."

"I meant the other kind."

"Anything new?" he inquired.

"Oh no. It wasn't a success, this trip. It was awful."

"Even in Yugoslavia?"

"Most of *all* in Yugoslavia," she said, rather sharply.

"I only thought—because of the weather . . ." Then he said, "Why don't you leave him, I always wonder?"

"Because—" She took out a handkerchief and wiped her eyes. "Because, if there's any possibility of its coming right, I don't want to add to the waste in the world."

Morgan sat holding his cup and looking unhappily into it. "Tea all right?" he asked.

"Oh divine," she said, but with a suggestion of not allowing her attention to be diverted.

She was always using drastic words like that, he thought: divine, gorgeous, ghastly. If, on the other hand, she had something serious to say, it came out offhandedly—"a bit annoying," "rather boring"—which was just as exaggerated in its own way. He sometimes wondered hopefully whether these mannerisms would have irritated him if he had had to live with them; and could never sufficiently convince himself that they would.

"Of course," she continued, "it may never come right. In which case it would be better to stop now, as you say. Some kinds of persistence are just stupidity. I mean, it just eats away all one's self-respect, don't you think?"

"Well," he said, "one should not worry about what one cannot change." He intended this injunction for himself.

"Isn't that exactly *why* one worries, though? Because one can't change it?"

"Doesn't it work at all, then?"

She had put down her teacup and was absent-mindedly fluting the folds of her dress. She said, "He isn't kind."

"Not kind" he understood to be something quite distinct from cruel, something perhaps even less desirable: it implied having understood the principle of kindness and having rejected it.

"He keeps telling me," she went on,

"that he hasn't promised me anything. I sometimes think, don't you, that that must have been the first thing Adam said to Eve in the Garden of Eden?"

Morgan smiled. "Aeneas says it to Dido," he said.

"And then he arrived the other night in a fearful state—terribly abusive."

"You mean—he was drunk?"

She nodded solemnly. "Titus Andronicus, my dear."

"Well, I'm sorry," he said helplessly.

"One doesn't have to behave like that, does one? Even if one doesn't feel—deeply." She opened her left hand so that it extended in his direction. "I mean—I am not like that with you, am I? Just because I don't . . . ?"

"Oh no," he said.

"And you don't mind my coming here like this?"

He took her little hand, but without looking up and with an air of capitulation. "Oh well," he said.

"It isn't awful for you—to see me, I mean?" Her head was bent toward him with a certain insistence.

"I love to see you." After a moment he added, "It is awful, yes."

When she said his name, he was obliged to raise his eyes.

"Morgan," she said, her fingers resting in his, a pearl ring on her smallest finger pressing into his palm. "Does it hurt you very much, then?"

Looking into her face, he thought that this must always be a rhetorical question. He looked away. For the space of a second, he closed his eyes.

She sat back, withdrawing her hand. She put away her handkerchief. Shaking her hair again, recrossing her legs, she seemed to revive. After a moment, she asked, "Is there any more tea?"

He poured it in silence, and chipped out a little more sugar from the petrified bowl.

"Well, I feel better," she said, "for

seeing you. You're so *good*, Morgan. Such a comfort. I think I should come here all the time, just to get renewed. A sort of purification—like the lustrum."

"The lustrum was every five years," he said with a smile.

"Which reminds me—I must watch the time. I have to be somewhere for lunch."

"Oh? Where?" he asked.

She put down her cup. "Now, you're not going to give me dreary directions about the buses again." She looked around for her handbag. "Do you have a mirror?"

"In the hall," he said.

She gathered her things together—her hat, her gloves. He pushed the table out of her way.

"I look hideous," she said, putting on her hat before the mirror. "All this business is making an old woman of me."

He watched the back of her head. He stood very still, like a person who in a great defeat somehow maintains his dignity. He said, "You look splendid." It was the most fitting word he could think of.

"You're a pet to say so." She let him hold the door for her and went out on to the landing.

"I'll come down and put you in a taxi," he said.

"Oh, don't do that. There are heaps of cabs in the High Street. Really—I'd rather go alone."

She stood with her hand on the railing, her foot on the first of the carpeted stairs. She did not want him to know where she was going—after what she had said about giving up, about being reasonable. All that was perfectly clear to him. Light shone through her golden hat, on her brown skin. There was a smell of floor polish and, very delicately, of her perfume. Faint sounds of the street came up to them and, on the floor below, a gramophone was being played quite loudly: Beethoven was worrying about what he could not change.

"Mind the stairs," he said.

"You *are* sweet, Morgan," she said. "To cheer me up."

"I haven't done anything."

"Well—I do feel better, though. It was so soothing—being here, sitting on your sofa, drinking tea—"

Reaping havoc, Mrs. Fanshaw added to herself, passing through the hallway behind them.

"Yes," said Morgan, leaning over the banister once more as she went, far too quickly, down his long flight of steps. "You look quite restored."

—SHIRLEY HAZZARD

THE COMMON GRAVE

I

Some sit and stare
In an unknown direction, though most lie still,
Knowing that every season
Must be wintered.

II

The mover of mists and streams
Is usually in the weeds
By twilight, taking slowly
A dark, dedicated field-shape.

III

Of all those who are under,
Many are looking over
Their shoulder, although it is only one leap
To beyond-reason gold, only one
Breath to the sun's great city.
All ages of mankind unite
Where it is dark enough.

IV

The midstrides of out-of-shape runners,
The discarded strokes of bad swimmers,
Open mouthed at the wrong time—
All these are hooked wrongly together.
A rumor runs through them like roots:
They must try even harder
To bring into their vast,
Indiscriminate embrace
All of humanity.

V

In someone's hand an acorn
Pulses, thinking
It is only one leap,
Only one.

VI

In the field by twilight are
The faller in leaves through October,
The white-headed flier in thistles
Finding out secret currents of air,
The raiser of mists from the creekbed,
A fish extending his body
Through all the curves of the river,
The incredible moon in the voice box
Of dogs on All Souls' Night.

VII

All creatures tumbled together
Get back in their wildest arms
No single thing but each other,
Hear only sounds like train sounds,
Cattle sounds—earth-shakers.

VIII

The mover of all things struggles
In the green-crowded, green-crowned nightmare
Of a great king packed in an acorn.
A train bends round a curve
Like a fish. An oak tree breaks
Out and shoves for the moonlight,
Bearing leaves which shall murmur for years,
Dumfoundedly, like mouths opened all at once
At just the wrong time to be heard,

Others, others.

—JAMES DICKEY



"Well, you can't please everybody. Now he's mad."

AT THE SEA-VUE ARMS

EARLY one evening, Howard Lesser looked out of the window of his room on the fourth and top story of the Sea-Vue Arms, a semi-residential hotel in south Miami Beach. He had an eastern exposure, but he was unable to see any part of the green, turbid Atlantic he knew to be two blocks away. Many years ago, when he had stopped at the Sea-Vue Arms with his father, Howard had been greatly disappointed to find that the sea was hidden from their window, and, as he further discovered, from every other window in the hotel as well. But then, neither Florida nor his father had been as he had expected. It had rained, his father had dragged him to the Monkey Jungle and the Musa Isle Indian Village beneath his vast umbrella—for he esteemed guided tours—and Portuguese men-of-war

were dying all along the beaches. At night, his father raged at him and then locked himself in the bathroom, where Howard could hear him crying and asking for forgiveness.

When Howard thought about it, which was more frequently now that his father was in his late sixties and always harping on one or another obscure and tedious passage of his life, as though warning an uninformed biographer of pitfalls he might otherwise stumble into, Howard realized that it was at the Sea-Vue Arms that he and his father had begun to grow apart. Perhaps, he reflected, that was why he had returned—coming back, as it were, to the scene of an inexplicable crime in which he had been an inadvertent accomplice—and why he was gratified to find that the hotel was faithful to his early, bewildered, and

melancholy memory of it, for, in addition to maintaining its fraudulent prospect, the Sea-Vue Arms, now as then, advertised Pullmanettes, heat, an elevator, and being under new owner-management, and, on its broad veranda, the chairs were still arrayed in three perfect rows, as though, Howard imagined, they had been set up for some sort of show (A tumbler? A dance team? A harmonica player?) that might at any minute begin in the middle of Collins Avenue. So they would not be late or find that all the places had been taken beforehand, old women wearing rolled stockings and sequined hairnets perpetually occupied the seats alongside their forbearant husbands. Were these guests, Howard wondered, the descendants of those who had been steadfastly saving their seats during his previous visit?

The Sea-Vue Arms was but the most recent of a series of second-rate hotels near the water into whose numerous rooms Howard had withdrawn over the years, wayward and disaffected, to read mysteries, follow the comics, and regard the view. Whether they looked out on the Ohio or the Göta, they made up, connected by hot, insufficiently lit corridors that suggested the possibility of rain, a vast hotel entirely tenanted by himself. In one room, he was repairing tattered lire on the bedspread; in another, scratching the names of old loves on his dusty shoes with a peach pit; in a third, standing on the toilet seat pensively spraying mosquitoes.

From his window at the Sea-Vue Arms, which overlooked a bus stop, Howard could see a sign in a storefront that seemed to have been put there, as on a guidepost, to tell him what lay not too far ahead. It implied an endless succession of days and nights spent, marooned, above lobbies decorated with artificial peonies and illuminated eternally by lamps whose bases were statuettes of wandering minstrels, and it offered an inadequate salvation. The sign read, "READ A MAGAZINE TONIGHT."

Later that night, when Howard was on his way back from the dog track, he passed through an alley overhung with trembling, weeping air-conditioners. He looked up and thought they were cages full of unhappy birds, which suited his fancy. A few minutes afterward, he was sitting at a counter on Washington Avenue drinking root beer, looking for a good thing in the *Daily Racing Form*, and frequently sighing. What kept him and his father irreparably apart, he thought for the



"My advice to you, kid, is to go back home, marry the boy in the igloo next door, and forget all about show business."

hundredth time, was that the pattern of *his* life was fanciful and arbitrary, like the constellations, while his father's was reliably repeated over and over as though it were reproduced on wallpaper.

On the occasions when Howard and his father got together, his father would usher him to the brightest corner of the room as though to get a better look at him, and Howard often had the idea he was being dealt with like an unfinished or otherwise unsatisfactory work of art that his father was endlessly striving to perfect. While speaking to him, usually about the inadequacies of Howard's few, small investments, his father would snip away at the hairs in Howard's ears with the scissors contained in his penknife or pick with a fingernail at a spot on Howard's lapel.

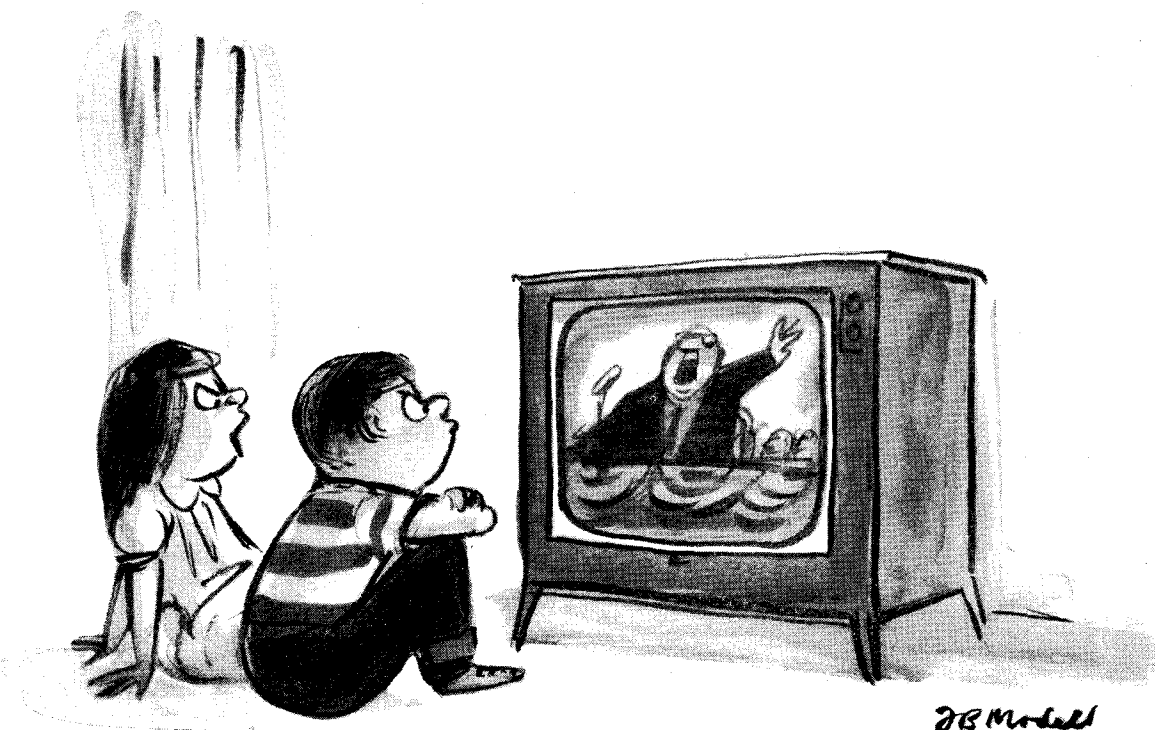
"You ought to keep the future in mind," he would say. "Purchase something of known value. You and your *crapauds*!"

(A year or two later, Howard discovered that "Le Crapaud," or "The Toad," was the title of a poem his father had learned as a schoolboy. "Of course, there's no connection with toad any longer," his father said. "It's just an old and pernicious habit of mine. The poem, by the way, concerns a little boy who, chancing upon a toad, rains stones down on it. I can only remember the last line, which goes, '*J'étais jeune, j'étais cruel*.'" He recited it with a great deal of sentiment, as though he still recalled his teacher's admonition to use more expression.)

"They were tips Marty gave me," Howard would say.

Marty Goldstein, one of the two Goldstein boys—slight, cheerless, and somewhat elegant bachelors who had gone on Caribbean cruises together every winter except for the year each of them had had his major operation—was a classmate of Howard's father's at City College; Marty worked in a branch office of a large brokerage concern located not far from the Tip Toe Inn, on upper Broadway.

"Marty doesn't know anything about the market," Howard's father would say.



"For this they knocked off 'Wagon Train'?"

"You're always calling him for advice."

"For restaurants. The Goldstein boys know where to eat. I'd use a little sputum on that, if I were you," his father would say at last, the spot on Howard's lapel and the stocks evidently being of equal importance in his long-range view of things.

Howard's waitress and an old lady who was sitting next to him at the counter began to tell each other their misfortunes. He listened, marvelling.

"First my entire wardrobe, including my fur pieces, which I can't tell you how much my husband paid for them, were stolen out of my T-bird whilst I was parked on Wilshire Boulevard," the waitress said. "Then in Vegas—I'm an entertainer, really; I have an act—this fella rammed into me whilst I was making a perfectly legal turn, and, as you can well imagine, the car was nothing but a total wreck. Prior to that I was on Cloud Twenty-nine."

Howard wondered what sort of act the waitress had. She must have been over fifty and had never been pretty. Perhaps she worked with trained animals or was some kind of mentalist.

"Were you hurt, dear?" the old lady asked.

"*Entre nous*," the waitress said, "my ego was hurt the most. But you should listen to my husband on the phone with the insurance company. I can't tell

you what a fabulous negotiator he is."

"My Olds 88 was stolen last week from a parking lot by Lincoln Road, dear," the old lady said. "It was paid for and I had all the extras. Then I got myself this rent car, and here I am driving along Biscayne Boulevard minding my own beeswax when somebody shoots at me with a gun from a passing vehicle."

They stopped talking all of a sudden, and Howard felt that they were waiting for him to say something. It was as though, without his knowledge, he had been assigned a role and had missed his cue.

"I better not hang around you two," he said hopefully. "I might catch some of your bad luck."

"Bad luck?" the old lady said.

"You should be so lucky," the waitress said. "We could have been killed."

The old lady paid up and left, and the waitress moved down the counter as if she had been floated off by a tide. Howard gathered that the performance was over, and returned to his hotel. Had he delivered the right line, or was he supposed to have said something else so that the ending would come out altogether differently?

IN the course of his ambiguous vigils in hotel rooms, Howard Lesser had often resorted to reading the notices that were inconspicuously posted there. For instance, some months



"Give it to me straight, Ethel—am I as good as I think I am?"

ago, when he had stayed at a motel near the Los Angeles International Airport, he had read on the bathroom door:

Please take notice that the proprietor of this hotel (or boarding house or lodging house) keeps a fireproof safe where money, jewelry, documents, furs, fur coats and fur garments, or other articles of unusual value or small compass may be deposited for safekeeping....

Now, finding a similar ominous message in the interior of his closet at the Sea-View Arms, Howard was put in mind of his father once more. In the past few months, it seemed that on one errand or another his father was always getting after Howard to accompany him to the vault. There, in one of the rooms provided for depositors, which reminded Howard, perhaps because of a common element of hieratic gloom that suggested the nether world, of a booth in a Chinese restaurant, his father would mysteriously rearrange the contents of his safe-deposit box, sadly dealing them around as though he were about to tell a fortune he knew beforehand to be ill-favored or insignificant. Once in a while, he would unfold a stock certificate, and Howard would catch a glimpse of the vignette with which it was embellished. These

generally portrayed tableaux of languid allegorical figures, either draped or partly nude, commemorating such events as Science presenting Steam and Electricity to Commerce and Manufacture, and recalled to Howard their counterparts, the four natural virtues—Prudence! Justice! Temperance! Fortitude!—whom more and more he had come to associate with his father, believing even that they attitudinized in his dreams. When his father was convinced that the problem he had set himself, or that life had given him—which ever it was—was once again insoluble, he would slip a rubber band around each of the bundles he had distributed and replace them in the box. "I have always found it wise to carry a quantity of elastics in my pocket," he would tell Howard. "I recommend that you follow my example, as you can never tell when they might come in handy." Indeed, this lesson, or ones of like exemplariness, often appeared in the end to be the sole purpose of the trips to the vault.

At times, however, they would linger on in those dismal, uninhabitable rooms whose air seemed to promise an inferior eternity, and his father would tell Howard about an old classmate who had just died or was now dying, as astonished and ignorant as a fish out of water. These cases had, of course,

become more prevalent and bore increasingly upon his father's mind, but, Howard realized, he had, as usual, a further moral or instructive purpose in relating them. He sought to make his son aware of life's perils—compromise and irresolution, to name two of his favorites: History, a recumbent, chapleted Roman, embraces Youth with one arm while pointing out to sea with the other.

Unable to sleep because of the unintelligible gusts of applause, laughter, and fanfares from the television set in the lobby of the Sea-View Arms, Howard recalled the last of his father's underground lectures.

"I was attending a convention in Los Angeles," his father had told him, "when Larry Hirschler, whom I hadn't seen since he left New York the previous August, approached

me as I was coming out of a meeting. He had taken the bus in from Garden Grove, where, he told me, he was living with his wife and her mother. Despite the great heat, he was wearing an old Tattersall vest he had owned for ages and a double-breasted suit of a cut I don't believe they make any longer; it is the stock costume of refugees, of hayseeds, of actors for whom there are no longer any parts. Larry Hirschler regarded himself as 'a good dresser;' he wore fresh buttonholes in the days, long past, when he could afford them, and I would sometimes see him, when he thought he was unobserved, inclining his head in order to smell the blossoms. Small of stature to begin with, Larry had shrunk terrifically in the intervening year. His clothes looked like they might have belonged to a larger, more jovial partner with whom he had once performed.

"I had known Larry since we were boys; we met one summer when we both sold refreshments on the twin-screw fliers of the Sandy Hook Route, which plied between Pier 81 and several points on the Jersey shore. The harbor was thronged with excursion steamers and night boats in those days—the Mary Powell that left from the foot of Desbrosses Street, the steel steamer Mandalay with its magnificent dancing deck and orchestral music,

the Grand Republic of the Iron Steamboat Company.

"The old, old sea, as one in tears,
Comes murmuring with foamy lips,
And knocking at the vacant piers,
Calls for his long-lost multitude of
ships.

"Although I never particularly cared for Larry Hirschler, the way those things are we still kept in touch and had a sandwich together once in a while. Larry really didn't have a very good mind, and he was overbearing and more than a little pompous. He loaded up his waiting room—he was an optometrist—with a bunch of oil paintings he had gotten in a lot at an auction. They were for the most part, I recall, of foliage and cows.

"When he was nearly sixty, Larry Hirschler married. Her name was Minnie, for Minerva, and she was twenty years his junior. He had met her at a hotel in Loch Sheldrake. She played the bass viol, the xylophone, and the drums in the cocktail lounge, and she was not without talent. Mother and I had always regarded Larry as a confirmed bachelor. He had lived for years with three older sisters on the West Side—spinsters—who, in turn, became bedridden and predeceased him one by one, so that if he was not forever trekking back and forth from the lending library for one, he was continually involved in paying out the meagre, complicated bequests of another.

"A few weeks after his marriage, Larry Hirschler called me up and told me he realized what a terrible mistake he had made but that he was going to make the best of it; he had an unreasonable fear of litigation. Minnie and he took a room in a residential hotel near the Park, and she ran up phenomenal phone bills talking to her mother on the Coast. As he got along in years and as his practice, which never really amounted to anything, declined, Larry would sit for hours in his empty office cracking his knuckles and planning vague coups in commodity-futures contracts, or nap on the couch in the waiting room, surrounded by his dark and faintly august paintings. Knowing his financial position, I was surprised one day to learn that he had rented an apartment on the East Side, which he furnished rather lavishly, and that Minnie's mother was living with them. But long before the lease expired, the money ran out, so they took him back with them to Garden Grove, where they live in furnished rooms on his Social Security and the benefits from a small annuity. Larry told me that although he wanted to sell their furniture, Min-

nie insisted it be shipped to the Coast and stored. Larry thinks she must be up to something, but he can't figure it out, and I was not able to enlighten him.

"He told me that Minnie's mother followed him about, turning out the lights to conserve the bulbs (the electricity was included in the rent), that Minnie had married him for his money, and that he had no one to talk to. 'They are two monsters,' he said. 'Every morning they ask me whether I want one egg or two. Why don't they just put them down in front of me?' He must have been seventy-three or four, and the point was not that he had taken one wrong turn but that one turn was all that he had taken. I wanted to tell Larry Hirschler that Minnie and her mother were not mon-

sters but only appeared monstrous in his eyes, that he had created them as surely as the sleeper evokes the wild animals—which are as harmless and invisible to others as they are fierce and apparent to him—that pursue and spring at him in his dreams.

"As he left, Larry Hirschler told me that he was not going to be buried in his family plot in Mount Zion; there was no more room. 'I am going to be buried in Garden Grove,' he said, weeping. He begged me to deliver his eulogy, for he said no one knew him as I did. 'I want you to know,' he added at the door, 'that I left you in my will the oil painting that hung above the sofa in my waiting room, the scene where the cattle are taking a siesta in the woods. It's signed, and genuine, and French, and, let me tell you, more than



*"I assure you, Mr. Martin, it's quite normal for you
to begin to think of me as your daddy."*

THREE CAMBRIDGE POEMS

I. THE BIRDMAN OF CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

How odd, in his odd trousers and odd coat,
Herron appears to strangers in his field.
Standing stock-straight in brown, he may not yield
Even his presence to intruders. Note,

However, the harsh characteristic cry
He often utters to his kind; his old
And drafty house, forever damp and cold;
His gray legs, Shetland jacket, and light tie.

All fine field marks, but nothing to his grin,
Bent and concealing a long rusty laugh,
His long-nosed long head stuffed with birdman's chaff—
A perfect specimen of the odd man in.

II. FOOTNOTE: MRS. CIRCASSIAN,
LOWELL R-54

An orphan home. But into this eclectic
Mass of disasters sails Mrs. Circassian,
Maid without parallel, queen beyond question
Of household gods, gas and electric.

She puts the room right with a basilisk
Look, pats it into shape like a pillow;
Under her hard hand, the Chinese willow
Learns how to live with an abstraction. Risk

All and win all is her maiden motto,
Which makes mere matter fall into its place,
Dress right and form platoons to save its face,
And suffers Pollock to lie down with Watteau.

III. STILLMAN INFIRMARY

Clowning with you, I fell into Lake Waban
In late November and ended up in Stillman.
Was a loose kiss in the dark Agora
Worth such an earache and so much penicillin?

Why, yes. Where else was my grandmother's house
Open for business? Where else was the "in"
Sheet signed by three white shifts of nursing mothers?
Where else was food so innocent and filling?
Where else could wards make only children brothers?
Where else, if you were young and weak and willing
And suitably infected, would they ease you
Of all impediments except your childhood,
One almost insupportable snatch of river
Twisting to westward, and the smell of woodwork?

Today some civil servant must deliver
Us from all this strong languor and abolish
Our ultimate retreat, which he has done.

Passing the site, driving along the river,
I see apartments sprung up from the ashes
Of my late childhood. Farther east, the skyline
Is made and broken by a topless tower
Of wet white concrete painted by Dong Kingman.
Its name is Hygiene. Its mauve curtains shelter
New men who need not ever go to Stillman.

Clowning with you, I fell into Lake Waban.
I wonder where you currently are matron.
I wonder if you ever think of clowning.
I wonder if I could have stayed in Stillman.

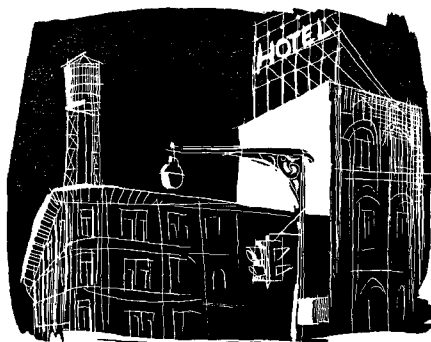
—L. E. SISSMAN

one person has told me that not only is it a work of art but it's worth money. Anyway, I know for a fact that the frame will bring you a good price if you choose to sell."

THE next morning, as Howard Lesser was on his way to breakfast, one of the old men on the veranda of the Sea-View Arms gave up his seat and approached him. "Sonny," he said, "the people were kind enough to tell me you were a Lesser, and I was wondering whether it could be any relation to my old friend. So, close up, I see it is really and truly his son. Your father has frequently spoken glowingly of you to me, sonny. A fine fella, your father. The name's Hirschler, if you hadn't already guessed it. Your father told you all about Hirschler, his best friend? How's he making out?"

"O.K.," Howard said, reflecting that he might very well have guessed Hirschler's identity if he had not been so surprised by his prodigious occurrence, for he was wearing the same getup Howard's father had described;

he had added only a waterproof cap, a collection of ball-point pens and mechanical pencils that jutted from his breast pocket, and, in his lapel, a flower that Howard recognized as having come from a shrub in Lummus Park. Howard feared that Hirschler might at any moment withdraw as abruptly as he had appeared, and that he would not have time to fully comprehend the old man's significance; he reminded Howard of a figure who emerges from one of the tiers of the galleries of the automata on antique clocks, performs an enigmatic act, and then retires.



"In the pink," Hirschler said. "That's nice."

"I thought you were living on the Coast," Howard said.

"You call that living?" Hirschler said violently. "Let me tell you something. I got out of that Coast joint pretty goddam quick. I'm in the process of negotiating for a plot in Mount Nebo down here where I feel at home. Perpetual care's included."

"Did you finally make your bundle in the market, Hirschler?" Howard asked.

"I'm about to take the plunge with both of my hands any day now," Hirschler said. "I'm watching it like a hawk, a hawk. You know, my bumping into you here like this brings to mind that right up to this very day I recollect counselling your father about a matter of a terrific plunge he went ahead and made anyway, which, naturally, led to some bath. There was a couple of mining issues—highly speculative propositions, let me add once and for all—that once upon a time were listed on the Toronto Exchange.



"We never know what to expect when the leaves come down in the fall."

Do you happen to have any kind of a notion what they are today? I'm going to tell you—a couple of empty holes in the ground. I tried to tout your father off of them, but they had caught ahold of his fancy. What a sensational tumble he took! Afterwards, he listens. I prescribed for him a change of air. Take a little trip to sunny Florida, I

told him. I recommended the Arms here. Take the little shaver along with you, I told him. He'll keep your mind off all manner and means of trouble...."

As Hirschler went on, Howard noticed that the waitress who had served him the night before was occupying the seat next to the one that

Hirschler had just vacated. She must be Minnie, as he might have known, and Howard felt as though he were going once more through a tunnel of love in which he had ridden at a seaside park years before, where clumsy apparitions in need of repair lunged unsuccessfully at him in the dark.

"No, it was Minnie's mother kicked

off," Hirschler was saying. "She was a monster, believe me when I tell you. You see, sonny, I had three sisters who kicked the bucket before her, and I know all about how to go through effects with both of my hands, sonny, both of my hands. Don't worry, Hirschler's had experience in that line of work, and I know these old bags have cash money that's tucked away, but they don't figure on a Hirschler who knows all about it from way back. I found it pretty goddam quick, and I told my Minnie—what a woman! You'll meet her! Some musical ability, too!—let's get the hell out of this Coast joint."

"But he recouped, didn't he?" Howard said.

"Recouped? Who? Who? Who you talking about?"

"My father."

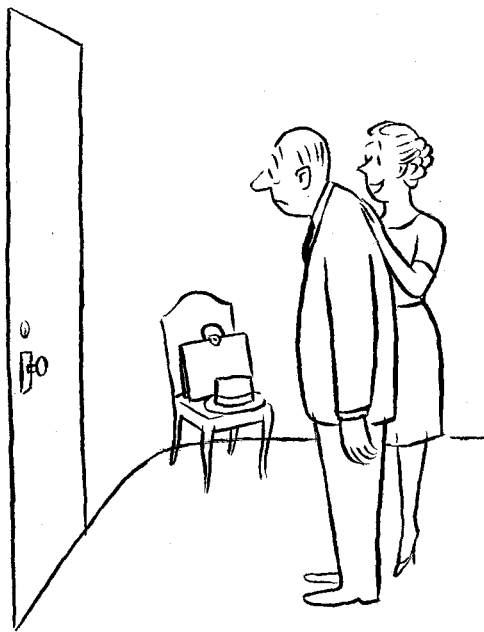
"Oh. Oh. It depends on how you want to look at the thing," Hirschler said. "I mean to say, of course he rebounded, but it was a blow at the time and he was short of funds there for a while. He went into gilt-edges later on when he could maneuver a little bit—stuff like that. That wasn't quite what I had in mind for him to buy into, but he was playing a little scared there. He certainly won't be leaving the legacy he would've if he had listened to me in the first place is what I'm trying to get across. Formerly, your father used to be quite a wealthy fella."

"I want you to come up to my room and see something for a minute, sonny," Hirschler went on. "It'll knock both of your eyes out. It'll make your trip to Florida worthwhile, I guarantee it."

Howard went up in the elevator with Hirschler and followed him down the dim corridor to his room. What imperfect, gibbering illusions, Howard wondered, would pounce at him next? Must life become, he thought, a succession of futile disguises and unmaskings?

"This junk all goes," Hirschler said, indicating the hotel furniture. "Our bedroom suite is being shipped Railway Express from the Coast. However, I brought *this* item along in person."

He pointed to a large painting in a heavy, carved, gilded frame which was propped up against the wall next to a set of pearly drums. It was, no doubt, the painting that Howard's father said



Hirschler had willed to him, for it portrayed a number of cows lying in a wood. It was done in the manner of Charles-Émile Jacque, and was almost entirely without merit.

"Look at them leaves on the trees, sonny," Hirschler was saying. "Each one of them's a masterpiece in its own right. Look at them cows' snouts, the way they look so humid, like the article itself. Come here and take a look at this French signature here. That's genuine, sonny—an authentic French name. . . ."

Howard was looking out of Hirschler's window, trying once more, the way his father had endlessly brooded over his securities, to find the ocean. It could not be done. Howard supposed that Hirschler's disreputable tidings explained much of what had happened since he and his father had checked into the Sea-View Arms—events that had culminated in the interminable visits to the vault, where, he gathered, his father had wanted to let him know that a great number of the certificates were *crapauds*, that he wouldn't be leaving nearly as much as he had once hoped, and each time he was, at the last moment, unable to confess his one unendurable folly.

At least, it appeared that his father would be saved the trouble of disposing of the painting. It was not at all in his style. He would have preferred, Howard thought, some work of Poussin's, *tableaux vivants* on the order of "La Traversée de la Mer Rouge" or "Moïse Changeant en Serpent la Verge d'Aaron." An engraving made from a Poussin would have been even more fitting, for his father abhorred ostentation; but Howard had heard

that the engravers had often attempted to enliven Poussin's figures by putting in eyeballs that the artist had deliberately left out, an alteration and disfigurement that his father would have been sure to detect and disapprove of. Howard learned later that he had been entirely misinformed in the last regard, but this did not seem inappropriate; he reflected that as he grew older it was actually more often the case that whatever fresh insight he gained came not from the introduction of new evidence but from the elimination of former beliefs which proved to be insupportable.

"You know, sonny," Hirschler said, "your father always admired this particular work of art. As a matter of fact, he was a great fancier of it. I was thinking it might make him a suitable gift. Since you're the son, I'm making a special price of only a hundred and seventy-five dollars, which, I don't have to tell you, is a steal."

If, as he supposed, his father's account of Hirschler's intended bequest was accurate, what could Howard reply?

"A hundred and fifty," Hirschler said. "Listen, I'm sacrificing. Sonny, how does a hundred strike you? This is rock bottom."

Ashamed, Howard turned to go.

"Don't leave me, sonny," Hirschler pleaded. "Name your own price. I'm practically on both of my knees. The frame. Don't forget the frame!" Then he added, weeping, "I can't afford my plot."

Howard remembered accompanying his father to his father's grave, which lay beyond the end of a subway line. Howard's grandfather, an immigrant, had died penniless and unrewarded,



and it was, Howard felt, these conclusions that now oppressively haunted his father. As they approached the plot, clamorous, detestable old men had shuffled toward them from among the headstones where they had been lounging and plucked anxiously at their sleeves. Howard's father told him that these old men were called "firemen," because of the way they came rushing up. His father selected one from their number and he went along with them to the grave, the old man complaining to Howard's father how it hurt him in here and hurt him in there. At the plot, the old man said an *el moley rachamim* and Howard's father gave him two dollars. As they waited on the subway platform for the train that would take them back to the city, Howard's father recited a stanza he was fond of:

"Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain."

Finding Hirschler preposterously be-
reft in a Pullmanette out of sight of the
sea, Howard was reminded anew of his
father tormented in the coupon rooms,
and he realized that if he revealed to
him what he had just learned—was it,
after all, to be believed?—and told him
he had no need of second-hand money
or the impositions of righteousness, that
all he wanted was his impure love, it
would be as unavailing as if he con-
fronted Hirschler with his knowledge
of him; they were set in their truly
mysterious ways. Howard wondered
whether, on the bright decks of the
twin-screw fliers rounding Sandy Hook
and bound for Atlantic Highlands,
Long Branch, Asbury Park, Belmar,

Point Pleasant, they knew how little
time was left them before they would
become distressed by their unappealing
preoccupations.

In the Tuamotus once, Howard had
bathed in an enamelled basin. The
salle de bain had a curtained door. It
was enclosed by corrugated-iron walls
that rose above the bather's waist and
was open to the sky. It had a gravel
floor. A drum of rain water that had
been warmed by the sun stood in a
corner. Seated in the basin one evening,
his knees drawn up, smoking the re-
maining inch of his cigar, Howard
could see only the clear, darkening sky,
hear the murmurous pigs by the la-
goon's edge, the chickens laying eggs
on his flowered-chintz bedspread, and,
from the neighboring houses, a piece
of piano music being broadcast from
Tahiti. He felt then that he had fortui-
tously achieved a perfect, equilibristic
state, one that he could maintain only
for this single moment in his life be-
fore he fell forever from it. Poised,
he heard several great splashes; it was,
he knew, the pair of leopard rays that
came predictably into the harbor at
nightfall, turning and turning again in
their devious search like partners in a
dance. Their portentous advent made
him reaware of the unimaginable shapes
that lie ahead like breaching leviathans
or the ghostly contrivances in the wind-
ings of the tunnel of love. Faintly, he
heard against the shore at last the
diminishing wavelets engendered by
the rays.

"For Christ's sake, Hirschler, sell the
bedroom suite," Howard said.

"It was sold, sold, sold years back,"
Hirschler said.

"Hock the drums then."

"I'm in the process right this very
minute," Hirschler said, "of negotiat-
ing a sale with a fella down here, who
was formerly a prominent drummer in
a famous dance band, to take them off
of my hands. He's going to call me
back."

"I'll tell you what I'll do for you,
Hirschler," Howard said. "Give me
two dollars."

"Two bucks? He asks me for two
bucks! Sonny, I'm a busted valise."

"Fork it over, Hirschler."

Hirschler gave him the two dollars,
and Howard recalled once more how
the "firemen" had beset him and his
father like jackals, how they had had to
beat them off.

"What are you going to do with it?"
Hirschler asked.

"I'm going to put it on a horse's nose
for you, Hirschler," Howard said. He
didn't know whether he was trying to
buy a little more time or affirming the
chance and promise that life endlessly
presents.

"You got some information?"

"He'll win laughing."

"Thank you, sonny," Hirschler said.

"Thank you, Hirschler," said How-
ard. "And may he have a speedy jour-
ney."

—GILBERT ROGIN

From "Smythe's Chatter" a few issues
back it was advised that every student in
school study economics. Well and good.
It is something that confronts us every
day of our lives. Economics is a deep
subject and when studied, it is an eye
opener. However, if everyone studied eco-
nomics, we would have a one party sys-
tem of politics.—*Brown County (S.D.)
News.*

Well and good.

•• P R O F I L E S ••

THE CRACKIN', SHAKIN', BREAKIN' SOUNDS

THE word "folk" in the term "folk music" used to connote a rural, homogeneous community that carried on a tradition of anonymously created music. No one person composed a piece; it evolved through generations of communal care. In recent years, however, folk music has increasingly become the quite personal—and copyrighted—product of specific creators. More and more of them, in fact, are neither rural nor representative of centuries-old family and regional traditions. They are often city-bred converts to the folk style; and, after an apprenticeship during which they try to imitate rural models from the older approach to folk music, they write and perform their own songs out of their own concerns and preoccupations. The restless young, who have been the primary support of the rise of this kind of folk music over the past five years, regard two performers as their preëminent spokesmen. One is the twenty-three-year-old Joan Baez. She does not write her own material and she includes a considerable proportion of traditional, communally created songs in her programs. But Miss Baez does speak out explicitly against racial prejudice and militarism, and she does sing some of the best of the new topical songs. Moreover, her pure, penetrating voice and her open, honest manner symbolize for her admirers a cool island of integrity in a society that the folk-song writer Malvina Reynolds has characterized in one of her songs as consisting of "little boxes." ("And the boys go into business/ And marry and raise a family/ In boxes made of ticky tacky/ And they all look the same.") The second—and more influential—demiurge of the folk-music microcosm is Bob Dylan, who is also twenty-three. Dylan's impact has been the greater because he is a writer of songs as well as a performer. Such compositions of his as "Blowin' in the Wind," "Masters of War," "Don't Think Twice, It's All Right," and "Only a Pawn in Their Game" have become part of the repertoire of many other performers, including Miss Baez, who has explained, "Bobby is expressing what I—and many other young people—feel, what we want to say. Most of the 'protest' songs about the bomb and race prejudice and conformity are stupid. They have no beauty. But



Bob Dylan

Bobby's songs are powerful as poetry and powerful as music. And, oh, my God, how that boy can sing!" Another reason for Dylan's impact is the singular force of his personality. Wiry, tense, and boyish, Dylan looks and acts like a fusion of Huck Finn and a young Woody Guthrie. Both onstage and off, he appears to be just barely able to contain his prodigious energy. Pete Seeger, who, at forty-five, is one of the elders of American folk music, recently observed, "Dylan may well become the country's most creative troubadour—if he doesn't explode."

Dylan is always dressed informally—the possibility that he will ever be seen in a tie is as remote as the possibility that Miss Baez will perform in an evening gown—and his possessions are few, the weightiest of them being a motorcycle. A wanderer, Dylan is often on the road in search of more experience. "You can find out a lot about a small town by hanging around its poolroom," he says. Like Miss Baez, he prefers to keep most of his time for himself. He works only occasionally, and during the rest of the year he travels or briefly stays in a house owned by his manager, Albert Grossman, in Bearsville, New York—a small town adjacent to Woodstock and about a hundred miles north of New York City. There Dylan writes songs, works on poetry, plays, and novels, rides his motorcycle, and talks with his friends. From time to time, he comes to New

York to record for Columbia Records.

A few weeks ago, Dylan invited me to a recording session that was to begin at seven in the evening in a Columbia studio on Seventh Avenue near Fifty-second Street. Before he arrived, a tall, lean, relaxed man in his early thirties came in and introduced himself to me as Tom Wilson, Dylan's recording producer. He was joined by two engineers, and we all went into the control room. Wilson took up a post at a long, broad table, between the engineers, from which he looked out into a spacious studio with a tall thicket of microphones to the left and, directly in front, an enclave containing a music stand, two microphones, and an upright piano, and set off by a large screen, which would partly shield Dylan as he sang, for the purpose of improving the quality of the sound.

"I have no idea what he's going to record tonight," Wilson told me. "It's all to be stuff he's written in the last couple of months."

I asked if Dylan presented any particular problems to a recording director.

"My main difficulty has been pounding mike technique into him," Wilson said. "He used to get excited and move around a lot and then lean in too far, so that the mike popped. Aside from that, my basic problem with him has been to create the kind of setting in which he's relaxed. For instance, if that screen should bother him, I'd take it away, even if we have to lose a little quality in the sound." Wilson looked toward the door. "I'm somewhat concerned about tonight. We're going to do a whole album in one session. Usually, we're not in such a rush, but this album has to be ready for Columbia's fall sales convention. Except for special occasions like this, Bob has no set schedule of recording dates. We think he's important enough to record whenever he wants to come to the studio."

Five minutes after seven, Dylan walked into the studio, carrying a battered guitar case. He had on dark glasses, and his hair, dark-blond and curly, had obviously not been cut for some weeks; he was dressed in blue jeans, a black jersey, and desert boots. With him were half a dozen friends, among them Jack Elliott, a folk singer in the Woody

Guthrie tradition, who was also dressed in blue jeans and desert boots, plus a brown corduroy shirt and a jaunty cowboy hat. Elliott had been carrying two bottles of Beaujolais, which he now handed to Dylan, who carefully put them on a table near the screen. Dylan opened the guitar case, took out a looped-wire harmonica holder, hung it around his neck, and then walked over to the piano and began to play in a rolling, honky-tonk style.

"He's got a wider range of talents than he shows," Wilson told me. "He kind of hoards them. You go back to his three albums. Each time, there's a big leap from one to the next—in material, in performance, in everything."

Dylan came into the control room, smiling.

Although he is fiercely accusatory toward society at large while he is performing, his most marked offstage characteristic is gentleness. He speaks swiftly but softly, and appears persistently anxious to make himself clear. "We're going to make a good one tonight," he said to Wilson. "I promise." He turned to me and continued, "There aren't any finger-pointing songs in here, either. Those records I've already made, I'll stand behind them, but some of that was jumping into the scene to be heard and a lot of it was because I didn't see anybody else doing that kind of thing. Now a lot of people are doing finger-pointing songs. You know—pointing to all the things that are wrong. Me, I don't want to write *for* people anymore. You know—be a spokesman. Like I once wrote about Emmett Till in the first person, pretending I was him. From now on, I want to write from inside me, and to do that I'm going to have to get back to writing like I used to when I was ten—having everything come out naturally. The way I like to write is for it to come out the way I walk or talk." Dylan frowned. "Not that I even walk or talk yet like I'd like to. I don't carry myself yet the way Woody, Big Joe



"I went to the Smokers' Clinic, and what do you think the first step is? Stop smoking!"

Williams, and Lightnin' Hopkins have carried themselves. I hope to someday, but they're older. They got to where music was a tool for them, a way to live more, a way to make themselves feel better. Sometimes I can make myself feel better with music, but other times it's still hard to go to sleep at night."

A friend strolled in, and Dylan began to grumble about an interview that had been arranged for him later in the week. "I hate to say no, because, after all, these guys have a job to do," he said, shaking his head impatiently. "But it bugs me that the first question usually turns out to be 'Are you going down South to take part in any of the civil-rights projects?' They try to fit you into things. Now, I've been down there, but I'm not going down just to hold a picket sign so they can shoot a picture of me. I know a lot of the kids in S.N.C.C.—you know, the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. That's the only organization I feel a part of spiritually. The N.A.A.C.P. is a bunch of old guys. I found that out by coming directly in contact with some of the people in it. They didn't understand me. They were looking to use me for something. Man, everybody's hung up. You some-

times don't know if somebody wants you to do something because he's hung up or because he really digs who you are. It's awful complicated, and the best thing you can do is admit it."

Returning to the studio, Dylan stood in front of the piano and pounded out an accompaniment as he sang from one of his own new songs:

"Are you for real, baby, or are you just on the shelf?
I'm looking deep into your eyes, but all I can see is myself.
If you're trying to throw me, I've already been tossed.
If you're trying to lose me, I've already been lost...."

Another friend of Dylan's arrived, with three children, ranging in age from four to ten. The children raced around the studio until Wilson insisted that they be relatively confined to the control room. By ten minutes to eight, Wilson had checked out the sound balance to his satisfaction, Dylan's friends had found seats along the studio walls, and Dylan had expressed his readiness—in fact, eagerness—to begin. Wilson, in the control room, leaned forward, a stopwatch in his hand. Dylan took a deep breath, threw his head back, and plunged into a song in which he accompanied himself on



"I don't like the look of this at all."

guitar and harmonica. The first take was ragged; the second was both more relaxed and more vivid. At that point, Dylan, smiling, clearly appeared to be confident of his ability to do an entire album in one night. As he moved into succeeding numbers, he relied principally on the guitar for support, except for exclamatory punctuations on the harmonica.

Having glanced through a copy of Dylan's new lyrics that he had handed to Wilson, I observed to Wilson that there were indeed hardly any songs of social protest in the collection.

"Those early albums gave people the wrong idea," Wilson said. "Basically, he's in the tradition of all lasting folk music. I mean, he's not a singer of protest so much as he is a singer of *concern* about people. He doesn't have to be talking about Medgar Evers all the time to be effective. He can just tell a simple little story of a guy who ran off from a woman."

After three takes of one number, one of the engineers said to Wilson, "If you want to try another, we can get a better take."

"No." Wilson shook his head. "With

Dylan, you have to take what you can get."

Out in the studio, Dylan, his slight form bent forward, was standing just outside the screen and listening to a playback through earphones. He began to take the earphones off during an instrumental passage, but then his voice came on, and he grinned and replaced them.

The engineer muttered again that he might get a better take if Dylan ran through the number once more.

"Forget it," Wilson said. "You don't think in terms of orthodox recording techniques when you're dealing with Dylan. You have to learn to be as free on this side of the glass as he is out there."

Dylan went on to record a song about a man leaving a girl because he was not prepared to be the kind of invincible hero and all-encompassing provider she wanted. "It ain't me you're looking for, babe," he sang, with finality.

During the playback, I joined Dylan in the studio. "The songs so far sound as if there were real people in them," I said.

Dylan seemed surprised that I had considered it necessary to make the comment. "There are. That's what makes them so scary. If I haven't been through what I write about, the songs aren't worth anything." He went on, via one of his songs, to offer a complicated account of a turbulent love affair in Spanish Harlem, and at the end asked a friend, "Did you understand it?" The friend nodded enthusiastically. "Well, I didn't," Dylan said, with a laugh, and then became sombre. "It's hard being free in a song—getting it all in. Songs are so confining. Woody Guthrie told me once that songs don't have to rhyme—that they don't have to do anything like that. But it's not true. A song has to have some kind of form to fit into the music. You can bend the words and the metre, but it still has to fit somehow. I've been getting freer in the songs I write, but I still feel confined. That's why I write a lot of poetry—if that's the word. Poetry can make its own form."

As Wilson signalled for the start of the next number, Dylan put up his hand. "I just want to light a cigarette,



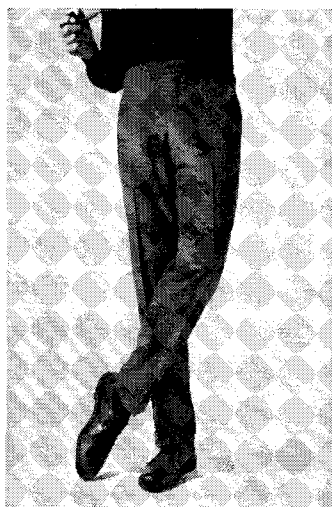
Moisture makes the difference!

SUPER-MOIST

Beauty Emulsion

is moisture — and feels like a misty Spring rain on your face. It is specially designed to keep your skin fresh under your make-up all day, every day. Wear it for a few days and see how much younger your skin both looks and feels.

Germaine Monteil



Cavalry Twill
 has long been
 the favorite fabric
 of hard-riding
 British equestrians.
 The way it's tailored in
 imported DAKS trousers,
 American pedestrians
 will love it, too.
 Walking or motoring,
 you'll look the country squire.

DAKS[®]

BRITISH-MADE TROUSERS FROM \$35

TAILORED BY S. SIMPSON LTD., LONDON, ENGLAND. IMPORTED BY DAKS U.S.A., INC., NEW YORK

so I can see it there while I'm singing," he said, and grinned. "I'm very neurotic. I need to be secure."

By ten-thirty, seven songs had been recorded.

"This is the fastest Dylan date yet," Wilson said. "He used to be all hung up with the microphones. Now he's a pro."

Several more friends of Dylan's had arrived during the recording of the seven songs, and at this point four of them were seated in the control room behind Wilson and the engineers. The others were scattered around the studio, using the table that held the bottles of Beaujolais as their base. They opened the bottles, and every once in a while poured out a drink in a paper cup. The three children were still irrepressibly present, and once the smallest burst suddenly into the studio, ruining a take. Dylan turned on the youngster in mock anger. "I'm gonna rub you out," he said. "I'll track you down and turn you to dust." The boy giggled and ran back into the control room.

As the evening went on, Dylan's voice became more acrid. The dynamics of his singing grew more pronounced, soft, intimate passages being abruptly followed by fierce surges in volume. The relentless, driving beat of his guitar was more often supplemented by the whooping thrusts of the harmonica.

"Intensity, that's what he's got," Wilson said, apparently to himself. "By now, this kid is outselling Thelonious Monk and Miles Davis," he went on, to me. "He's speaking to a whole new generation. And not only here. He's just been in England. He had standing room only in Royal Festival Hall."

Dylan had begun a song called "Chimes of Freedom." One of his four friends in the control room—a lean, bearded man—proclaimed, "Bobby's talking for every hung-up person in the whole wide universe." His three companions nodded gravely.

The next composition, "Motorpsycho Nitemare," was a mordantly satirical version of the vintage tale of the farmer, his daughter, and the travelling salesman. There were several false starts, apparently because Dylan was having trouble reading the lyrics.

"Man, dim the lights," the bearded friend counselled Wilson. "He'll get more relaxed."

"Atmosphere is not what we need," Wilson answered, without turning around. "Legibility is what we need."

During the playback, Dylan listened



Sometimes this great Canadian whisky,
Seagram's V.O.
tastes even better. Like now.
V.O. does for you what no other whisky can.
It defines smooth once and for all.
Light? Of course.



CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES. SIX YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.

KNOWN BY THE COMPANY IT KEEPS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



YOU SEE MORE
OF THE ORIENT IN
Singapore

ORIENT BOUND?

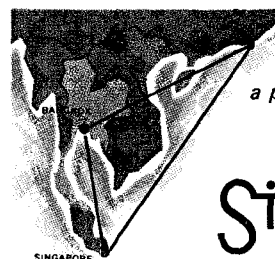
SAVE FOUR FOR SINGAPORE: Four days (at least!) of intrigue, adventure, splendor and surprise. Singapore is the sum of all you expect the Far East to be . . . plus a touch of the Indies besides. Only 760 free air miles from Bangkok, at the crossroads of the world. Your travel agent will route you there as a bonus. Consult him for information, or write: TOURIST PROMOTION BOARD, Singapore, Room 1830, 295 Madison Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

1ST DAY Hire a sampan and explore the world's most picturesque harbor. ♦ Have your fortune told (you're going on a long trip). ♦ Sip a Singapore Sling—it might make an author of you.

2ND DAY Cross the Causeway to Johore. "Snap" the fairy-tale mosques and palaces. ♦ Ride through rubber plantations and exotic jungle. ♦ Watch the passing parade; you can hardly miss catching a festival. ♦ Sample the tempting specialties at clean, colorful outdoor stalls.

3RD DAY Peek into a native Malay kampong built on stilts. ♦ Bargain for the world's treasures at duty-free prices. (No certificate of origin required). ♦ Stand on a corner and watch the fascinating Orient go by: Indian, Chinese, Malay, Eurasian. ♦ Tan any day of the year on a sunny, palm-fringed beach, or by a modern hotel pool.

4TH DAY Take a trishaw to Change Alley—liveliest bazaar on earth. ♦ Play a guest round on the lush, rolling hills of a superb golf course. ♦ Enjoy the spectacle of a Singapore "World"—unique after-dark playground . . . still more you want to see? So, stay longer!



*Less than 1¼ jet hours
from Bangkok . . . and not
a penny more for fare!*

SAVE FOUR FOR
Singapore

intently, his lips moving, and a cigarette cocked in his right hand. A short break followed, during which Dylan shouted, "Hey, we're gonna need some more wine!" Two of his friends in the studio nodded and left.

After the recording session resumed, Dylan continued to work hard and conscientiously. When he was preparing for a take or listening to a playback, he seemed able to cut himself off completely from the eddies of conversation and humorous byplay stirred up by his friends in the studio. Occasionally, when a line particularly pleased him, he burst into laughter, but he swiftly got back to business.

Dylan started a talking blues—a wry narrative in a sardonic recitative style, which had been developed by Woody Guthrie. "Now I'm liberal, but to a degree," Dylan was drawling halfway through the song. "I want everybody to be free. But if you think I'll let Barry Goldwater move in next door and marry my daughter, you must think I'm crazy. I wouldn't let him do it for all the farms in Cuba." He was smiling broadly, and Wilson and the engineers were laughing. It was a long song, and toward the end Dylan faltered. He tried it twice more, and each time he stumbled before the close.

"Let me do another song," he said to Wilson. "I'll come back to this."

"No," Wilson said. "Finish up this one. You'll hang us up on the order, and if I'm not here to edit, the other cat will get mixed up. Just do an insert of the last part."

"Let him start from the beginning, man," said one of the four friends sitting behind Wilson.

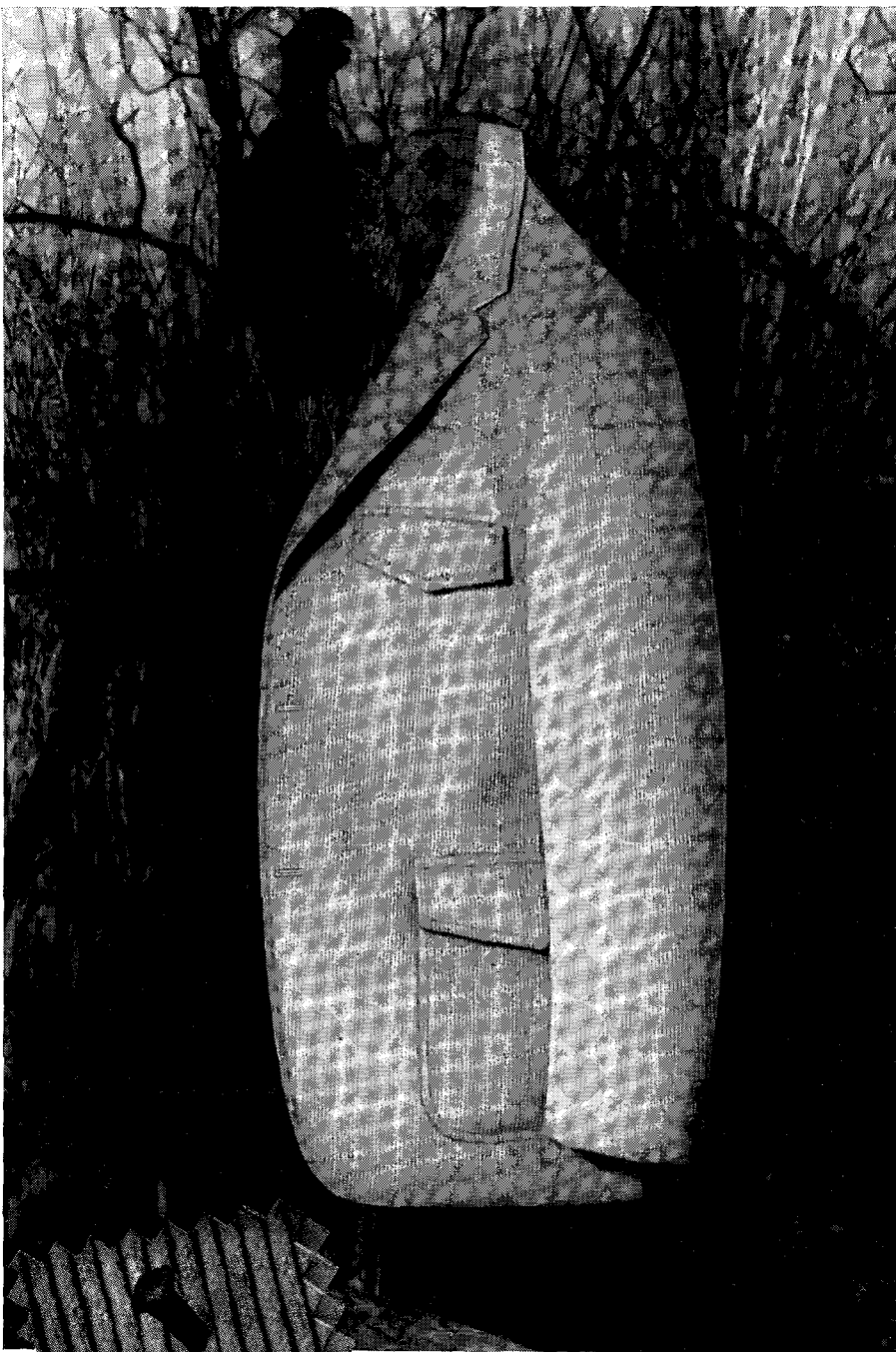
Wilson turned around, looking annoyed. "Why, man?"

"You don't start telling a story with Chapter Eight, man," the friend said.

"Oh, man," said Wilson. "What kind of philosophy is that? We're recording, not writing a biography."

As an obligato of protest continued behind Wilson, Dylan, accepting Wilson's advice, sang the insert. His bearded friend rose silently and drew a square in the air behind Wilson's head.

Other songs, mostly of love lost or misunderstood, followed. Dylan was now tired, but he retained his good humor. "This last one is called 'My Back Pages,'" he announced to Wilson. It appeared to express his current desire to get away from "finger-pointing" and write more acutely personal material. "Oh, but I was so much older



The Gamekeeper

Spot the lush "pelt" of this new Gordon-Ford cotton corduroy jacket, its wide, etched-deep wale. Even better game is what's out of sight: its half-belted back, its Augusta green flannel lining and generous center vent. In field colors. About \$47.50. Also styled with plain back and regular patch-flap pockets. At Anson Newton, Morristown, N.J.; Bocock-Stroud, Winston-Salem; Boyd's, St. Louis; Robert's Ltd., Alexandria, Virginia; John Q. West, Athens, Georgia.

GORDON-FORD
Empire State Building, New York, N. Y.

DISTINCTIVE JEWELS Ruby, diamond 18kt gold clip

\$710

18kt gold bracelet

\$500

Made in France

Olga TRITT

424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York 22, N. Y.

Federal Excise Tax Included

then," he sang as a refrain, "I'm younger than that now."

By one-thirty, the session was over. Dylan had recorded fourteen new songs. He agreed to meet me again in a week or so and fill me in on his background. "My background's not all that important, though," he said as we left the studio. "It's what I am now that counts."

DYLAN was born in Duluth, on May 24, 1941, and grew up in Hibbing, Minnesota, a mining town near the Canadian border. He does not discuss his parents, preferring to let his songs tell whatever he wants to say about his personal history. "You can stand at one end of Hibbing on the main drag an' see clear past the city limits on the other end," Dylan once noted in a poem, "My Life in a Stolen Moment," printed in the program of a 1963 Town Hall concert he gave. Like Dylan's parents, it appears, the town was neither rich nor poor, but it was, Dylan has said, "a dyin' town." He ran away from home seven times—at ten, at twelve, at thirteen, at fifteen, at fifteen and a half, at seventeen, and at eighteen. His travels included South Dakota, New Mexico, Kansas, and California. In between flights, he taught himself the guitar, which he had begun playing at the age of ten. At fifteen, he was also playing the harmonica and the autoharp, and, in addition, had written his first song, a ballad dedicated to Brigitte Bardot. In the spring of 1960, Dylan entered the University of Minnesota, in Minneapolis, which he attended for something under six months. In "My Life in a Stolen Moment," Dylan has summarized his college career dourly: "I sat in science class an' flunked out for refusin' to watch a rabbit die. I got expelled from English class for using four-letter words in a paper describing the English teacher. I also failed out of communication class for callin' up every day and sayin' I couldn't come. . . . I was kept around for kicks at a fraternity house. They let me live there, an' I did until they wanted me to join." Paul Nelson and Jon Pankake, who edit the *Little Sandy Review*, a quarterly magazine, published in Minneapolis, that is devoted to critical articles on folk music and performers, remember meeting Dylan at the University of Minnesota in the summer of 1960, while he was part of a group of singers who performed at The Scholar, a coffeehouse near the university. The editors, who were students at the uni-

The Little Silk Brocade,
with an after-hours life all its own;
inverted side pleats conceal the
thumbnail pockets, by McMullen.
Sizes 8 to 18, white,
royal or red. 50.00
From our Rendezvous Room



MONTALDO'S

Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, N.C. • Richmond, Va.
St. Louis • Denver • Colorado Springs • Bartlesville, Okla. • Columbus, Ohio
East Orange, Short Hills, N.J.

Doop's

How to surprise your wife with a vacation in the Orient

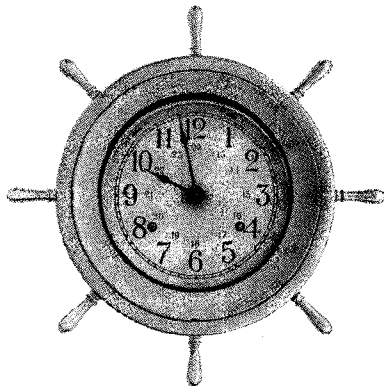
Tell her you've always thought she'd look beautiful in a cheongsam. And you'd like to take her to a little shop where she can buy one. The shop is in Hong Kong... and the cheongsam is that devastating slit-skirted dress women wear in the Orient.



This is the sort of tidbit you find in the Pacific Explorer's Kit you get from us. It has all the facts you need to confound your family and astound your friends with your vast knowledge of the Pacific. More of that in a moment.

Before you spring the surprise, you'll want to know the cost. Less than you think. For example: round-trip fares to Hong Kong start at \$900 from the west coast of the U.S. or

Vancouver, and you get to visit Japan, Taiwan, Macau, the Philippines, Guam and Hawaii along the way at no extra cost. Add \$231 more, and you can return by way of Southeast Asia, Australia, New Zealand and the enchanted isles of the South Seas. Naturally, the final figure depends on your itinerary. Our indispensable kit can help you decide.



Now, about time. You can cruise leisurely around the entire Orient. Or—something few people realize—you can see a large part of the Pacific area in two or three weeks. Here again, our Explorer's Kit will tell you how much time you need to see what you want to see.

In fact, the kit has everything you'll need to get ready, get set and

go. A Trip Planner to help you plot your itinerary and a Rand McNally map to pinpoint it for you; a Currency Converter that makes American dollars and sense out of mysterious foreign money; a booklet describing the major attractions in all the Pacific countries, and specific booklets detailing the charms of each. The only thing you could need in addition is the help of your travel agent—the wise man who knows the ins-and-outs of the Pacific.

Isn't it worth \$1.00 to give your wife the surprise of your married life? Mail it with the coupon below for your Pacific Explorer's Kit.



AUSTRALIA	MACAU
BURMA	MALAYSIA
CANADA	NEW CALEDONIA
CEYLON	NEW ZEALAND
FIJI	PHILIPPINES
GUAM	SAMOA
HAWAII	SINGAPORE
HONG KONG	TAHITI
INDIA	TAIWAN
INDONESIA	THAILAND
JAPAN	UNITED STATES
KOREA	VIETNAM

PACIFIC AREA TRAVEL ASSOCIATION

442 Post Street, Department NY-10 San Francisco
California 94102

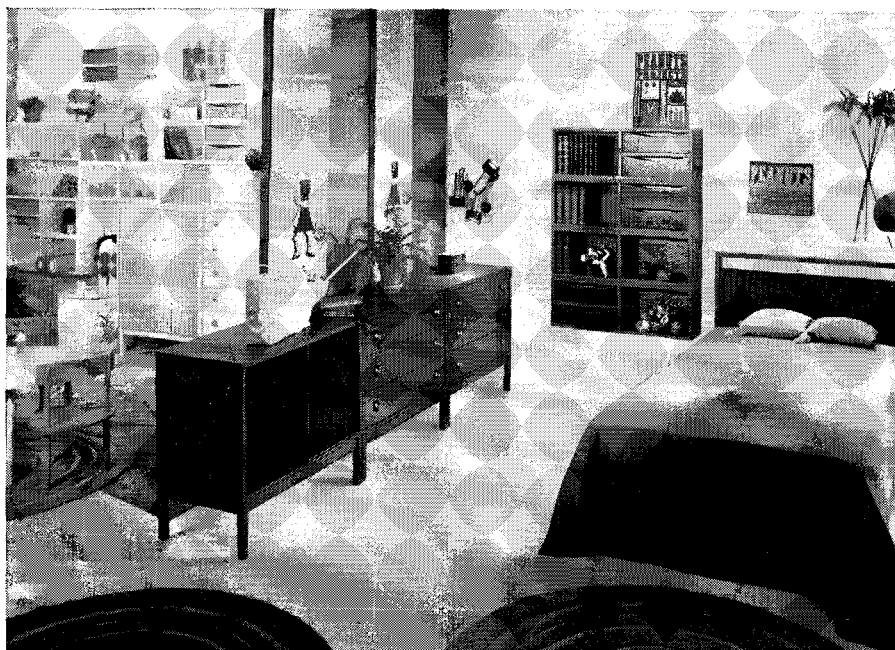
I yearn to know more about the exotic lands of the Pacific. Please post me your Pacific Explorer's Kit today. I enclose one dollar.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

MAPS © RMcN RL 64-SF-8



Designed by Lawrence Peabody

This is the way we build a room...

for your growing (and grownup) child. We call it our Festival Group... a spirited, carefree collection that includes crib as well as bed, wardrobe, chests, and wall shelves. In walnut finish with black (as shown) or white enamel with gold. Available at the nicest store you know. Send 10¢ for colorful booklet.



Festival by child craft

Available at Macy's, New York

SALEM 71, INDIANA

the grown-up furniture for children

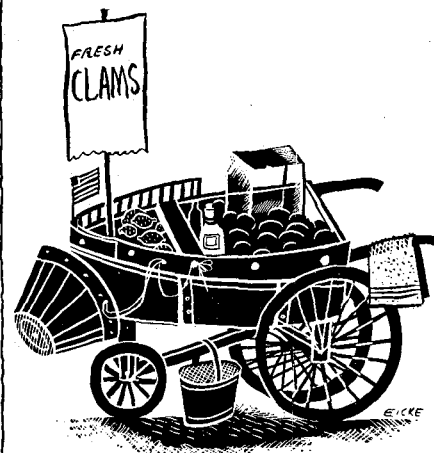
Shreve's Sterling Silver Knitting Needles

"Knit Two — Purl Two" and on what iron with her very special Sterling Knitting Needles marked with her initial, 9 3/4", size 3, \$10.50 pair. Please add 50¢ to cover shipping.
Send for Shreve Gift Book.

Shreve
CRUMP & LOW COMPANY
330 Boylston Street, Boston 02116
Area Code 617, COpley 7-9100

versity then, have since noted in their publication: "We recall Bob as a soft-spoken, rather unprepossessing youngster . . . well-groomed and neat in the standard campus costume of slacks, sweater, white oxford sneakers, poplin raincoat, and dark glasses."

Before Dylan arrived at the university, his singing had been strongly influenced by such Negro folk interpreters as Leadbelly and Big Joe Williams. He had met Williams in Evanston, Illinois, during his break from home at the age of twelve. Dylan had also been attracted to several urban-style rhythm-and-blues performers, notably Bo Diddley and Chuck Berry. Other shaping forces were white country-music figures—particularly Hank Williams, Hank Snow, and Jimmie Rodgers. During his brief stay at the university, Dylan became especially absorbed in the recordings of Woody Guthrie, the Oklahoma-born traveller who had created the most distinctive body of American topical folk material to come to light in this century. Since 1954, Guthrie, ill with Huntington's chorea, a progressive disease of the nervous system, had not been able to perform, but he was allowed to receive visitors. In the autumn of 1960, Dylan quit the University of Minnesota and decided to visit Guthrie at Greystone Hospital, in New Jersey. Dylan returned briefly to Minnesota the following May, to sing at a university hootenanny, and Nelson and Pankake saw him again on that occasion. "In a mere half year," they have recalled in the *Little Sandy Review*, "he had learned to churn up exciting, bluesy, hard-driving harmonica-and-guitar music, and had absorbed during his visits with Guthrie not only the great Okie musician's unpredictable syntax but his very vocal color, diction, and inflection. Dylan's performance that spring evening of a selection of Guthrie . . . songs was hec-





Is this the first time you've treated yourself to a new negligee since your trousseau?

If the answer is yes, then now's the time for a lingerie check up. There's the cheering prospect of being slim again, and the challenge of keeping a glamorous look even when awakened at 2:00 A.M. Baby deserves it. Your husband deserves it. Most of all, you deserve it. See all the brand new fabrics we're showing off? From left to right: quilted roses by Dorian; satin-piped tricot by Evelyn Pearson; quilted portrait robe by Dorian; three-dimension tricot by Artemis; sashed lounge robe by Chez'elle. (All are Burlington tricot in Chemstrand nylon.) Go ahead, mama, make papa prouder.

Burlington Tricot



Burlington Tricot Co., 1430 Broadway, N.Y., N.Y. 10018 A Division of Burlington Industries

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Surprise!

Bet you think this '65 Buick beauty is above and beyond your new-car budget. Wrong. Chances are it's within range of what you may lavish on something less.

On a car without the rich Body by Fisher design that means Buick.

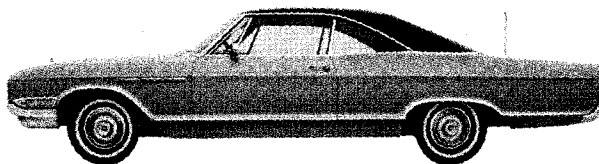
And without the custom-look interior and the extra quality that means Buick.

Like finned brake drums. Tuned suspension. Insulation that breeds quiet.

And you should know what Buick engineering means. Find out firsthand.

Drive the LeSabre pictured. Or Wildcat, Electra 225, Riviera, Skylark, Special.

Suddenly, only Buick will do. And suddenly your wallet never looked so good.



Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

Buick Motor Division • General Motors Corporation

tic and shaky, but it contained all the elements of the now-perfected performing style that has made him the most original newcomer to folk music."

The winter Dylan visited Guthrie was otherwise bleak. He spent most of it in New York, where he found it difficult to get steady work singing. In "Talkin' New York," a caustic song describing his first months in the city, Dylan tells of having been turned away by a coffeehouse owner, who told him scornfully, "You sound like a hillbilly. We want folk singers here." There were nights when he slept in the subway, but eventually he found friends and a place to stay on the lower East Side, and after he had returned from the spring hootenanny, he began getting more frequent engagements in New York. John Hammond, Director of Talent Acquisition at Columbia Records, who has discovered a sizable number of important jazz and folk performers during the past thirty years, heard Dylan that summer while attending a rehearsal of another folk singer, whom Hammond was about to record for Columbia Records. Impressed by the young man's raw force and by the vivid lyrics of his songs, Hammond auditioned him and immediately signed him to a recording contract. Then, in September, 1961, while Dylan was appearing at Gerde's Folk City, a casual refuge for "citybillies" (as the young city singers and musicians are now called in the trade), on West Fourth Street, in Greenwich Village, he was heard by Robert Shelton, the folk-music critic for the *Times*, who wrote of him enthusiastically.

Dylan began to prosper. He enlarged his following by appearing at the Newport and Monterey Folk Festivals and giving concerts throughout the country. There have been a few snags, as when he walked off the Ed Sullivan television show in the spring of 1963 because the Columbia Broadcasting System would not permit him to sing a tart appraisal of the John Birch Society, but on the whole he has experienced accelerating success. His first three Columbia albums—"Bob Dylan," "The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan," and "The Times They Are A-Changin'"—have by now reached a cumulative sales figure of nearly four hundred thousand. In addition, he has received large royalties as a composer of songs that have become hits through recordings by Peter, Paul, and Mary, the Kingston Trio, and other performers. At present, Dylan's fees for a concert

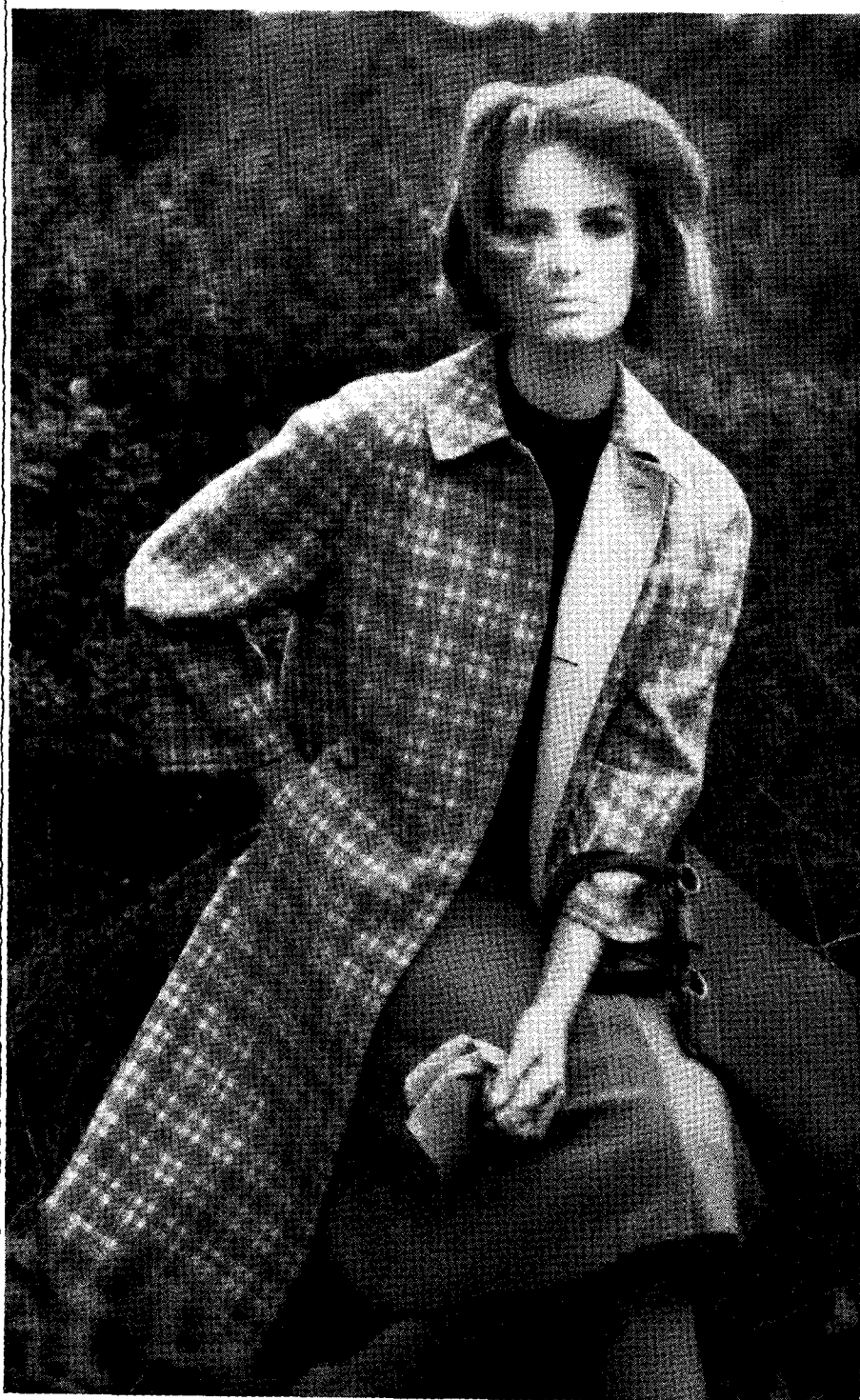
THE TWO-WAY COAT. Two coats in one, for chilly days or rainy days and days you don't trust. On the one side, checked or plain Scottish wool frieze. Turn inside out and it's all ready for rain—cotton poplin toned to match and permanently proofed with Aqua 5*. London tailored in Aquascutum's exclusive cloths. It costs from about \$130 and is just one from the wonderful selection of Aquascutum coats and raincoats at the finest stores throughout America.



Aquascutum
LTD. OF LONDON, ENGLAND

*Trade Name of Aquascutum

Enquiries to: 2 EAST 37 STREET, NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK. MU. 5-9571



If you're
going to forget your lipstick



at least forget to put it
in a Bienen-Davis bag

Sleek tailleur. Despite its genteel size, accordion-pleated sides expand capaciously. Black, Brown, Navy. Fine leather, saffian-grain or "pretend" alligator. Mock jeweler's monogram. 8½ x 7". So sophisticated for the things you carry . . . or forget. About \$26*. Bonwit-Teller, Neiman-Marcus, I. Magnin, Joseph Horne, or write to Bienen-Davis, 136 Madison Ave., N.Y.

AT ALL BRANCHES / *PLUS TAX / SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES

**T
H
E
B
E
R
M
U
D
A
S
H
O
P
LTD**



SIMPLY OUTSTANDING

Strikingly styled
Moygashel linen sheath
designed by Stella Sloat
in your becoming colors:
Natural, yellow, royal,
cherry red or moss green.

Sizes 8-16. **28.00**

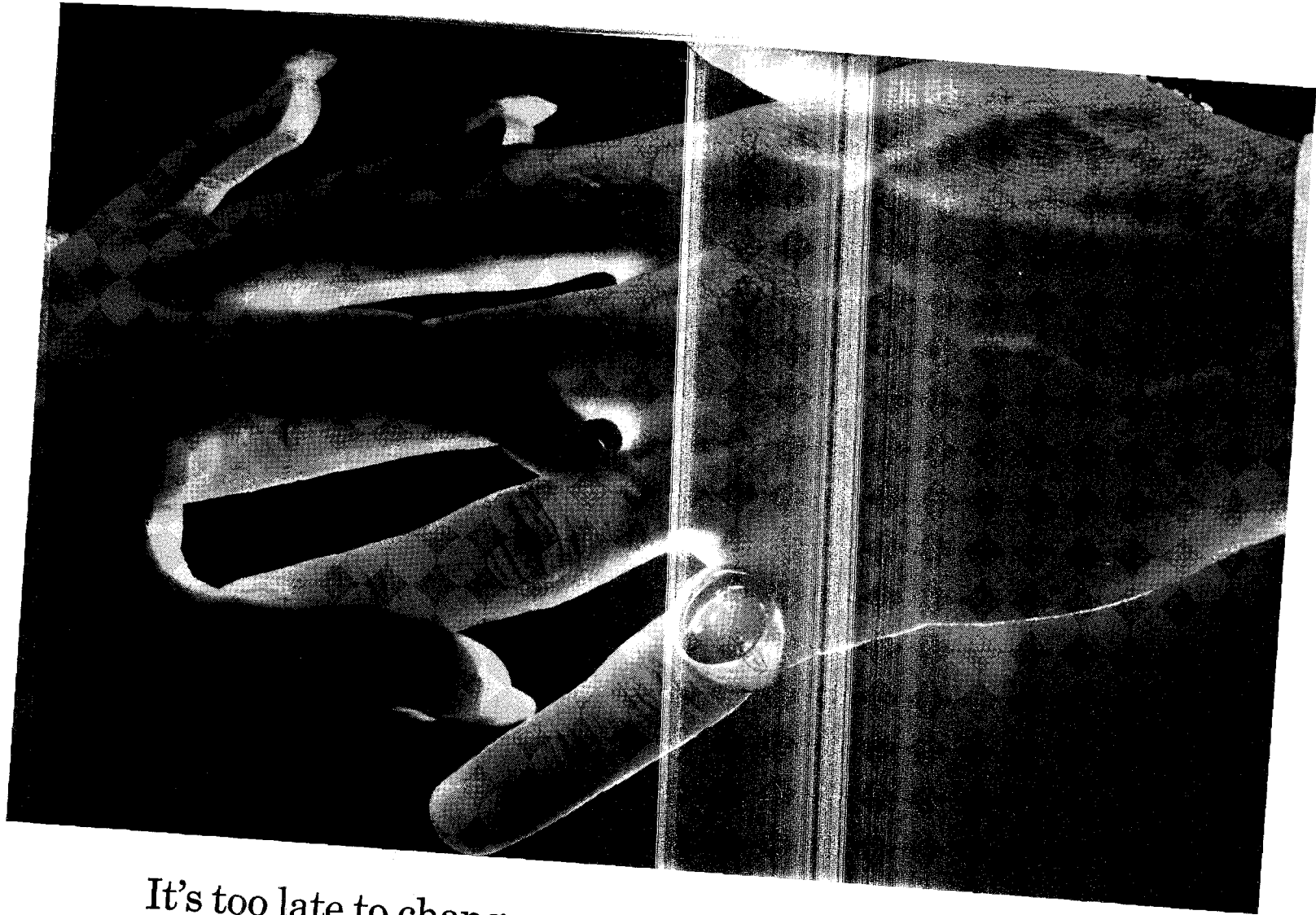
(PLEASE ADD 50¢ FOR SHIPPING)

545 MADISON AVE., 55TH ST., NEW YORK 22

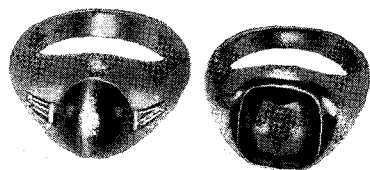
appearance range from two thousand to three thousand dollars a night. He has sometimes agreed to sing at a nominal fee for new, nonprofit folk societies, however, and he has often performed without charge at civil-rights rallies.

MMUSICALLY, Dylan has transcended most of his early influences and developed an incisively personal style. His vocal sound is most often characterized by flaying harshness. Mitch Jayne, a member of the Dillards, a folk group from Missouri, has described Dylan's sound as "very much like a dog with his leg caught in barbed wire." Yet Dylan's admirers come to accept and even delight in the harshness, because of the vitality and wit at its core. And they point out that in intimate ballads he is capable of a fragile lyricism that does not slip into bathos. It is Dylan's work as a composer, however, that has won him a wider audience than his singing alone might have. Whether concerned with cosmic spectres or personal conundrums, Dylan's lyrics are pungently idiomatic. He has a superb ear for speech rhythms, a generally astute sense of selective detail, and a natural storyteller's command of narrative pacing. His songs sound as if they were being created out of oral street history rather than carefully written in tranquility. On a stage, Dylan performs his songs as if he had an urgent story to tell. In his work there is little of the polished grace of such carefully trained contemporary minstrels as Richard Dyer-Bennet. Nor, on the other hand, do Dylan's performances reflect the calculated showmanship of a Harry Belafonte or of Peter, Paul, and Mary. Dylan off the stage is very much the same as Dylan the performer—restless, insatiably hungry for experience, idealistic, but skeptical of neatly defined causes.

In the past year, as his renown has increased, Dylan has become more elusive. He felt so strongly threatened by his initial fame that he welcomed the chance to use the Bearsville home of his manager as a refuge between concerts, and he still spends most of his time there when he's not travelling. A week after the recording session, he telephoned me from Bearsville, and we agreed to meet the next evening at the Keneret, a restaurant on lower Seventh Avenue, in the Village. It specializes in Middle Eastern food, which is one of Dylan's preferences, but it does not have a liquor license. Upon keeping our rendezvous, therefore, we went next door for a few



It's too late to change your mind now, Elaine Cooper.



Elaine Cooper suddenly wants to put this rare cat's-eye alexandrite chrysoberyl in a lady's pendant. Douglas Cooper, her brother, wants it to stay in a man's ring.

To begin with, argues Mr. Cooper, the alexandrite was a favorite stone of Tsar Alexander, after whom it was named. It changes from brooding red to pastoral green—as some say the Tsar's moods did. ("And aren't women changeable too?" said Miss Cooper.)

It also has an eye in it. Many ladies don't like having an eye on them all the time. ("Oh, don't they?" said Miss Cooper.)

What's more, this gem is coveted by every gem museum that has been lucky enough to see it. Could a woman hold out against such pressure? ("I'll find you one who can," said Miss Cooper, who rarely gives jewelry away.)

Will someone please settle this sibling rivalry and say how the stone should be set—or unset? As is, it costs twelve thousand dollars.

Happily, there's more than one chrysoberyl in the barrel. At upper left you see a cat's-eye chrysoberyl of superb chatoyancy. (That means it follows you brazenly with an unblinking stare.) It is eight thousand dollars. Beside it, is an alexandrite chrysoberyl for nine thousand dollars which abruptly changes from red to green in different lighting. To date, the Coopers have agreed that these two should remain rings for men. Please don't get Miss Cooper started on them, too.

F.J. COOPER INC.

jewelers by birth...since 1883

1416 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 2, Pa.

& F. R. Cooper, Colchester, England

FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED. ADD 5% FOR PENNSYLVANIA DELIVERY.



Boutique Cartier



HOSTESS GIFT

Set of six sterling silver ashtrays and six match boxes in their distinctive Cartier case, \$65. Federal tax included. Mail orders invited.

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND ST., NEW YORK • PLAZA 3-0111

A Comfortable Twosome...



BRACE BACK CHAIR and GOUT STOOL

from our famous Roger Conant Group. The traditional lines belong to our early New England Colonists, whose hand-crafted designs are faithfully reproduced by Conant Ball. The covering is luxurious Nylon, in your choice of colors. The wood... hard-rock sugar maple... is hand-finished in "No. 12 Ancestor" that grows lovelier with every passing year.

Send for illustrated folder of our Roger Conant Group, Modernmates or Walnut Hill Group... 10¢ each. Conant Ball Company, Gardner 34, Mass.



bottles of Beaujolais and then returned to the Keneret. Dylan was as restless as usual, and as he talked, his hands moved constantly and his voice sounded as if he were never quite able to catch his breath.

I asked him what he had meant, exactly, when he spoke at the recording session of abandoning "finger-pointing" songs, and he took a sip of wine, leaned forward, and said, "I looked around and saw all these people pointing fingers at the bomb. But the bomb is getting boring, because what's wrong goes much deeper than the bomb. What's wrong is how few people are free. Most people walking around are tied down to something that doesn't let them really *speak*, so they just add their confusion to the mess. I mean, they have some kind of vested interest in the way things are now. Me, I'm cool." He smiled. "You know, Joanie—Joanie Baez—worries about me. She worries about whether people will get control over me and exploit me. But I'm cool. I'm in control, because I don't care about money, and all that. And I'm cool in myself, because I've gone through enough changes so that I know what's real to me and what isn't. Like this fame. It's done something to me. It's O.K. in the Village here. People don't pay attention to me. But in other towns it's funny knowing that people you don't know figure they know *you*. I mean, they think they know everything about you. One thing is groovy, though. I got birthday cards this year from people I'd never heard of. It's weird, isn't it? There are people I've really touched whom I'll never know." He lit a cigarette. "But in other ways being noticed can be a weight. So I disappear a lot. I go to places where I'm not going to be noticed. And I *can*." He laughed. "I have no work to do. I have no job. I'm not committed to anything except making a few rec-



80 PROOF PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY COINTREAU LTD., PENNINGTON, N. J.



The whole world loves it after dinner.

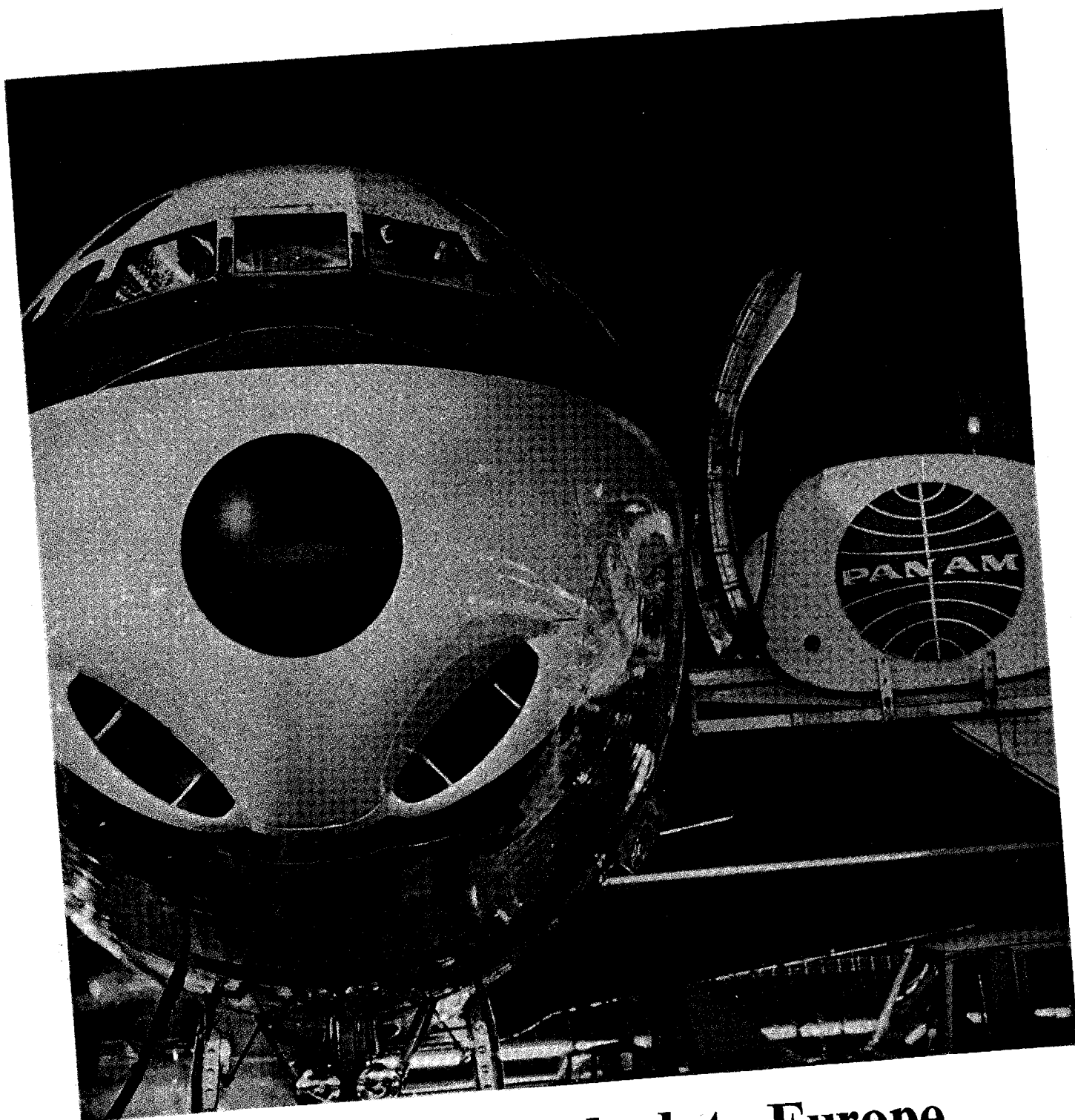
Intriguing on the rocks...



...essential in a Side Car.



Cointreau, the world's most renowned liqueur...for generations the crowning touch to a perfect dinner...the key to classic cocktails...always inviting over ice. Magically enhances the flavor of gourmet dishes, too!



Catch the 7 o'clock to Europe

(Just one of 87 Pan Am commuter flights a week)

A meeting coming up in Europe? Better give us a call.

We have the most flights. No-change-of-plane service to 26 European cities.

Here are some of our flights that leave every day:

If you're in New York, you can leave the office after work any night and catch the 7 o'clock nonstop to London. Or take the 7:45 nonstop to Frankfurt. Or the 8:30 nonstop to Paris.

In Chicago, make it the 5 o'clock to London and Frankfurt. In San Francisco, make it the morning flight to London.

We also fly straight through to Europe from Boston, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, Miami, Detroit, Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle/Tacoma, Dallas and Houston (via Braniff/Pan Am), Atlanta and New Orleans (via Delta/Pan Am.)

Come aboard soon. You'll know

you're flying the best there is. Just what it takes to make commuting a pleasure.



World's Most Experienced Airline
FIRST ON THE ATLANTIC FIRST IN LATIN AMERICA FIRST ON THE PACIFIC FIRST 'ROUND THE WORLD

ords and playing a few concerts. I'm weird that way. Most people, when they get up in the morning, have to do what they *have* to do. I could pretend there were all kinds of things I *had* to do every day. But why? So I do whatever I feel like. I might make movies of my friends around Woodstock one day. I write a lot. I get involved in scenes with people. A lot of scenes are going on with me all the time—here in the Village, in Paris during my trips to Europe, in lots of places.”

I asked Dylan how far ahead he planned.

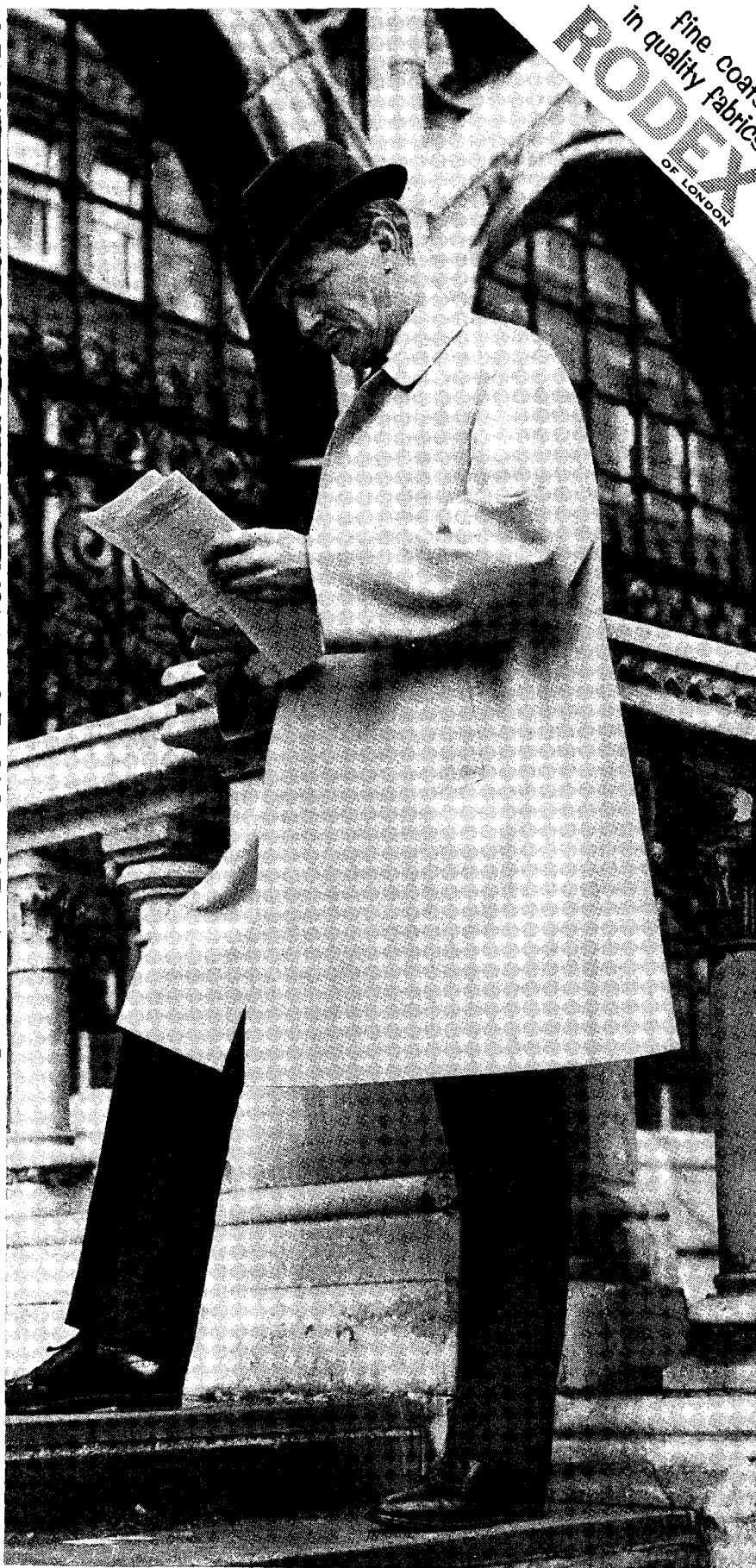
“I don’t look past right now,” he said. “Now there’s this fame business. I know it’s going to go away. It has to. This so-called mass fame comes from people who get caught up in a thing for a while and buy the records. Then they stop. And when they stop, I won’t be famous anymore.”

We became aware that a young waitress was standing by diffidently. Dylan turned to her, and she asked him for his autograph. He signed his name with gusto, and signed again when she asked if he would give her an autograph for a friend. “I’m sorry to have interrupted your dinner,” she said, smiling. “But I’m really not.”

“I get letters from people—young people—all the time,” Dylan continued when she had left us. “I wonder if they write letters like those to other people they don’t know. They just want to tell me things, and sometimes they go into their personal hangups. Some send poetry. I like getting them—read them all and answer some. But I don’t mean I give any of the people who write to me any *answers* to their problems.” He leaned forward and talked more rapidly. “It’s like when somebody wants to tell me what the ‘moral’ thing is to do, I want them to *show* me. If they have anything to say about morals, I want to know what it is they *do*. Same with me. All I can do is show the people who ask me questions how I live. All I can do is be me. I can’t tell them how to change things, because there’s only one way to change things, and that’s to cut yourself off from all the chains. That’s hard for most people to do.”

I had Dylan’s “The Times They Are A-Changin’” album with me, and I pointed out to him a section of his notes on the cover in which he spoke of how he had always been running when he was a boy—running away from Hibbing and from his parents.

Dylan took a sip of wine. “I kept running because I wasn’t free,” he



fine coats
in quality fabrics
RODEX
OF LONDON

Seen today outside the Law Courts, London, tomorrow changing planes at Paris, next week at the U.S. Embassy, Rome—a globe-trotting coat by Rodex of London in the new international look. Tailored with stitch-by-stitch care in Britain’s most finely woven worsted gabardine. Price about \$135. Study this and other Rodex coats, all in outstanding cloths, at America’s foremost stores.

RODEX OF LONDON • 7 EAST 37 STREET • NEW YORK 16 • TEL: EV 3-8700

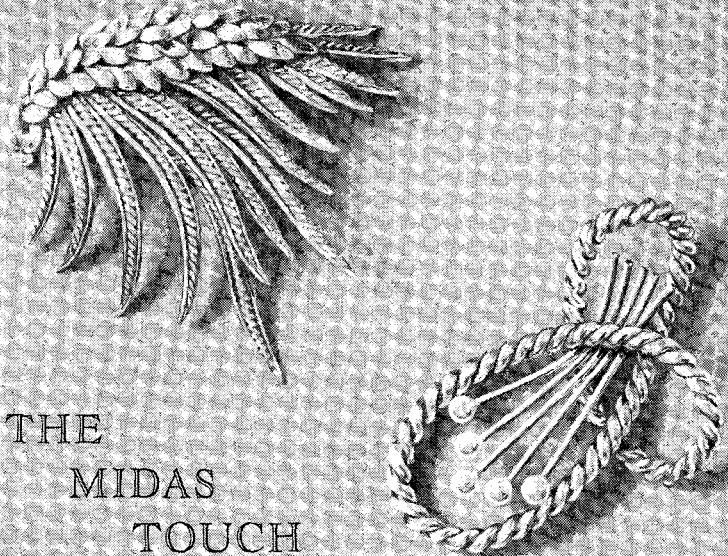


add a glow to the gathering in this imported and beautifully detailed shirtdress by Colony Classics of woven silk jacquard in cornflower blue, coral, almond green, 8 to 18 sizes 46.00

mail orders (add 55¢ for shipping) to union square san francisco or to 3240 wilshire, los angeles or telephone your nearest i. magnin & co store

I. MAGNIN & CO

SAN FRANCISCO • SACRAMENTO • PALO ALTO • OAKLAND • SANTA CLARA • CARMEL • FRESNO • PORTLAND • SEATTLE
LOS ANGELES • BEVERLY HILLS • PASADENA • LA JOLLA • SAN FERNANDO VALLEY • SANTA ANA • SANTA BARBARA • PHOENIX



**THE
MIDAS
TOUCH**

Something special in lapel pins of 14 karat gold. We show just two distinctive designs from a varied selection. Pins are shown actual size. Send for the Caldwell Gift Book.

Textured gold wheat motif	\$105
Rope twist with cultured pearls	\$70

Federal tax included

For 125 years
Jewelers to Philadelphia and the world

J. E. CALDWELL & CO.
Chestnut & Juniper Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. 19107
Haverford, Pa. • Wilmington, Del.

said. "I was constantly on guard. Somehow, way back then, I already knew that parents do what they do because they're up tight. They're concerned with their kids in relation to *themselves*. I mean, they want their kids to please them, not to embarrass them—so they can be proud of them. They want you to be what *they* want you to be. So I started running when I was ten. But always I'd get picked up and sent home. When I was thirteen, I was travelling with a carnival through upper Minnesota and North and South Dakota, and I got picked up again. I tried again and again, and when I was eighteen, I cut out for good. I was still running when I came to New York. Just because you're free to move doesn't mean you're free. Finally, I got so far out I was cut off from everybody and everything. It was then I decided there was no sense in running so far and so fast when there was no longer anybody there. It was fake. It was running for the sake of running. So I stopped. I've got no place to run from. I don't have to be anywhere I don't want to be. But I am by no means an example for any kid wanting to strike out. I mean, I wouldn't want a young kid to leave home because I did it, and then have to go through a lot of the things I went through. Everybody has to find his *own* way to be free. There isn't anybody who can help you in that sense. Nobody was able to help me. Like seeing Woody Guthrie was one of the main reasons I came East. He was an idol to me. A couple of years ago, after I'd gotten to know him, I was going through some very bad changes, and I went to see Woody, like I'd go to somebody to confess to. But I couldn't confess to him. It was silly. I did go and talk with him—as much as he could talk—and the talking helped. But basically he wasn't able to help me at all. I finally realized that. So Woody was my last idol."

There was a pause.

"I've learned a lot in these past few years," Dylan said softly. "Like about beauty."

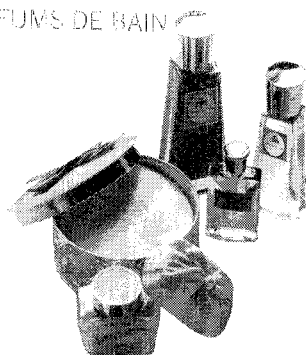
I reminded him of what he had said about his changing criteria of beauty in some notes he did for a Joan Baez album. There he had written that when he first heard her voice, before he knew her, his reaction had been:

"I hate that kind a sound," said I
"The only beauty's ugly, man
The crackin', shakin', breakin' sounds're
The only beauty I understand."

Dylan laughed. "Yeah," he said. "I was wrong. My hangup was that I



GO AHEAD, BE A NARCISSIST.
TAKE A FIFTY DOLLAR BATH IN D'ORSAI'S PARFUMS DE BAIN.



BAIN D'ECUME, HUILE DE BAIN, PARFUM DE BAIN, SAVON DE BAIN, SACHET, AND POUDRE DE BAIN. IN EITHER INTOXICATION OR VOULEZ-VOUS FRAGRANCE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NUMBER SIX COLOGNE

Since the time of Washington...

ONE OF EIGHT
SUPERB SCENTS FOR MEN
BY

Caswell-Massey
CO. LTD.

AMERICA'S OLDEST
CHEMISTS AND
PERFUMERS
FOUNDED 1752



TOILET WATERS • COLOGNES • SHAVE LOTIONS • SOAPS



READY TO WEAR SUITS

Imported Worsteds
Birdseyes \$125

English Striped
Worsted \$120

English
6-Ply
Worsted
\$115

Imported
Worsted
Glen
\$115

Imported Worsteds
Herringbones \$110

Worsted Tweed
Herringbones \$90

A J. PRESS labeled suit has remained for years one of the best recognized Status Symbols of the elite—the result of a regular return of loyal J. PRESS customers and an ever widening circle of newcomers to a unique standard of cloth, tailoring and style, constantly researched for betterment since 1902.

ENTIRELY INDIVIDUAL they are sold only at J. PRESS Stores, Travel Exhibits or by Mail Order, and nowhere else.

Sample Swatches and Brochure Sent Upon Request

CURRENT EXHIBITS



Atlanta
Dinkler-Plaza Hotel
November 2nd & 3rd

Birmingham
Dinkler-Tutwiler Hotel
November 6th & 7th

Charlottesville
Paul's-Below-the-Steps
October 28th, 29th & 30th

Detroit
Sheraton-Cadillac Hotel
October 22nd, 23rd & 24th

Louisville
Brown Hotel
November 6th & 7th

Memphis
Hotel Peabody
November 9th & 10th

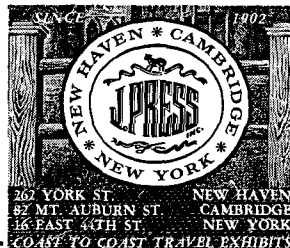
Nashville
Dinkler-Andrew Jackson
November 9th & 10th

New Orleans
Roosevelt Hotel
November 4th & 5th

Pittsburgh
Penn-Sheraton Hotel
October 28th & 29th

Wilmington
Hotel DuPont
October 26th & 27th

Exhibit Dates For 23
Other Cities On Request.



used to try to *define* beauty. Now I take it as it is, however it is. That's why I like Hemingway. I don't read much. Usually I read what people put in my hands. But I do read Hemingway. He didn't have to use adjectives. He didn't really have to define what he was saying. He just said it. I can't do that yet, but that's what I want to be able to do."

A young actor from Julian Beck's and Judith Malina's Living Theatre troupe stopped by the table, and Dylan shook hands with him enthusiastically. "We're leaving for Europe soon," the actor said. "But when we come back, we're going out on the street. We're going to put on plays right on the street, for anyone who wants to watch."

"Hey!" said Dylan, bouncing in his seat. "Tell Julian and Judith that I want to be in on that."

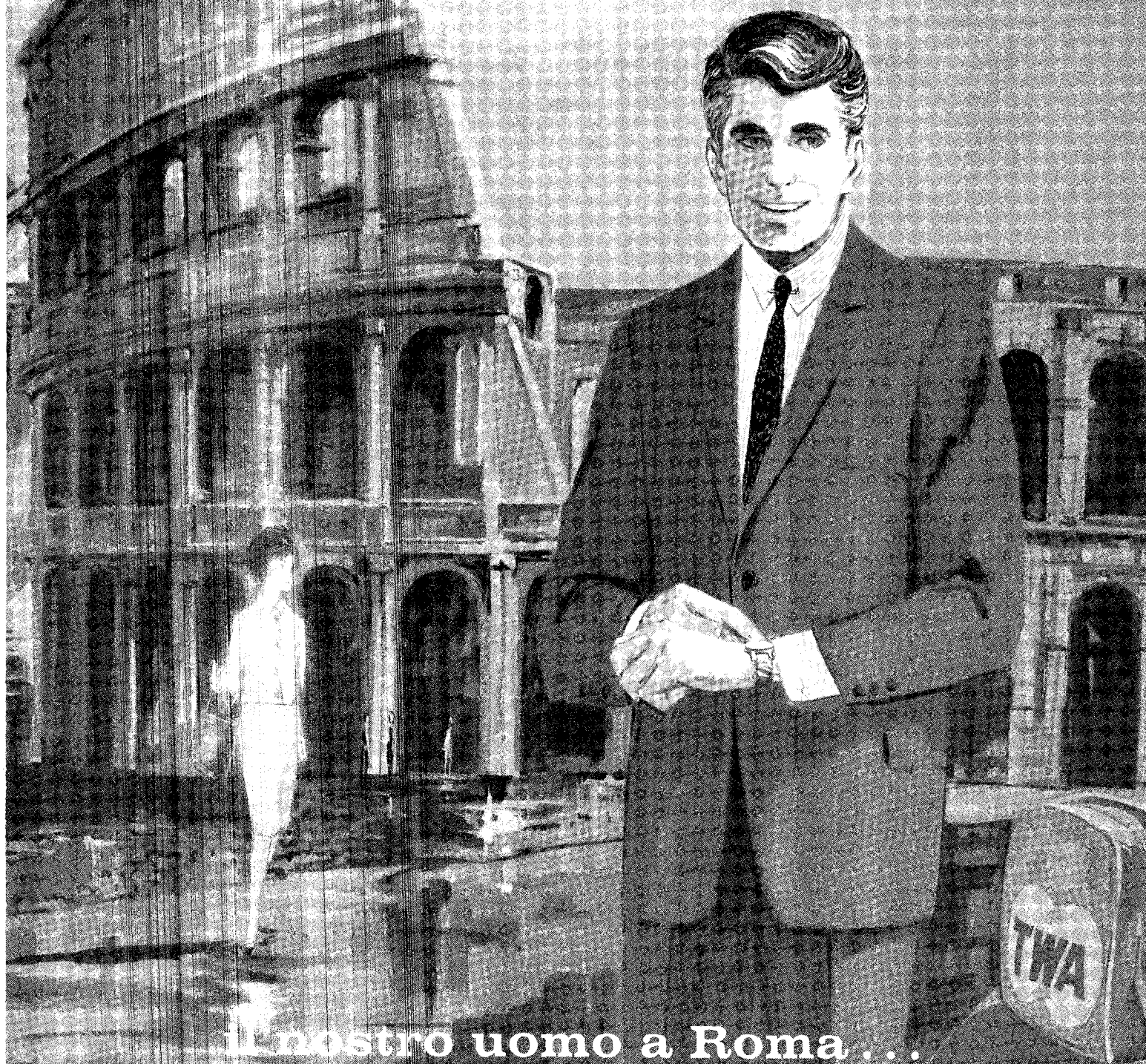
The actor said he would, and took Dylan's telephone number. Then he said, "Bob, are you doing only your own songs now—none of the old folk songs at all?"

"Have to," Dylan answered. "When I'm up tight and it's raining outside and nobody's around and somebody I want is a long way from me—and with someone else besides—I can't sing 'Ain't Got No Use for Your Red Apple Juice.' I don't care how great an old song it is or what its tradition is. I have to make a new song out of what I know and out of what I'm feeling."

The conversation turned to civil rights, and the actor used the term "the Movement" to signify the work of the civil-rights activists. Dylan looked at him quizzically. "I agree with everything that's happening," he said, "but I'm not part of no Movement. If I was, I wouldn't be able to do anything else but be in 'the Movement.' I just can't have people sit around and make rules for me. I do a lot of things no Movement would allow." He took a long drink of Beaujolais. "It's like politics," he went on. "I just can't make it with any organization. I fell into a trap once—last December—when I agreed to accept the Tom Paine Award from the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee. At the Americana Hotel! In the Grand Ballroom! As soon as I got there, I felt up tight. First of all, the people with me couldn't get in. They looked even funkier than I did, I guess. They weren't dressed right, or something. Inside the ballroom, I really got up tight. I began to drink. I looked down from the platform and saw a bunch of people who had nothing to do with my kind

Sero

THE NEW HAVEN COTTON SHIRT



il nostro uomo a Roma...

Un'incomparabile colare de Carlton... Creato per il viaggiatore del mondo che non ha paura di cambiare il passo. Particolarmente preparato da Sero di New Haven in cotone de Pima lussuoso. Seguente il passo del nostro uomo a Roma a creando una gita per due con sermate in Italia, alla Francia, all'Ireland, e alla Denmark. Sero sera' il vostro albergatore. Il piu' vicino negozio Sero, 'sera' il vostro compagno di viaggio.

For a translation of this ad, and an opportunity to win a European trip for two aboard a  StarStream Jet, write Sero of New Haven, 95 Hamilton Street, New Haven, Connecticut

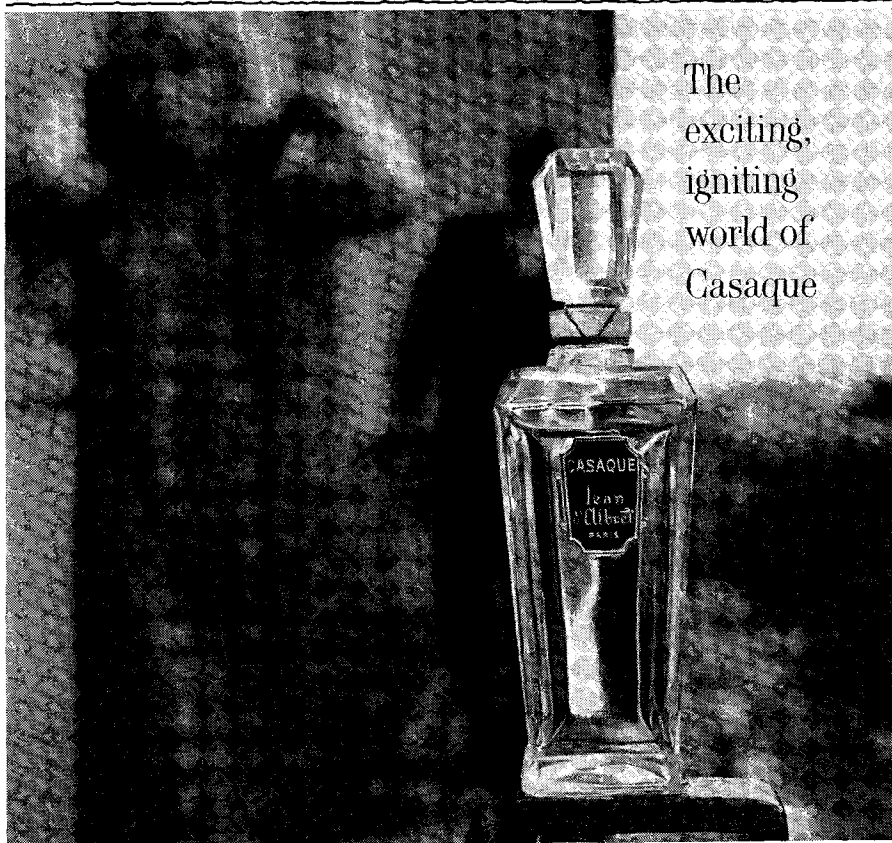
At-home elegance in bonded pure worsted jersey.
The V-neck top with its self sash, about \$15.
The flattering wide leg pants, about \$18.
Both in black, white, pink, yellow. Sizes 6 to 18.

At Bloomingdale's, New York
L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis
Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D.C.
Filene's, Boston
John Wanamaker, Philadelphia
and leading stores everywhere.



Sportswear at its best
Loomtogs

LOOMTOGS, INC., 1410 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18



The
exciting,
igniting
world of
Casaque

Jean D'ALBRET
CASAQUE

CASAQUE PARFUM IS BOTTLED, SEALED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE. IMPORTER JEAN D'ALBRET® DIV., 680 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, N.Y.

of politics. I looked down and I got scared. They were supposed to be on my side, but I didn't feel any connection with them. Here were these people who'd been all involved with the left in the thirties, and now they were supporting civil-rights drives. That's groovy, but they also had minks and jewels, and it was like they were giving the money out of guilt. I got up to leave, and they followed me and caught me. They told me I had to accept the award. When I got up to make my speech, I couldn't say anything by that time but what was passing through my mind. They'd been talking about Kennedy being killed, and Bill Moore and Medgar Evers and the Buddhist monks in Vietnam being killed. I had to say something about Lee Oswald. I told them I'd read a lot of his feelings in the papers, and I knew he was up tight. Said I'd been up tight, too, so I'd got a lot of his feelings. I saw a lot of myself in Oswald, I said, and I saw in him a lot of the times we're all living in. And, you know, they started booing. They looked at me like I was an animal. They actually thought I was saying it was a good thing Kennedy had been killed. That's how far out they are. I was talking about Oswald. And then I started talking about friends of mine in Harlem—some of them junkies, all of them poor. And I said they need freedom as much as anybody else, and what's anybody doing for *them*? The chairman was kicking my leg under the table, and I told him, 'Get out of here.' Now, what I was supposed to be was a nice cat. I was supposed to say, 'I appreciate your award and I'm a great singer and I'm a great believer in liberals, and you buy my records and I'll support your cause.' But I didn't, and so I wasn't accepted that night. That's the cause of a lot of those chains I was talking about—people wanting to be accepted, people not wanting to be alone. But, after all, what is it to be alone? I've been alone sometimes in front of three thousand people. I was alone that night."

The actor nodded sympathetically.

Dylan snapped his fingers. "I almost forgot," he said. "You know, they were talking about Freedom Fighters that night. I've been in Mississippi, man. I know those people on another level besides civil-rights campaigns. I know them as friends. Like Jim Forman, one of the heads of S.N.C.C. I'll stand on his side any time. But those people that night were actually getting me to look at colored people as colored peo-

If you think tick tick tick
is all that counts
get yourself a
\$10.95 drug store timepiece.

But if you want a watch,
get a Hamilton.

There's really nothing in between.

Now don't misunderstand us.
The fine old Hamilton Watch Company
thinks that the

(tick
tick
tick)

of a drug store timepiece is one of the marvels
of our day. Pure functionalism.
Honest. Unsentimental. Like those
handy paperbacks. \$10.95 is all you need to spend
if all you want is the time.

That's our point.
You can get time,
pure and simple time

(tick
tick
tick)

from a timepiece.
But a Hamilton is a watch.
Go one way or the other.
There is nothing in between.
Hamilton. The great watch.
Hamilton. The great feeling.
You can't be nonchalant
about a Hamilton like
this American Classic.
You just can't be.

Practically every tool that touched this watch
was made by Hamilton.

Practically every tool that
made every tool that
touched this watch was
made by Hamilton.

Hamilton refined
the oil.

Hamilton alloyed the
metal for the hair
spring. And rolled and
shaped that metal until
it was the world's
finest hair spring.

Hamilton checked and checked
and checked this watch two thousand
three hundred and fourteen times.

That's a watch.

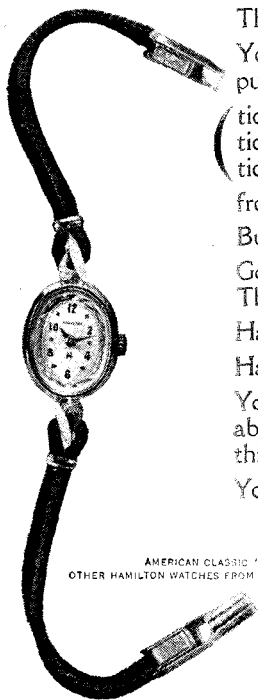
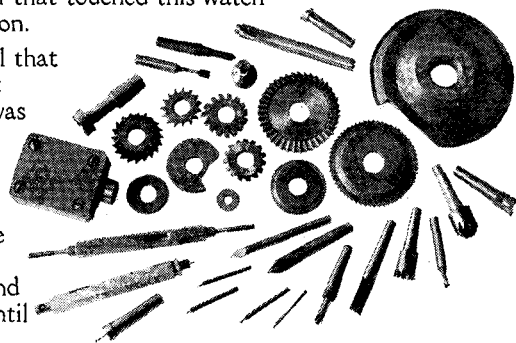
A possession. A point of view.

And that's a very different set of rules than just

(tick
tick
tick)

\$10.95. Or a Hamilton.

There's really nothing in between.



AMERICAN CLASSIC "E", 14K GOLD, \$79.50.
OTHER HAMILTON WATCHES FROM \$39.95. ALL PRICES PLUS TAX.

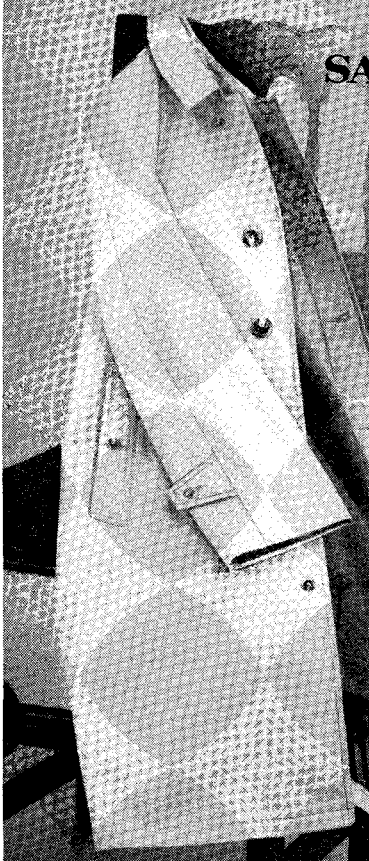
Get time from a timepiece, but if you want a watch get a **HAMILTON**

SEE "N.F.L. TODAY" PRECEDING PRO FOOTBALL GAMES ON CBS-TV BROUGHT TO YOU BY HAMILTON.
HAMILTON WATCHES ARE SOLD BY JEWELERS IN THE U. S., CANADA AND 45 OTHER COUNTRIES. HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY, LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

THE UNIVERSITY SHOP
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

**OUR ALL-WEATHER
ALL-SEASON COAT WITH
A ZIP-OUT LINING**

A great coat for both wet and dry weather in a handsome new shade called "granite" as well as the classic favorites—natural and black. The water repellent shell is Dacron® polyester and cotton. On the inside, a warm Orlon® acrylic pile liner that zips out when the temperature permits. 36 to 44 sizes. 45.00. University Shop.



ple. I tell you, I'm never going to have anything to do with any political organization again in my life. Oh, I might help a friend if he was campaigning for office. But I'm not going to be part of any organization. Those people at that dinner were the same as everybody else. They're doing their time. They're chained to what they're doing. The only thing is, they're trying to put morals and great deeds on their chains, but basically they don't want to jeopardize their positions. They got their jobs to keep. There's nothing there for me, and there's nothing there for the kind of people I hang around with. The only thing I'm sorry about is that I guess I hurt the collection at the dinner. I didn't know they were going to try to collect money after my speech. I guess I lost them a lot of money. Well, I offered to pay them whatever it was they figured they'd lost because of the way I talked. I told them I didn't care how much it was. I hate debts, especially moral debts. They're worse than money debts."

Exhausted by his monologue, Dylan sank back and poured more Beaujolais. "People talk about trying to change society," he said. "All I know is that so long as people stay so concerned about protecting their status and protecting what they have, ain't nothing going to be done. Oh, there may be some change of levels inside the circle, but nobody's going to learn anything."

The actor left, and it was time for Dylan to head back upstate. "Come up and visit next week," he said to me, "and I'll give you a ride on my motorcycle." He hunched his shoulders and walked off quickly. —NAT HENTOFF

Royall Lyme imports— *from the Islands*



Articles of good grooming and impeccable taste. Invigorating Royall Lyme toilet lotion, from the sweet oils of hand-pressed plump, fresh West Indian limes, blended to a secret formula. And—Bermuda Spyce, a manly essence from native Allspice leaves. Both lotions for use as cologne or after-shave. And—Royall Lyme soap, hard-milled in England to our formula, carries both the fragrance and refreshment of the Islands. Sold in selected department stores and men's specialty shops.

Prices from \$3 to \$12 plus tax.

ROYALL LYME LTD. 232 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 16

Formal opening of the new funeral home in Rowlesburg was announced this week.

The newly established Walter B. Burke Funeral Home in Rowlesburg will have open house on Sept. 5 and 6 from 1 to 8:30 p.m. each day. Mr. Burke has extended a special invitation to all persons to inspect his new and modern mortuary.

Perhaps this swift justice will tend to keep pistol-toters and disturbers of the peace out of the Fortney Mill section. —Kingwood Preston County (W. Va.) Journal.

Perhaps, hell!

**CLEAR DAYS ALONG THE
NATIONAL PLANNING FRONT**
[Headline in the Champaign (Ill.) News-Gazette]

SEEK TO DISCONTINUE
MISSISSIPPI RIVER



Come to Beirut and see spies. Real spies.

Not Peter Lorre, or Sidney Greenstreet, or those guys. But real live, honest-to-goodness spies with shifty eyes and tiny cameras. They come to Beirut to relax, and be among friends, and swap secrets without everyone making a big fuss.

You can learn all about these tricky devils, and about mad, mixed up, fabulous Beirut from a new kind of travel magazine, *Venture*.

Venture is the perfect traveler. It gets to know a place, not by taking guided tours, but by doing exactly as it pleases.

Venture goes golfing in Hong Kong. Gambling in Deauville. Skiing in Lebanon.

It discovers quiet little places like Port-Cros. And rediscovers the frenzy and excitement of Manhattan.

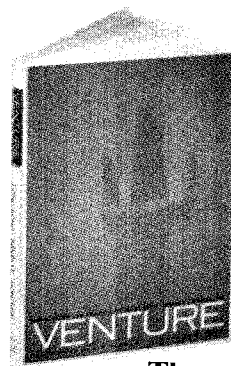
Venture has a practical side, too. In the back of each issue, there's a whole section full of useful travel information. Do you know how much to tip a ricksha driver in Hong Kong? Do you know where to get free snow chains in the Alps? Do you know what Tokyo department store sells chopsticks for not-so-nimble occidental fingers? *Venture* will tell you.

Published every other month, and available through the Credit Card Division of American Express, each issue is bound in

handsome, linen-weave hard covers and printed on fine paper stock. You keep it after you've read it.

To become a subscriber, write: *Venture*, The Traveler's World, Box 2756, Church Street Station, New York City. If you're an American Express Credit Card holder, you'll receive a complimentary copy of the current issue, and the \$9.50 for the next five issues can then be billed to your account. The yearly subscription price to non-cardholders is \$17.50.

Venture costs more than other magazines. After you've seen your first copy, we think you'll know why.



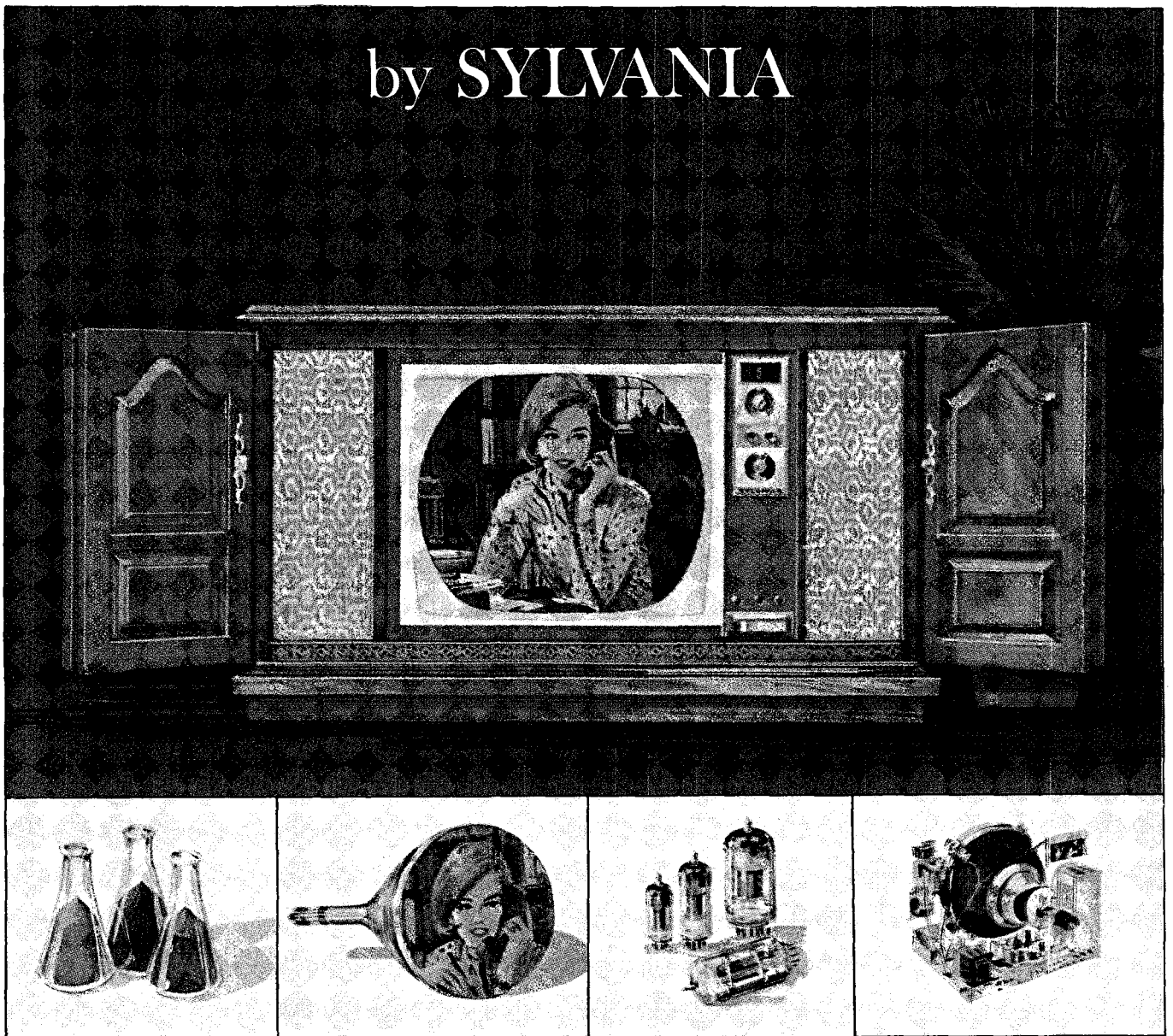
The many sides of travel

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VENTURE...The Traveler's World. Published by Cowles Magazines and Broadcasting, Inc.

COLOR TV

by SYLVANIA



GT&E is looking forward to a bright future in Color TV. ■ The reason? Our Sylvania subsidiary has made dramatic advancements in the performance standards of color TV sets. ■ In developing these new sets, Sylvania drew upon the vast research facilities of GT&E. Result: The Sylvania "Color Bright 85" TV picture tube using a revolutionary new red phosphor. Featured in a per-

formance-proved color chassis, this new tube achieves true color balance for the first time. And pictures can be viewed in daylight too, because they're far brighter and with greater color fidelity than ever before. ■ This aggressive leadership in a growing market is more reason for the dynamic and continuous growth of GT&E.

Sharing greatly in America's growth

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS



730 THIRD AVE., N.Y. 10017 • GT&E SUBSIDIARIES: General Telephone Operating Cos. in 32 states • GT&E Laboratories • GT&E International • General Telephone Directory Co. • Automatic Electric • Lenkurt Electric • Sylvania Electric



HANSBERRY'S POTPOURRI

TOO many cooks, as well you know, can spoil the broth, but, conversely, one cook with too many ingredients can spoil a stew. I got on this culinary kick while attending "The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window," at the Longacre, which concerns itself with a parcel of Greenwich Village denizens. As it happens, I live in the area that the playwright, Lorraine Hansberry, is trying to acquaint us with, and I must say that between her Village and mine there is an enormous gap. Whereas Miss Hansberry's characters go around speaking pseudo-poetically, if not grammatically ("Whom are your very good friends?" I heard the hero of the piece ask), the most I get from my neighbors is a non-committal nod. This Village of mine encompasses quite a stretch of Manhattan, and I have seen a lot of doings in the territory. However, Miss Hansberry doesn't seem to realize that many of us are striving to grow trees, and not traumas. But enough of that. Let us list the various people whom Miss Hansberry confronts us with in "The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window."

Item: Our hero, Sidney Brustein, footless, shiftless, and hopelessly impractical, who is currently editor and publisher of a Village weekly.

Item: His wife, who wants to be an actress, although she has no talent.

Item: A homosexual littérateur whose slogan appears to be "Better a quart of Beckett than a hogshhead of Ibsen."

Item: A troubled Negro in love with a sister-in-law of our hero's who is a prostitute.

Item: A tired matron, another sister-in-law of our hero's, who hasn't had congress with her husband in many a year and hasn't minded. Her husband, she presently reveals, keeps a cutie on the side.

Item: A politician who is enthusiastic about reform, but not so much so that it interferes with his notion that a little compromising here and there will do him no harm.

Most of these people, and particularly the hero, sound off furiously, but I'm afraid that the content of their windy utterances isn't worth all the to-do. As Sidney Brustein, Gabriel Dell

is as energetic as all getout, and as his wife Rita Moreno is acceptable. Then we have Ben Aliza, as the Negro; Frank Schofield, as the politician; Alice Ghostley, as the conforming matron; and Cynthia O'Neal, as the prostitute. Under the direction of Peter Kass, everybody in sight is periodically overwrought, but with the script provided by Miss Hansberry I don't think any actor could really be reflective.

"THE PHYSICISTS," at the Martin Beck, is a lumbering approach to the problems of the atomic age by the Swiss playwright Friedrich Dürrenmatt, whose drama has been adapted in this go-around by James Kirkup. Here we meet up with a trio of lunatics—or so we may presume, since the three are incarcerated in a crazy house known

as Les Cerisiers. One of our putative madmen seems to think he is Newton, another seems to think he is Einstein, and the third seems to think he has a hot line to Solomon. Mr. Dürrenmatt certainly takes his time about reaching a conclusion regarding his principals and his theme—the awful predicament of scientists and everybody else in a nuclear world—and, generally speaking, his play is laggardly. However, Robert Shaw, Hume Cronyn, and George Voskovec do well in the roles of the deranged scientific types, and so does Jessica Tandy as the proprietress of the institution where they are locked up.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

The Moor Indoors

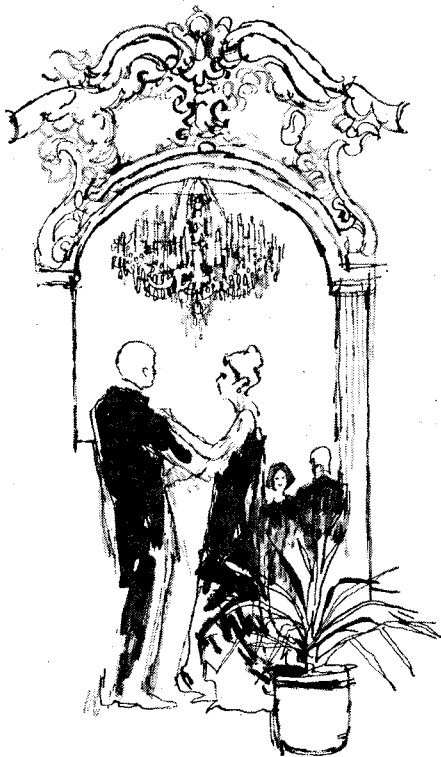
THE New York Shakespeare Festival's production of "Othello" that played in Central Park last summer has been transplanted to the Martinique. Othello is James Earl Jones; Desdemona is Julianne Marie; Iago is Mitchell Ryan; and Emilia is Bette Henritze. The Martinique is one of the pleasantest arena theatres in town,



"This toy is designed to hasten the child's adjustment to the world around him. No matter how carefully he puts it together, it won't work."

The great Viennese hotel in Vienna is an **INTERCONTINENTAL**

**Where else can you
gavotte surrounded by
grand baroque crystal
and gold and still pay
as little as \$10 for a
room with a Viennese
marble bath?**



Vienna's newest, most magnificent hotel is near the innermost ring of the city. Completely air-conditioned, free underground parking, sidewalk cafe with a view of the Stadtpark and all the spirit of barococo Vienna.

VIENNA INTERCONTINENTAL, Hans Sternik, General Manager. One of the 28 incomparable Intercontinental Hotels. Call your Travel Agent or Intercontinental.

THE VIENNA
INTERCONTINENTAL

but it's a bit too small and intimate to be ideal for the play, and the actors who rush down the aisles and onto the stage—with swords drawn, more often than not—are a positive menace to the customers. The production, in spite of some bad mistakes, is as sincere and dedicated as those involved can make it, containing none of the distracting tricks that so often clutter up revivals of the classics in a misguided attempt to make palatable something that was first-rate to start with. Even so, the excitement and the mesmeric, head-long power of the play are lacking, although there are a few good scenes and parts of scenes. Mr. Jones' Othello, for instance, has at least one fine moment, when, after Cassio's drunken street fight, he strips Cassio's cloak off and breaks him from the rank of lieutenant. "Cassio, I love thee, but never more be officer of mine" is the line, and Mr. Jones' blend of personal affection and official bleakness is brilliant—the smile that slowly fades, first from the eyes, leaving them cold as stone. Surely one of the feats in a Shakespeare performance is to make the audience feel that a familiar line is being spoken for the first time, having just leaped from brain to tongue, and on this occasion the line sounded fresh-minted to me.

As for Mr. Jones' performance as a whole, the guilelessness and gentleness of the character—the gentleness of the strong man of action—are there, but not the towering figure brought low. He does not entirely sustain the part; he laughs and grins too much, and he is not tragic or moving in the end. When Othello loses control, one should realize with some shock what that control must have been—what enormous passion has been held in check. Othello is a noble Moor and a powerful general. It is a bad mistake in direction, I think, to have him kneel as often as he does long before Iago's perfidy dashes him to earth—to the Duke and the Senators of Venice, to Desdemona when he arrives on Cyprus. Generals, especially noble ones, should be perpendicular, not folded, in public. His loving delight in Desdemona is itself delightful, but I think a little more brusqueness and formality with the other characters would be in order. That Mr. Jones is himself a Negro rather than a pink actor done up in a becoming shade of cocoa greasepaint adds a great deal, for "Othello" is a play about a white girl who courageously marries a Negro, facing down her father's opposition. But it is also a play

The great Swiss hotel in Geneva is an **INTERCONTINENTAL**

**Where else can you
dine on a Swiss terrace,
plunge in a private
pool, and still pay
as little as \$9.27 for
a room with a view
of an alp?**



Switzerland's newest and largest hotel rises 18 stories over Geneva, with a view of Mont Blanc. Air-conditioning, underground garage. Cabanas and terraces surround the heated pool. Sumptuous recipes of the world at Les Continents Restaurant.

INTERCONTINENTAL GENEVE, Andre Hamburger, General Manager. One of the 28 incomparable Intercontinental Hotels. Call your Travel Agent or Intercontinental.

HÔTEL
INTERCONTINENTAL
GENÈVE

about a young girl who marries a middle-aged man of extraordinary character, goodness, and eloquence, and this is the play that is almost lost in this production. Before the strangling scene, Mr. Jones puts Desdemona's white hand next to his brown one and then speaks, "It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul"—a frightful gyp (again, in direction) that opportunistically distorts and diminishes this resounding line into a comment on race prejudice.

Miss Marie's Desdemona is charming to look at, and charming but rather weak in performance almost up to the end. She does come into her own in her scene with Emilia as she prepares for bed, and her death scene is touching. Her quick-as-a-flash reply to Emilia's "I would you had never seen him"—"So would not I, my love doth so approve him, That even his stubbornness, his checks and frowns . . . have grace and favor in them"—is extremely effective. Miss Henritze, by the way, is the best Emilia I have ever seen—so good that everyone plays better with her than with anyone else. Her cry "Oh God! Oh Heavenly God!" when she realizes the mischief she has unwittingly done is the strongest moment of the evening. Mr. Ryan is an in-and-out Iago, shrewd and crafty and often droll but not the exuberant, evil instigator, the diabolic ringmaster—Mercutio gone bad. I enjoyed and admired some of what Mr. Ryan did, but I wish he could have given the part more spin. His scenes with Roderigo and Cassio go better (there is no reason, though, for Roderigo to be quite the damn fool that James Antonio makes him, or for John Rayner's Cassio to be quite so whiny when his luck turns) than the scenes he plays with Othello. Poor Othello. "Men should be what they seem" indeed. Shylock could have told him he should never get mixed up with a bunch of Venetians.

—EDITH OLIVER

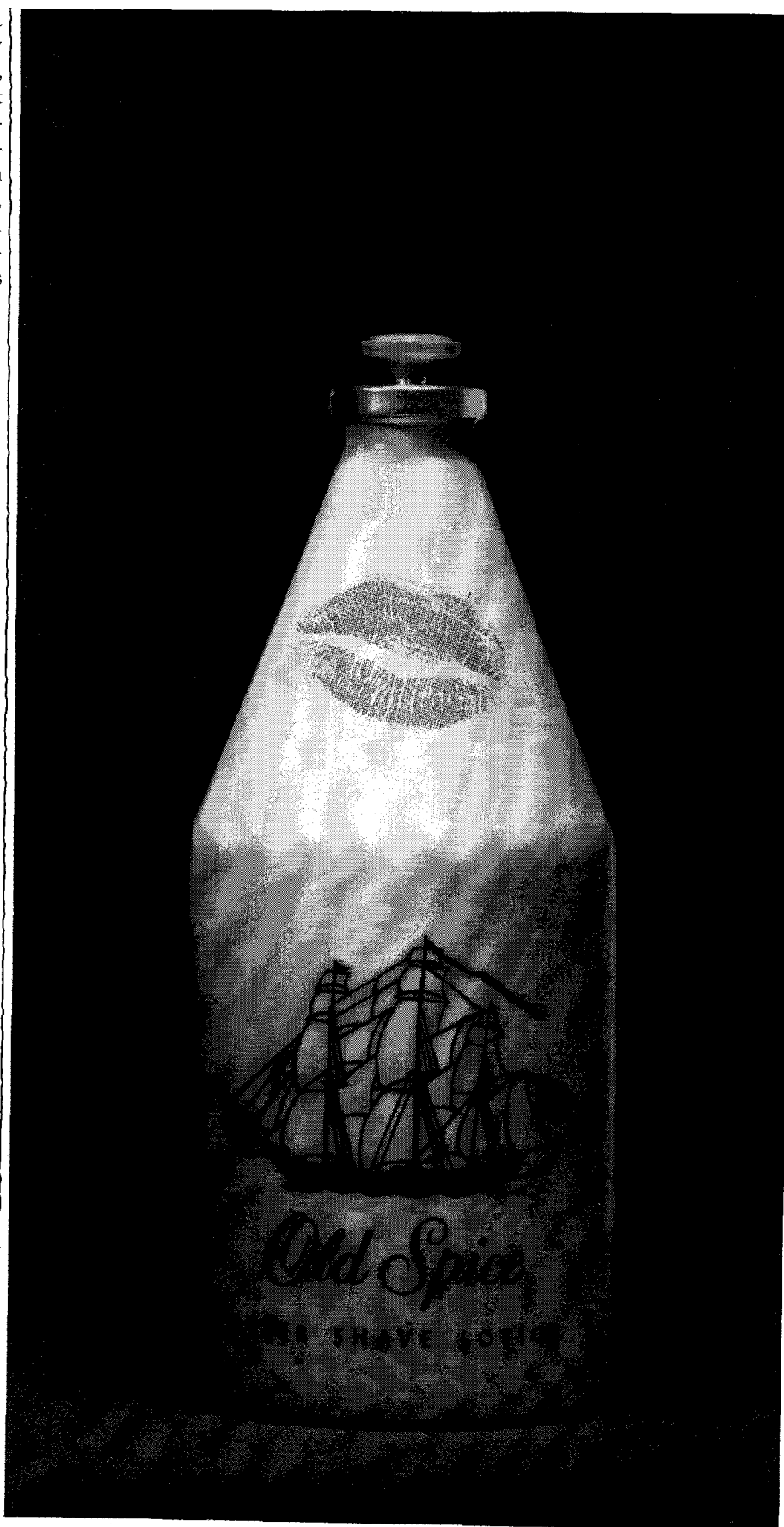
Supplemental store contests can do much to stimulate apple sales and create excitement for the entire produce department.

Here are some random ideas to hypo apple sales:

Play "apple music" such as "I'll be With You in Apple Blossom Time" and "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree With Anyone Else but Me."

Have employees participate by dressing as scarecrows, Adam and Eve, Johnny Appleseed.—*Progressive Grocer*.

Let's see, there's that little Miss Lipscom . . .



...that's the way it is
with Old Spice After Shave Lotion

2.00 AND 1.25 • ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA • SHULTON



Evan-Picone!

Is to be pastel in. Understated in. Quite quietly sensational in. And always with the glorious fit that alone is Evan-Picone. The whispering all-wools here in ssh-blue, green, pink or beige. All these pale-mates about \$12 to \$25 per part. At great stores everywhere. **Evan-Picone** 1407 Broadway, N.Y.C. ▲

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

FOOTBALL

New Life



WHAT a difference a week makes when one is young and resilient! A fortnight ago, Columbia, which is now the sole advocate of college football in this town, looked almost moribund as it went down to defeat against a not remarkably efficient Harvard. On Saturday last, at New Haven, it came alive again when the wounded Jensen and Malmstrom rose, after many a day, from their hospital cots and assumed their customary places in the Columbia backfield. With Jensen making his devious way through the line and Malmstrom kicking three field goals (his neatest was at an obnoxious angle into a damp and obnoxious breeze), Roberts, the team's quarterback, could offer Yale a much more balanced diet of maneuvers—a diet rich enough to upset Yale for most of the afternoon, so that it took a last-minute parade, directed by McCarthy (he may be the quarterback Yale has been looking for this season), to produce a 9-9 tie. And not often do you see defensive work better than the job turned in by Columbia's Flory and Nossal and Zawadzkas and Chwerchak. Mercein, who had been going great guns for Yale this fall, went nowhere against these boys; Groninger, though, who got the tying touchdown, was another matter.

Harvard came to life, too, and Dockery, who is becoming one of our best cross-country runners, established what should be a permanent record by snaffling a Cornell pass four yards inside his own goal line and lugging the ball to the other end of the field for a final touchdown—Harvard 16, Cornell 0, which gives an accurate idea of the improvement in the newly arisen Harvard. Dartmouth likewise was red-ivus, recovering with rapidity from the bad beating that Princeton had given it and taking in hand an extremely lively Brown—Dartmouth 24, Brown 14. The week before, Dartmouth had helped beat itself by assuming that Princeton was never going to learn to throw the ball; it had no such illusion about Brown. Princeton, which shuttles between being full of life and a lazybones attitude of waiting for something to fall into its fairly capable lap, was lazybones against its old country cousin



Which is the most flattering size?

Whichever size fits you best. Maddening decision. But you can't go wrong. Majoricas are the world's most precious man-made pearls, and all are flattering. We're one-up on oysters; we can control size and color. Hand-made on the Island of Majorca, they are cherished all over the world. Women who mix Majoricas with oyster-made pearls get mixed up about which is which. Necklaces, 25. to 150. plus tax.

MAJORICA
INTERNACIONAL

the world's most precious man-made pearls



It's all a woman needs to wear

Calèche



PARFUMS
HERMÈS/Paris

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

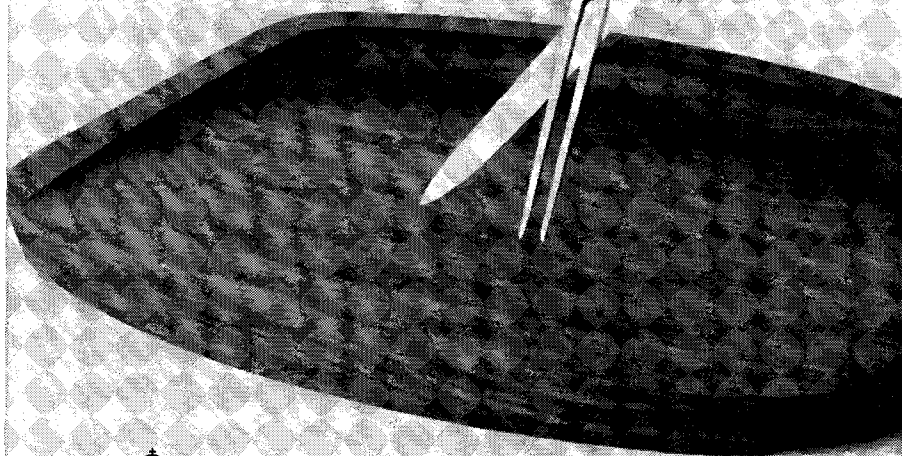
MADE, PACKAGED, AND SEALED IN FRANCE. HERMARK CORP., DIST., U.S.A.

Carve handsomely
with prime equipment:

Georg Jensen Tanaquil carving set
of stainless steel with rosewood
handles and knife rest, \$28.

Our American walnut carving trencher is
sloped to catch meat juices. 12½" x 16", \$15.
15½" x 20", \$20. Add 75¢ postage.

Mail and phone orders invited. Write for
our 1964 Christmas Gift Portfolio.



GEORG JENSEN INC.

667 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N.Y. PL1-2400
Scarsdale Millburn Manhasset

There's a quality about a home with Henredon



All the comforts of Henredon in a chair with graceful, curving
lines, buttoned loose pillow back—and an ottoman to boot!

Henredon *fine furniture*

For booklets showing living room, dining room and bedroom collections,
send \$2.00 to Henredon, Dept. NY10-24, Morganton, North Carolina.

Colgate, and what fell into its lap this time was the ball as it was being lobbed from one Colgate back toward another. Maliszewski, the most imposing Princeton lineman of the past few years, interposed his giant frame between the players and took the ball in midair. He is no arrow (he can, I believe, run the hundred-yard dash in twelve minutes and twenty seconds), but he had only half a dozen yards to go for a touchdown—Princeton 9, Colgate 0. There is, on the other hand, no explaining the 35-14 count run up against Army by Virginia.

NIGHT football has eased its way into the Ivy League, and with reason. Requiring the freshman, junior-varsity, and varsity matches to be played almost simultaneously on a Saturday creates an insoluble difficulty for anyone who wants to see all, hear all. Columbia has been thoughtfully scheduling an occasional freshman match for Friday afternoon; Princeton, last weekend, worked out a truly leisurely scheme—junior varsity Friday afternoon, freshmen Friday evening, varsity Saturday afternoon. Princeton Friday night is not Shea Stadium Saturday night, which is full of people, panoply, and the Jets rising magnificently to one difficult occasion after another. Last Friday night at Princeton was town and gown, a neighborhood festival, in the tiny stands that flanked the freshman playing field. The open end of the huge amphitheatre that is the varsity's Palmer Stadium towered above it, and there, looking like a Greek chorus in the eerie floodlighting, an overflow crowd of spectators sat, or stood, in judgment. In the stands, the excitement over the minute deeds of the novice performers was nearly unutterable. "Nancy Pye, Nancy Pye, your brother's going in to play!" two urchins seemed to be declaiming in a Confederate treble yell as a scarcely larger urchin, who probably should have been in bed, too, at eight o'clock, went onfield to bolster the Princeton line, and the hands of a myriad kinfolk, after applauding the advent of the young warrior, reached out to pat the shoulders of pretty little Miss Pye (if that was her name). Only a sprinkling of varsity coaches, there to assess their next year's crop, sat imperturbably through such reunions as this.

—J. W. L.

Enough ice covers Greenland
and ring tail cats.

—*Kansas City (Mo.) Star.*

God saw to *that*, anyway.

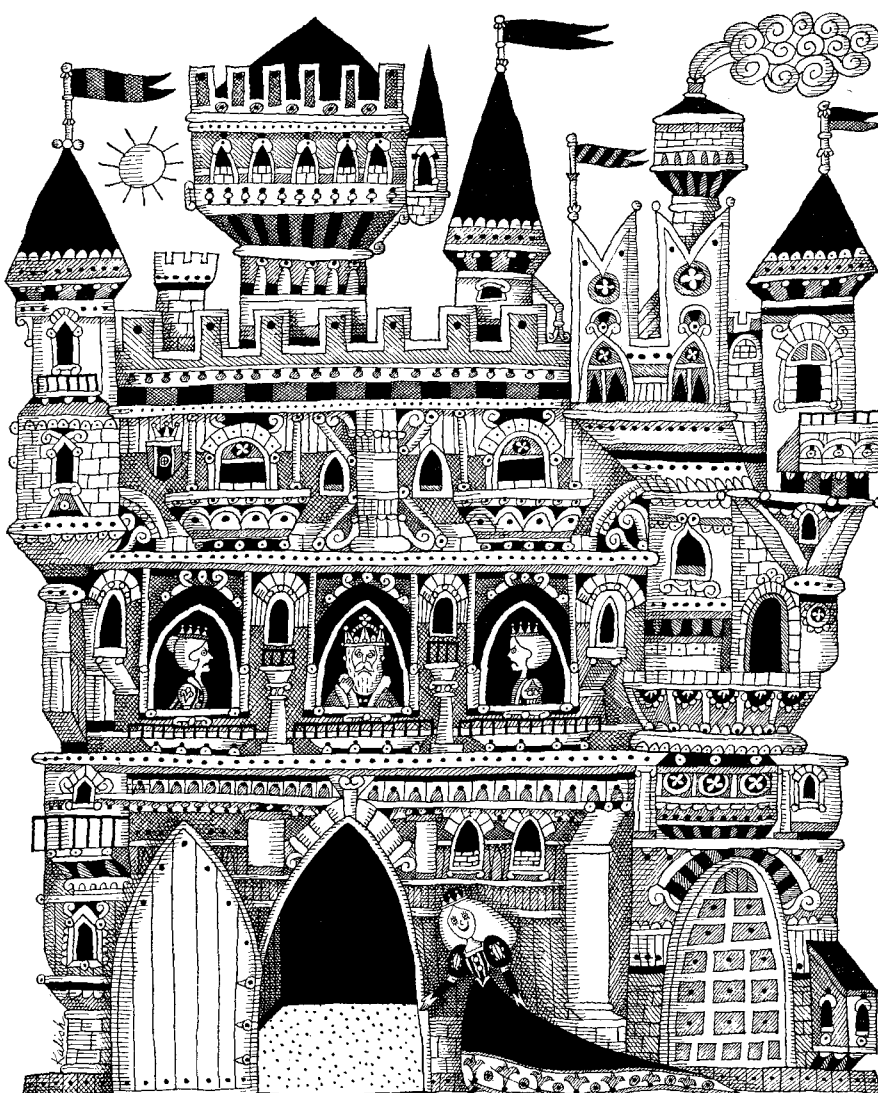
THE RACE TRACK

Top Lad



I SUPPOSE it's superfluous to say that Bold Lad's performance in the Champagne Stakes at Aqueduct last Saturday was something special, since a particular glamour attaches itself to the winner of this race, New York's oldest and richest for two-year-olds. Bold Lad won by seven lengths from Royal Gunner, who was followed by a pair of outsiders—Philately and Sum Up. Cornish Prince, who had been prominent early, was fifth, and Bar Kochbar was last, a sixteenth of a mile behind. It was the Wheatley Stable's first victory in the Champagne Stakes in more than thirty years of racing. A light rain that fell intermittently failed to dampen the enthusiasm of the crowd, and there was scarcely elbowroom around the parade ring in the paddock. Bold Lad was the first to arrive, and he stepped out like a champion. In fact, I haven't seen a handsomer two-year-old this season, or a better behaved one. As he stood there, looking around with calm dignity, he reminded me of Citation at the top of his form. Bold Lad, who is a son of Bold Ruler, was first out of the starting gate, but Cornish Prince, who is also a son of Bold Ruler, sprinted past him and led in the long run down the backstretch. A note of concern rose from the stands as the two rounded the far turn, because Bold Lad was the favorite, at 1-4. Then, where Bold Lad started his run in the Futurity, Baeza called on him again. This time, I don't think he was in high gear for much more than a furlong, and he was home free.

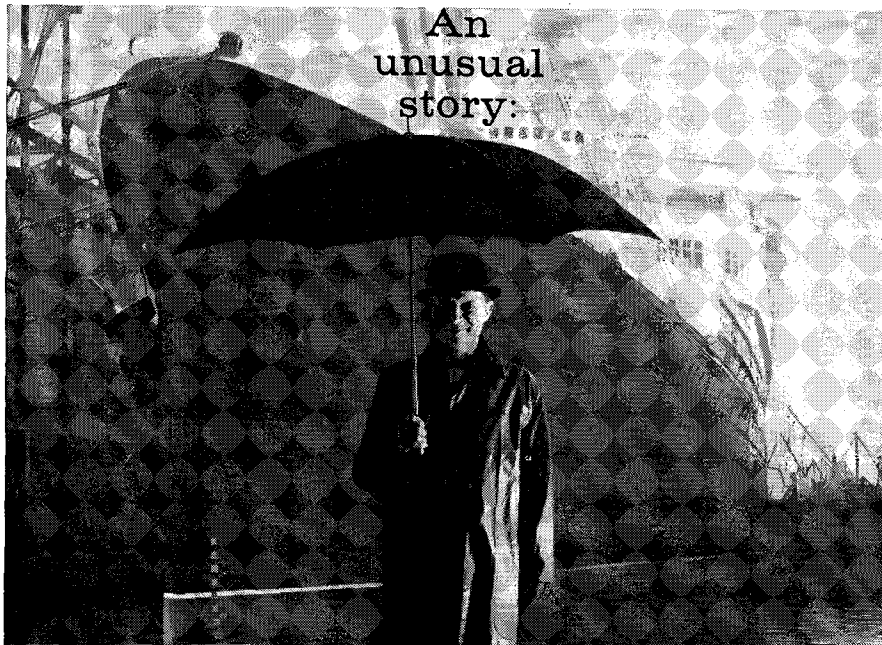
It was Bold Lad's last start this season, and regardless of what may happen between now and the end of December, I'll bet—and give good odds, too—that he will be top weight in the Experimental Free Handicap, the official rating of racers his age. After all, in ten tries he has won the Champagne, the Futurity, the Hopeful, the Sapling, the Tremont, and the National Stallion Stakes, plus two overnight events, and has picked up \$387,471 in prize money. As a result of these achievements, he is being compared to the topnotchers of the past. Well, I think he's a good colt, but ask me about him this time next



Cordelia
would've
if she
could've...
carpeted
King Lear's Castle
with
carpet
by
magee

the fibre  Acrilan
ACRILAN
FIBRE
CHEMSTRAND

The Magee Carpet Company, Fifth Avenue, New York



An unusual story:

The man in the rain is Howard Frank, The Stanhope's imperturbable Baggage Master. For 25 years, Howard has been meeting our guests at dock or airport. With jeeves-like deftness, he shepherds them through customs, bundles them into cab or limousine, delivers them safely to the desk at The Stanhope. Howard

Frank is one of hundreds "in service" at The Stanhope. All serve (without servility) in the gracious manner of Europe's grand hotels. Isn't it a joy to find this almost-lost art in a smart modern New York hotel?

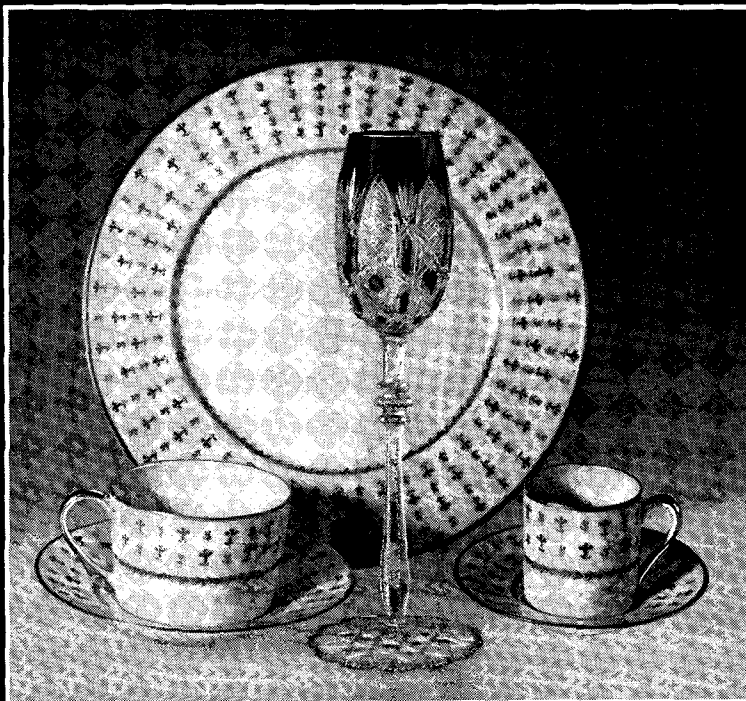


Frank C. Bromber,
General Manager

THE STANHOPE HOTEL

Fifth Avenue at Eighty-First • Opposite the Metropolitan Museum of Art • Reservations: BU 8-5800

BACCARAT ... the crystal of Kings ... since 1764



Limoges China ... by Ceralene

Limoges China ... in the distinctive French tradition

This brilliantly hand-cut, unusually tall glass, cased in color both at the bowl and at the foot, is part of a collector's series created by BACCARAT in 1896, and known as the Czar glasses: from \$88 to \$138 each. The china, designed by CERALENE and made by RAYNAUD of Limoges, is adorned with gold and blue cornflowers, from an old Nyon pattern from Switzerland: \$44.50 per 5-piece place setting; after-dinner coffee cup and saucer, \$13.50.

Write Dept. Y24 for illustrated brochures featuring stemware or gifts, 25c each, and/or one dollar for "How to Choose and Use Wine Glasses."

at fine stores and at
BACCARAT
55 East 57th St., N.Y.C.

year. Everything does seem to be going his way. He is sound, and I am delighted to hear (if Mrs. H. C. Phipps, who owns him, and Bill Winfrey, who trains him, don't mind my saying so) that he will have a long rest—longer than most of the other better two-year-olds are going to get.

TO anyone who follows the tactics of jockeys, the most interesting race last week was the Lawrence Realization Stakes, won by Quadrangle. Ycaza sent him to the front at the start of the mile and five furlongs, and set such a slow pace that he flustered the four other riders, who settled down to the old game of follow-the-leader. As a matter of fact, Quadrangle ran (perhaps I use the word loosely) the mile in 1:44 $\frac{3}{5}$, which, I submit, is the slowest mile ever run in a race at the Big A. In the stretch, however, Ycaza quickened the pace, and Quadrangle did the last furlong in 0:12 $\frac{1}{2}$, to beat Roman Brother by a neck, with Knightly Manner a close third. Ycaza's ride called to mind Arcaro's on Devil Diver in the Manhattan Handicap twenty years ago. In that gallop, at a mile and a half, Arcaro bamboozled the other boys into thinking he was going much faster than he really was, and Devil Diver won comfortably in 2:36 $\frac{3}{5}$. This Columbus Day, a racer from the West named Going Abroad won the Manhattan in the record time of 2:26 $\frac{1}{5}$. Heigh-ho, speedsters!

THE big event at Aqueduct this weekend will be the Man o' War Stakes, at a mile and five furlongs over turf, and the most noteworthy starter will be Gun Bow. He has never raced on the grass, but the other morning he had a workout on it and stepped a mile in 1:38 $\frac{2}{5}$, doing the last quarter much faster than the first. Colonel Martingale says that a good horse runs well on any kind of going.

A FOOTNOTE ON A CHANGE: George Poole, who took over the training of the Calumet Farm horses when Jimmy Jones went to work at Monmouth Park the first of the month, saddled his first winner for the stable last weekend—Republican Way (no political significance implied), who paid \$30.20. —AUDAX MINOR

4 DAYS IN SWITZERLAND
BETTER THAN NOTHING
—Santa Barbara News-Press.

Not if you hate mountains.



Proudly we turn our back...

The back label of Remy Martin "Fine Champagne" Cognac shows a section of the map of France, which explains why some Cognac is superior to others. Even though all Cognac must come from the small select Cognac region of France, in "Fine Champagne" Cognac *only* the prized, precious grapes grown in the two tiny innermost parts of the Cognac area can be



THE SIGN OF THE CENTAUR
IS YOUR SYMBOL OF QUALITY

used. No other grapes will do, *by law*. Only V.S.O.P. quality Cognac is permitted to bear the Remy Martin label. Enjoy Remy Martin, the Cognac of connoisseurs for more than two centuries. Remy Martin V.S.O.P. "Fine Champagne" Cognac, one of the world's most luxurious drinks—acclaimed as the finest in 110 nations. 80 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK



Bank executive's office. Carpet: dense Margate Wilton in cornflower blue. Accent rug: Floral Boutique, from our Custom Carpet collection.

A title on the door rates a Bigelow on the floor

For every place of business, every public building, every home, Bigelow has or can custom-create the perfect carpet. We've done it since 1825.

LETTER FROM EDINBURGH

ON a steely October evening, I arrived in a sea-smelling town on the east coast of Scotland and made my way to a neat white-washed inn near the harbor called—if I remember right—the Fortune Arms. There was room, said the innkeeper, and he pushed across a heavy leather-bound ledger for me to register in. I wrote my name, then my address, and arrived at a column headed “Nationality.” There were five entries already on the page, and as my eye passed over them, I hesitated. Opposite the first and second was written “English;” opposite the third and fourth I read “British.” But opposite the fifth entry there was written, in a firm hand, “Scottish.” The landlord was hovering behind me with the key, whistling impatiently between his teeth. At that moment, however, wild horses could not have hurried me to my room, for I felt myself in a profound dilemma. I am a Scot, right enough, born and bred, and in no sense English. At the same time, I am a citizen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. I hesitated and meditated. The whistling grew more shrill. I put down the pen. “Look,” I said, turning to the landlord. “If you don’t mind, I’d like to think about that column a bit. Would it matter if I waited until tomorrow to fill it in?” He yawned and shook his head, too sleepy to care. I went up to my room, not, as I thought, to sleep but, instead, to turn over in my head the strange hesitation I had felt, and to try and arrive at an explanation. I lay awake most of the night.

When, in 1707, the United Kingdom of Great Britain came into being, the very name “Britain” implied a new entity and a new state of affairs, which, it was assumed, would be felt and reflected by the inhabitants of the countries involved, who would give up their separate national identities, would stop being Englishmen, Scotsmen, and Welshmen, and would become primarily British. In actuality, quite the reverse happened, mainly owing to the persistence of the English, who kept



applying the term “English” to things that were more correctly “British.” Almost in self-defense—or, at least, impelled by instincts of self-preservation—the Scots continued to be quite aggressively “Scots” or “Scottish,” and Britain, instead of becoming a culturally united whole, remained more or less a technical one, existing on the international scene but having little more than a fictional reality. In spite of union, Scotland and England remain as separate and distinct as they always were, and I know very few Scotsmen, Welshmen, or Englishmen who identify themselves otherwise unless they are abroad, where to be British is a diplomatic necessity.

Last St. Andrew’s Night (St. Andrew is the patron saint of Scotland, as well as of Russia and Greece), I attended a dinner in Edinburgh given in the baronial halls of the Adelphi Hotel by the Scottish Patriots, a non-political organization that is particularly intent on the well-being of Scotland and things Scottish. My fellow-diners were a mixed lot, some of them young, raw-boned, and earnest, others red-faced and benevolent in full Highland dress of kilt, velvet jacket, jabot, and skean dhu. Some of the women were wearing tartan sashes across their shoulders, and all of us were presided over by a snow-haired lady called Wendy Wood, about as robust a personage as ever sang “Scots Wha Hae,” Scotland’s surreptitious national anthem, and a tireless campaigner for Scottish home rule. On St. Andrew’s Night, she was

at her most benign, as though she were celebrating her own birthday; she gave us dire toasts to drink, and introduced the evening’s two speakers with a kind of jocose energy, beaming at what they had to say. It was no wonder. One was a prominent Scottish scientist who steadily deplored the waste and misuse of Scotland’s scientific potential; the other was a Scottish Member of Parliament who had made something of a reputation for himself by shouting out for Scotland’s sake on the floor of the House of Commons.

The tenor of the speeches and of the stray conversation I overheard was pretty much the same: that Scotland was about to come into its own, that the day was not far off when it would be claiming its more than justified independence from England—a name that was never pronounced without indignation. We paused at one point to think of all the Scots who, in parts of the world as far removed as Tuscaloosa or Tientsin, would be sitting down to eat haggis and drink whiskey, as we were doing, and would be listening to many of the same songs that we heard in the ceilidh that followed the dinner. I left on the dying fall of a Gaelic song as unobtrusively as possible. I had to catch the night train to London, and I did not think it exactly appropriate to mention the fact. I also wondered for a second at the station whether it would not be wiser to go armed.

THE facts about Scotland are fairly simple and straightforward; the country’s wavelength, on the other hand, is enormously complex. Everyone more or less knows it by shape—the craggy, sea-horse top of the British Isles, fastened tightly to England on its southern border—and everyone certainly knows it by reputation, because the Scots have thoroughly and noisily infiltrated the rest of the world in numbers out of all proportion to the size of their country, which has a population of just over five million, as opposed to England’s forty-three million. For the last three hundred years, there has been



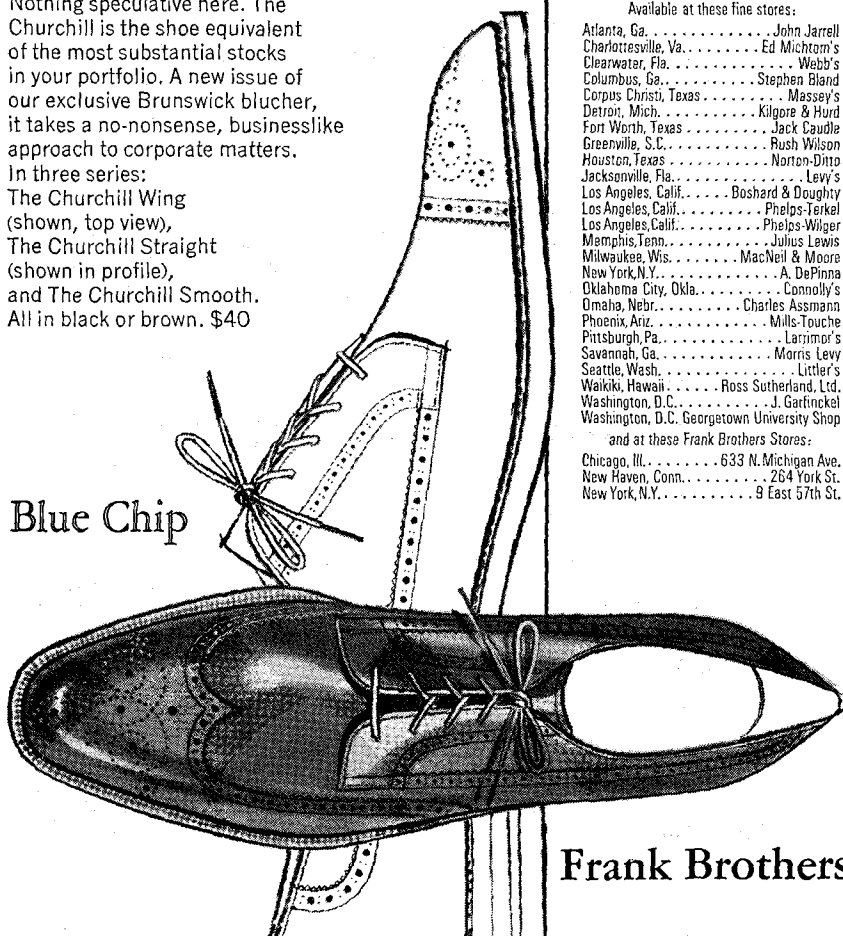
have you
met my
sister?

she's sweet...

For the martini that's clearly... the driest.

Nothing speculative here. The Churchill is the shoe equivalent of the most substantial stocks in your portfolio. A new issue of our exclusive Brunswick blucher, it takes a no-nonsense, businesslike approach to corporate matters. In three series: The Churchill Wing (shown, top view), The Churchill Straight (shown in profile), and The Churchill Smooth. All in black or brown. \$40

Blue Chip



Frank Brothers

Available at these fine stores:

Atlanta, Ga.	John Jarrell
Charlottesville, Va.	Ed Michom's
Clearwater, Fla.	Webb's
Columbus, Ga.	Stephen Bland
Corpus Christi, Texas.	Massey's
Detroit, Mich.	Kilgore & Hurd
Fort Worth, Texas.	Jack Caudle
Greenville, S.C.	Rush Wilson
Houston, Texas.	Norton-Ditto
Jacksonville, Fla.	Levy's
Los Angeles, Calif.	Boshard & Doughty
Los Angeles, Calif.	Phelps-Terkel
Los Angeles, Calif.	Phelps-Wilger
Memphis, Tenn.	Julius Lewis
Milwaukee, Wis.	MacNeil & Moore
New York, N.Y.	A. DePinna
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Connolly's
Omaha, Neb.	Charles Assmann
Phoenix, Ariz.	Mills-Touche
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Larimer's
Savannah, Ga.	Morris Levy
Seattle, Wash.	Little's
Waikiki, Hawaii.	Ross Sutherland, Ltd.
Washington, D.C.	J. Garfinkel
Washington, D.C.	Georgetown University Shop

and at these Frank Brothers Stores:

Chicago, Ill.	633 N. Michigan Ave.
New Haven, Conn.	264 York St.
New York, N.Y.	9 East 57th St.

a steady flow of Scots out into the world, not simply as the proverbial ships' engineers or missionaries but in every conceivable context, each one with a wistful, misted memory of the small, stony, rain-soaked country that always seems to remain deeply rooted in his bones.

That Scotland is a part of the United Kingdom is an almost inevitable accident; at the same time, the unity of the English and the Scots should never be assumed. It was Sir Walter Scott who pointed out that the Scots and the English had fought three hundred and fourteen major battles against one another before their union; this kind of historical animosity does not disappear overnight. The fact remains that the two countries are altogether distinct in temperament and manner, and their conjunction, although it is by now a working one, has never been resolved to the satisfaction of either. Scotland is bowed under a woe-ful weight of history, most of it blood-stained and violent. From the time of the early Scottish kings, war with Eng-land was perpetually either shaping up or subsiding. In 1328, Edward III of England finally acknowledged Scot-land's independence, but this by no means meant peace. It was only in 1603, when Elizabeth of England died childless and James VI of Scotland was summoned to the throne of the two countries, that union became possible. James, although he had promised to look after Scotland's well-being, became an English king. "Here I sit and gov-ern Scotland with my pen," he said. "I write and it is done, and by a Clerk of the Council I govern Scotland now, which others could not do with the sword." James paved the way for the union of the Scottish and English Par-liaments in 1707, but even then belligerence was not at an end. The Jacobites rose in 1715, and again in 1745, under Prince Charles Edward, the Young Pretender, who came very close to re-gaining Scotland's independence. The bitter Battle of Culloden Moor, in 1746, put an end to the rebellion and was the last actual battle fought be-tween the two countries. It forced them to settle down to an uneasy conjunction that has lasted until the present but that has never sat comfortably on Scotland's shoulders. As children, we learned the wars by heart from our history books, and muttered under our breath. Any English child who happened by accident to attend our school was in for it; we took out our history on him, and roared ancient war cries across the school play-

GGG
CLOTHES



Write for free style booklet and name of your nearest GGG store, Wm. P. Goldman & Bros., Inc., Dept. 8, 12 East 14th Street, New York 3, Chicago: 14 E. Jackson Blvd., Los Angeles: 608 S. Hill St. Photo: Biltmore House & Gardens, Asheville, N.C.

Not every man who wears **GGG** clothes commutes to a castle.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ground. It never occurred to us once that the past was past. England was still the Auld Enemy, and we were never able to forget it. It is the Englishman's assumption of his own superiority, his apparent unconcern with anything other than himself, that drives the Scotsman wild. Scotland is a naturally democratic country, almost without class, where "a man's a man for a' that," and when Scotsmen run up against the intricate English class system, they are momentarily lost and bewildered, for they have little to refer to in their background that is at all parallel. I was talking one day with my brother-in-law, who helps select Scotland's national Rugby team, about players who were born in England of Scots parentage and were therefore eligible to play for either country. "Before considering them for selection," he told me, "we interview them to make sure that they have a Scottish attitude, as opposed to an English one."

"What does that really mean?" I asked him. "Is it that they have to hate the English?"

"No, no," he replied. "It's not that but . . . Perhaps it is!"

Of all the grievances nursed by the Scots, none is greater than the fact that the English apparently do not bother to hate back. Still, some of my English friends have owned up to an anti-Scottish disposition. "What really gets me down," said one businessman in the City, "is this incredible myth—created undoubtedly by Scots—of their own reliability, their good sense, their business shrewdness. It used to be said in the City that a Scots accent was worth an extra thousand pounds a year. The Scots sound literally too good to be true, and they are, at that."

When I returned to Scotland on this occasion—to Edinburgh, in particular—I was prepared to find some of the old grievances still alive, for it is a Scottish tradition to grumble, but I had not realized how articulate the grumbling would be. After all, the climate of the world is now international, and regional differences are beginning to look more and more petty. Yet the principal fact that dawned on me this time was how little effect proximity and coöperation have had on the fundamental differences between the two countries. There is nothing in the Scots at all comparable to the fierce hatred of the Irish for the English; instead, Scotsmen look to the south with an almost comic contempt, an even cheerful dislike. But when I began to think a bit more seriously about Scotland's situation, and to

"I never could stand pants on women. But I like what the Chanel look does to those new flannel ones at Abercrombie's."



They kind of start off being new up here at the waist — with no waist band at all.

They sneak down over the hips — sort of gentle.

Then flare out like so from the knees. Gray or camel wool flannel. 8 to 16. . . . \$25
(\$26 in our San Francisco store.)



MADISON AVE. AT 43TH



THE ORIENT IS HONG KONG

Time is precious in Hong Kong and there is so much to see and do. Make sure you use your time well. **Tours:** The main tours are around Hong Kong Island, through the rural areas of the New Territories, water tours within the harbour ... and to Aberdeen, a Night tour. **Transport:** Cheapest in the world, 5 miles by bus for HK 20¢; ferries, rickshaws, hire cars and taxis are cheap and abundant. **Food:** Superb Chinese food; also restaurants specializing in every type of European cuisine. **Shopping:** Great variety and exciting. The tax-free port ensures bargains. **Accommodation:** Nearly 7,000 fully air-conditioned hotel rooms from single accommodation to luxurious suites. **Highlights:** View from the peak of Hong Kong Island. Dinner at the Aberdeen floating restaurants. Tiger Balm Gardens. Old Chinese villages. A ride in the Peak Tram. For comprehensive material write to the Hong Kong Tourist Association, Box 2597, G.P.O. Hong Kong, B.C.C.

This 2 handicap golfer also happens to blend the world's finest Scotch.



George Thomson lines up his putt at the Kilmarnock (Barassie) Golf Club. He plays an excellent game of golf, but his true claim to fame is the "educated" nose he uses to blend Johnnie Walker.

Its name is Johnnie Walker Black Label. And its secret is the precise, authoritarian nose of one man. George Thomson, third master blender in the 144-year-old history of John Walker & Sons.

Why his whisky stands apart. Experts will tell you the sumptuous character of Black Label can come only from the richest of the 101 straight malt whiskies produced in Scotland. And Mr. Thom-

son's educated nose knows them all—their characteristics, their personalities, and how they'll "marry" with others.

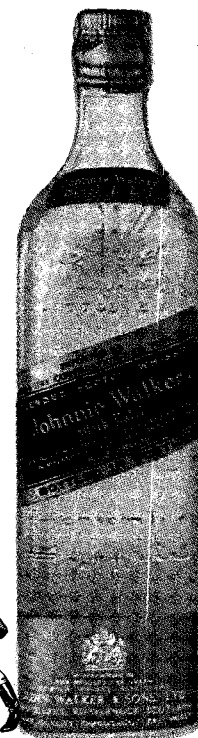
For Black Label, he uses more than 40 of the expensive "single malts." To this blend of flavorful Highland malts, George Thomson adds just the exact amount of aged Scotch grain whisky necessary to complete the unique formula that is Johnnie Walker Black Label.

Are you paying a premium for Scotch?

If you're paying for "the best," you ought to be getting all the smooth Scotch richness and true Scotch character of Johnnie Walker Black Label.

The superiority of it is recognized throughout the world by people who know Scotch whisky. It's in such demand in the United Kingdom that it's actually on ration there. But the current U.S. quota allows you to get a reasonable supply.

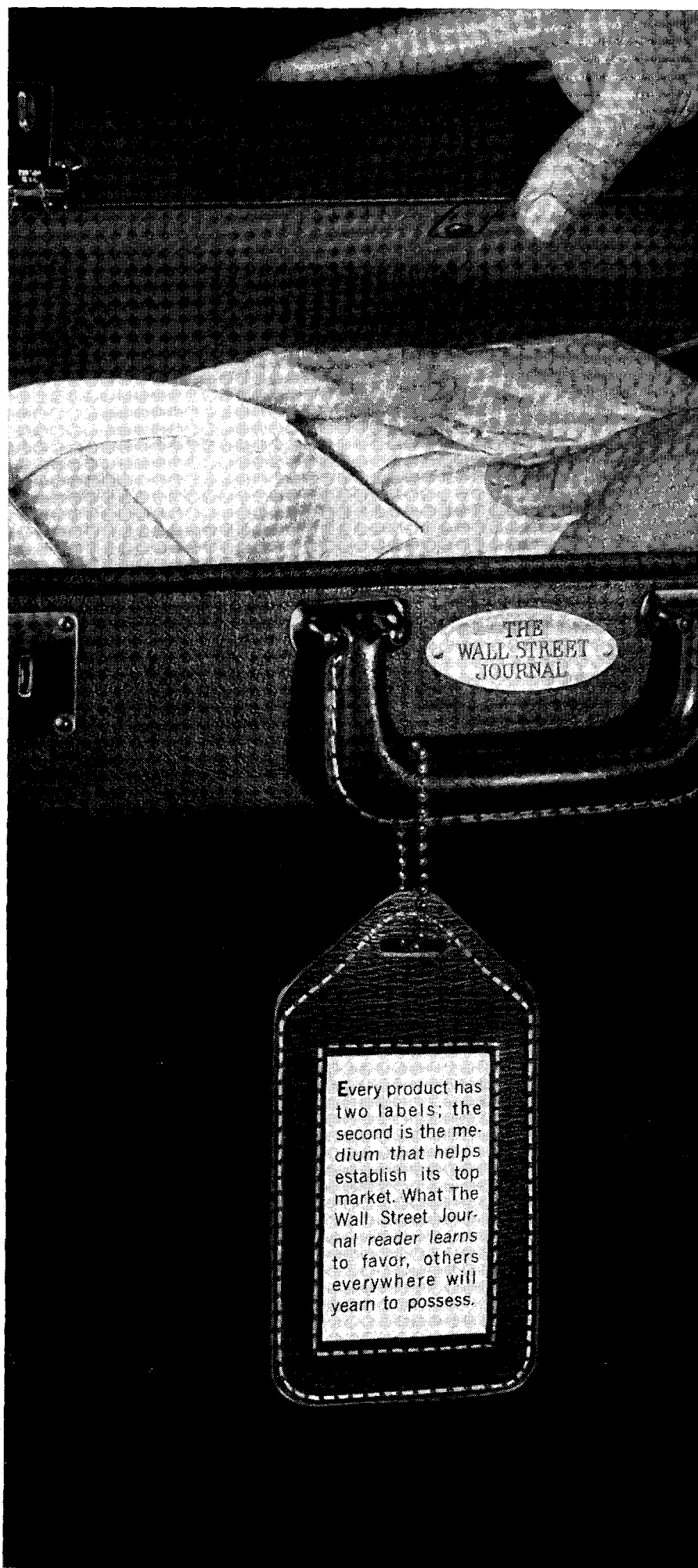
Ask for Black Label tonight. Its smooth, satisfying flavor could change your taste for fine Scotch.



BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF.
IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, NEW YORK

talk to a few old friends and wise men, I found that there was a good deal more to think about than I had imagined, and that Scotland seems to be heading for a future considerably less grim than the past.

RETURNING to Edinburgh for me is always an occasion for running across old ghosts, for I was at George Heriot's School there for a brief period, during which Edinburgh seemed to me the vastest city in the world, being my first; now, when I return, I find that the ghosts are little wizened fellows with tartan bonnets and red cheeks, still eminently cheerful, in a small, windy habitat. For, in truth, Edinburgh is almost a scale model of a city; it has a population of no more than four hundred and seventy thousand souls, and appears to have been laid out by a tidy-minded schoolboy with an eye to playing soldiers. It is tucked neatly between the rainy green edge of the Pentland Hills, to the south, and the silvered stretch of the widening Firth of Forth, to the north. It earns its nickname of Auld Reekie by being covered by a pall of sooty smoke for most of the year—smoke that through time has blackened parts of the city to great effect, since it looks like the stain of age. Edinburgh is dominated by the great bulk of the Castle, perched on top of Castle Rock, where it has withstood siege and occupation, near-destruction and weathering since the seventh century—a kind of encrustation of Scottish history. Down from the Castle esplanade to the Palace of Holyroodhouse, the Queen's official Scottish residence, run the streets that form the Royal Mile, and along this famous promenade, under the wings of the Castle, clusters the Old Town of Edinburgh—tall, small-windowed stone buildings, typically, with crow-stepped gables; narrow, crooked alleys; pubs and shops built, it would seem, for dwarfs; cobbled streets polished to a shine by sheer footwork. Edinburgh has the attributes and shrines appropriate to a capital city—the impressively volumed National Library of Scotland; Parliament House, which, in the absence of a Scottish Parliament, holds the Law Courts (Scots law is quite distinct from English law); and as many monuments and history-marked houses as any antiquarian could wish for. The air is crowded with the noble ghosts of Robert Burns, Sir Walter Scott, David Hume, John Knox, and Robert Louis Stevenson. And across the street from Knox's house, I found what surely





**Follow autumn
to Washington's Sheraton-Park.
It's our capital's most
glorious season.**

You're surrounded by 16 acres of autumn leaves and yet the whole wonderful city is right at your door. Rates are guaranteed. When you reserve a room for \$9.85 you get one for \$9.85—even if it's the bridal suite. Family Plan. No charge for children who share the same room with adults. Free parking, too. There is also a new Motor Inn with 214 spacious rooms. Make your plans now to meet autumn at the Sheraton-Park. Single from \$9.85. Double from \$13.85. For Insured Reservations call a travel agent, any Sheraton Hotel or Sheraton Reservation Offices: in New York—CH 4-0700, Chicago—SU 7-4585, Los Angeles—DU 2-8408.

WASHINGTON'S

***Sheraton-Park* Hotel & new Motor Inn**
2660 CONNECTICUT AVENUE

must be the most enchanting small museum in the world—a Museum of Childhood, which does for toys and all the lineaments of childhood what the Louvre does for painting.

To the north, the Castle Rock falls dizzily and steeply down to a quite different Edinburgh—the New Town, which, for its time, was a quite extraordinary creation. In the early eighteenth century, the population of the city was crowded rowdily into the Old Town, within the precincts of the Castle. To the north lay open fields. Suddenly, as though the capital had decided to realize a new dignity, plans were advanced, and eventually accepted, for a whole new dimension of the city on this open ground—a scheme of elegant proportions. In 1778, work began under the auspices of James Craig and the architect Robert Adam, a member of the famous architectural family. The New Town was conceived not as a system of separate houses but as three parallel broad streets, each with an entirely distinct and gracefully designed façade—George Street as the spine, Queen Street looking to the north and the river, Princes Street as a terrace with a view of the Castle and the Old Town. It takes only a walk today to realize how magnificently successful the scheme was; the New Town gave Edinburgh another side to its character. The Old Town was crowded, intimate, comic, and cramped; the New Town, in contrast, was studied, graceful, aloof, and expansive. The architectural contradictions exist to this day, and Robert Adam is famous as a synonym for elegance. The New Town is part of the reason for the reputation that Edinburgh people have in Scotland of being haughty, aloof, nose-in-the-air; the Old Town, however, gives the lie to the legend. Between them stretches the green expanse of Princes Street Gardens, in the shadow of the Castle—a river of green that ought, ideally, to be full of water, as once it was. Instead, through it run the main railway lines to London, Glasgow, and the north. Anyone with half an eye would wish to turn the tracks into water, for water always gives shape and setting to a city, but Edinburgh, being truthful to its time, substitutes smoke for water, and for me, in memory, always remains the city of trains, of mournful whistles in the windy night, of arrivals and departures.

Princes Street has become a kind of Edinburgh tradition. On Saturday mornings, the idle, the curious, and the visitor make a point of walking it from



Parfum

à Gogo

An advertisement in the public interest from Hattie Carnegie.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Mavest's new vintage of sports coat: burgundy plaid, crisp and cool in Dacron polyester and cotton from Galey & Lord. For nearest retailer write us at 1407 Broadway, New York.



Galey & Lord

THE MEN'S STORE
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

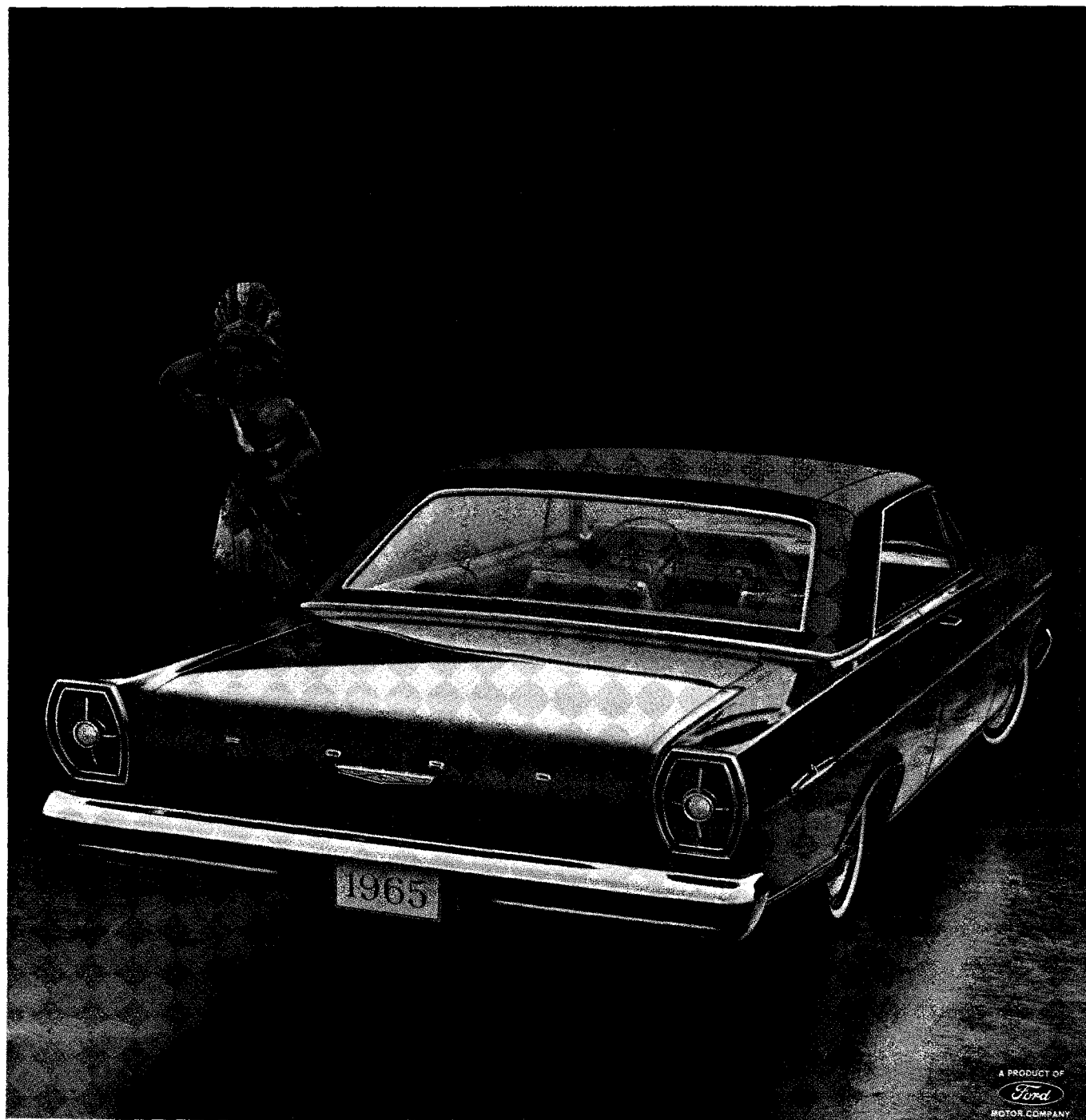


OUR NEW COLLECTION OF COUNTRY SUEDE HATS

The best looking protection for every outdoor occasion, our suede leather hats with the newest shaped crowns and handsome brim stitching. We show three from a collection selected from both here and abroad: a western style in taupe sheepskin; an exclusive style in natural tan crushable French kidskin and black calf leather in an exclusive style. Each, 20.00. Men's Hats.

end to end; on the mornings of the international Rugby matches between Scotland and the other home countries, it fills up with exuberant Welshmen, jocular Irishmen, or phlegmatic Englishmen. Its shops have a fat-of-the-land extravagance about them, and it boasts more shoeshops than I have ever seen concentrated in such a short distance. Over it towers an incredible Gothic pinnacle of a monument to Sir Walter Scott, and at its eastern end, on the Calton Hill, there is an improbable uncompleted replica of the Parthenon, which probably goes toward justifying Edinburgh's title of the Athens of the North, even though the title seems fairly preposterous today. When we came to Edinburgh as children, we always had some museum or monument in our sights, and they seemed to be inexhaustible; this time, walking about, I had several *déjà-vu* moments, mostly to do with monuments. Edinburgh is very much of a walking city, all the more absorbing because of the sudden change of atmosphere between its Old and New Towns. It holds all kinds of surprises, the most famous probably being the gun that is fired from the Castle ramparts every day on the stroke of one o'clock. At the sound of it, strangers generally jump a foot in the air, while the local citizenry calmly adjust their watches. When I was a boy at George Heriot's School, I used to have, from my corner of our classroom, a clear view of the rampart from which the gun was fired. Just a fraction of a second before the sound arrived, I used to see smoke puff out (my initiation into the mysteries of sound and





A PRODUCT OF

 MOTOR COMPANY

THE TOTAL PERFORMANCE FORD GALAXIE 500/XL HARDTOP

There have been three history-making investments:

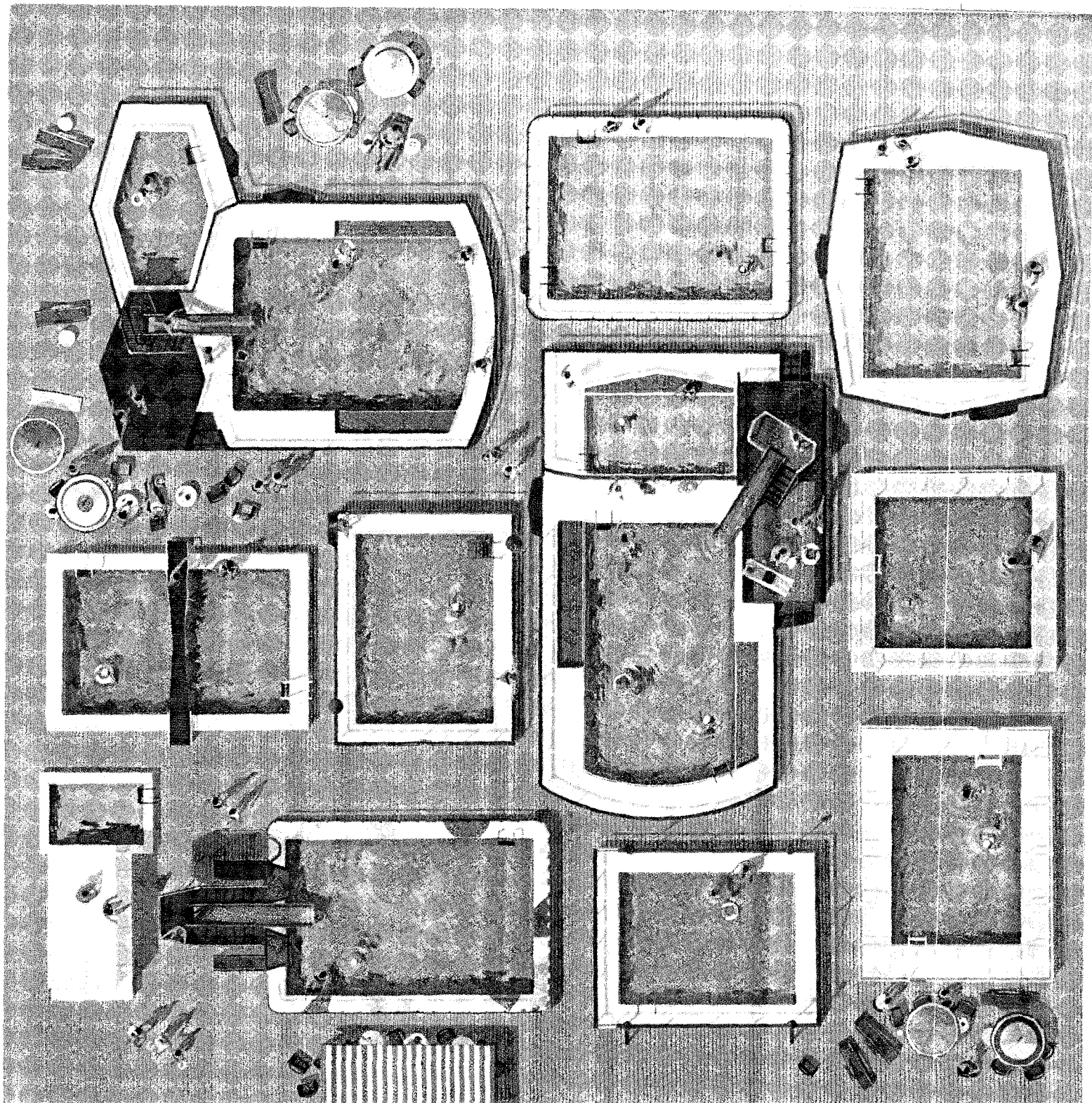
Manhattan Island, the Louisiana Purchase, and the 1965 Ford.

Consider: new, stronger, quieter body; new, smoother riding suspension; new, elegant styling; child-proof vinyl and nylon fabrics, thick wall-to-wall carpeting; self-adjusting brakes and valves; battery-saving alternator and the best rustproofing and paint job in the business. Drive this car. Experience its amazing quiet and luxury. Then check the resale prices of recent Ford XLs for further proof that this is *the* automotive investment of the year.

Best year yet to go Ford!
Test Drive Total Performance '65

FORD

MUSTANG • FALCON • FAIRLANE
 FORD • THUNDERBIRD



Pools, anyone? Italian Line has the most—all outdoors.

We already have *more* salt-water-filled, sun-drenched outdoor swimming pools than all the ships of any other fleet afloat:

5 on the Leonardo da Vinci, 2 of which are reserved exclusively for small fry; 4 on the Cristoforo Colombo, 1 of which is strictly for children; 2 each on the Saturnia and Vulcania. Soon, when the magnificent new superliners Michelangelo and Raffaello join us, we'll be simply *swimming* in outdoor swimming pools.

With good reason. Our Sunny Southern Route to Europe runs an average of some 300 miles closer to the Equator...through the fair-

weather system called the Bermuda High. Warmer in winter. Less humid in summer. And the sea is calmer all year around.

Italian Line offers you *more* of everything you travel for. Activities aboard our ships rival those of the world's great resort areas. Day and night, you'll unwind your way to Europe as you never have before. In an atmosphere of relaxed elegance. It's an Italian Line tradition.

So is our service, described by a recent passenger as "affectionate." Our English-speaking stewards and stewardesses have years of Italian Line training, serve you with classic grace.

"Lavish" is the way a leading travel magazine described Italian Line food. There are more than 300 international and regional dishes a day to choose from. Our cellars regularly stock a choice of 175 wines, 11 beers from 5 countries. Each served with equal flair.

When the Michelangelo and Raffaello join us in the spring we'll have the newest, most modern fleet to Europe. To learn more about what Italian Line offers, ask your travel agent for an illustrated color brochure, or write us directly. Italian Line, Dept. B-1042, One Whitehall Street, New York 4, N.Y.—Tel: 797-7000.

Mediterranean / Near-East Gala Cruise LEONARDO DA VINCI from New York March 3, 1965 (41 days). From \$1,250 • Mediterranean Festival Cruises from New York: CRISTOFORO COLOMBO December 22 (27 days); SATURNIA December 28 (42 days) (leaves Boston December 29) • Regular transatlantic sailings from New York on LEONARDO DA VINCI, CRISTOFORO COLOMBO, SATURNIA, VULCANIA • And, coming in April, the two new superliners MICHELANGELO and RAFFAELLO

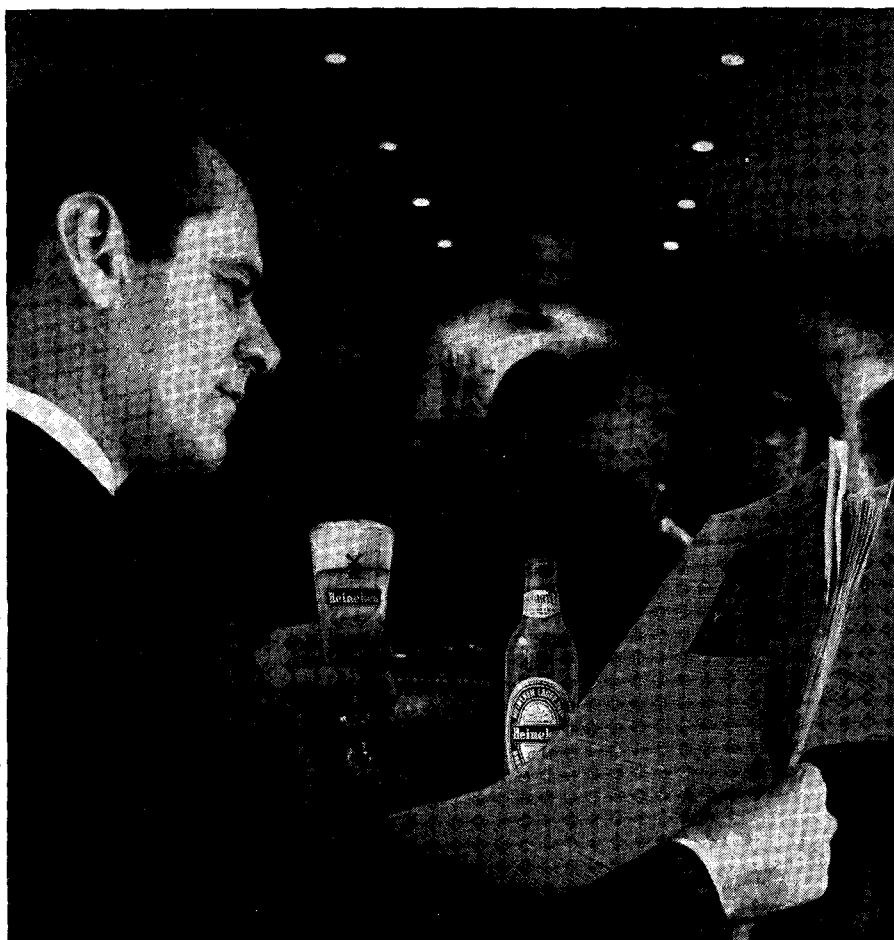
UNWIND YOUR WAY TO EUROPE

Italian Line 

light waves), and I generally managed to grab my books and be in the playground that fraction of a second ahead of my classmates. Nowadays, however, I jump like any stranger.

Such is the topography of Edinburgh. Its proportions are almost perfect, its history is tangibly present, and it has all the majesty of a true capital and infinitely more style than the other large Scottish cities—Aberdeen, Glasgow, and Dundee. The rest of Scotland tends to regard it as a cold, snooty place; some of the resentment is that which always accrues to a capital, for it has all the vast head offices of banks and businesses and no appreciable industry of its own. It still retains from the eighteenth century—a high point in Scottish cultural life—a reputation for elegance and intellectual superiority; it has acquired a certain international renown through its annual festival of the arts; and it does tend to regard itself as fairly exclusive, keeping outsiders on the outside. Within itself, however, it is intimate, cozy, graceful, and restrained, all at once, and it has a familial warmth. In one or two pubs, one can meet almost all the writers that count in Scotland, and the presence of the university gives a kind of lively tingle to the place. Those who make the pilgrimage to Edinburgh—to the university, to school (for Edinburgh boasts a pride of schools), to the large central offices—take some time to be admitted to the life of the place, and often charge the city with a coldness that it does not have, unless it is that of the bitter and incessant east wind. The fact is that Scotland contains such a multitude of temperaments in its small bulk that the Scots find it difficult to have a perspective on themselves and their local habitations. Although I have never really lived in Edinburgh in any settled sense, I have never in my life let much time pass without taking the pleasure of returning to it.

THE division of Scotland that is most commonly made is that between the Highlands and the Lowlands, and this was once as much a linguistic division as anything else. In recent years, however, the Gaelic-speaking population of Scotland has been receding, and the Highlands themselves—bare, mountainous, magnificently wild—have become seriously underpopulated. The Highlanders are Celts, and the Lowlanders are more properly North Britons; the difference in character between the two is enormous. The Highlander is graceful, soft-



Take a little more time with Heineken.

We do.

Heineken beer is aged longer for a very good reason. It tastes better that way. Aging mellows and enhances the flavor. So, why not take a little more time with Heineken? We do.



HEINEKEN, THE FULLY AGED BEER IMPORTED FROM HOLLAND.

GEN. U. S. IMPORTERS: VAN MUNCHING & CO., INC. N.Y., N.Y.



Mr. Lord & Mr. Taylor
have found the epitome of

luxurious coating —

it's cashmere blended with
25% mink fur! Nothing
surpasses this softness
and light weight warmth
by Robert Lawrence —
navy, black or natural, 195.00

The Man's Shop

Tenth Floor, Lord & Taylor
And all suburban stores

Lord & Taylor

The
**KNIZE
TWENTY**



essence of good grooming

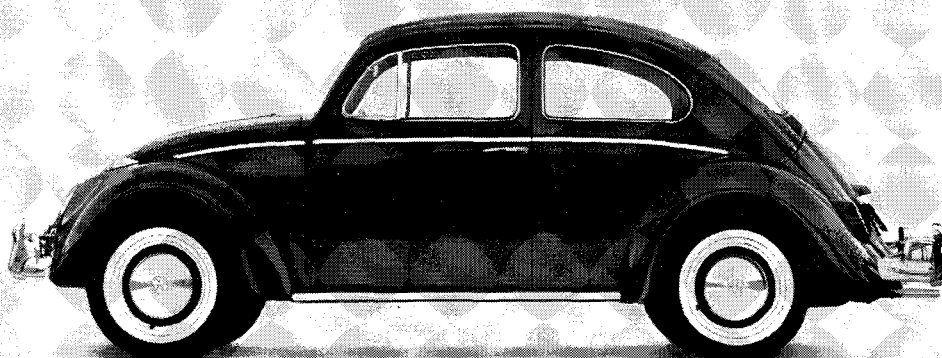
A new and refreshing fragrance for men
in aftershave lotion and eau de cologne
\$3.50 each*, at many of the finest stores

*plus tax

maurel sales co., inc., distributor new york

spoken, proud to arrogant, sly, evasive, and irrational to the point of impossibility; the Lowlander is much more downright and blunt, less attentive to grace than to meaning, hardheaded (even thickheaded), and rational to the point of insensitivity. While the Highlands and the Outer Isles of the Hebrides have always seemed to me the most wondrous landscape on earth—purple, brown, gray, stony—they always look as if they might easily do without human life altogether. Their most serious depopulation took place around the beginning of the nineteenth century, at the time of the Clearances, when small crofters were driven cruelly off their holdings to allow large tracts of land to be turned into sheep farms for absentee English landlords. Many Highlanders emigrated at the time, and even now, in spite of the development of vast hydroelectric schemes, the drift away from the region is so steady that it looks oddly possible for it to be abandoned altogether, except by tourists who come to see a part of the world utterly untouched by human hand.

Gaelic-speaking Scotland runs down the west coast, taking in the Outer and Inner Hebrides, that clutter of toy islands, like Skye, Barra, Rum, Eigg, Coll, Tiree, and Mull, that have been nibbled away from the jagged coastline. In the northeast corner, around Aberdeen, lies one of the most curious parts of the country, brimming with song and legend, threaded with the great distilleries of the Spey valley—a region quite alien to Lowlanders. To the south of Edinburgh spreads the part known as the Borders, a rich, grassy expanse of sheep, salmon, and tweed country, with a trail of ruined abbeys once pillaged by the English. And directly west of Edinburgh, forty miles away on the River Clyde, sprawls the vast, smoky bulk of Glasgow. In Scotland, there is a marked difference between the east and west coasts, and between their temperaments; east-coasters are known for their silence and reserve, west-coasters for a warm and comic directness. The poles of this temperamental opposition are Edinburgh and Glasgow, between which there exists a fierce rivalry on almost every level of life. Glasgow is the ugly, burly, dirty, raucous, brawling industrial center of Scotland, with a population almost three times that of Edinburgh and a blunt, rude-tongued disgust for the capital, which it regards as aloof, unfriendly, and of little consequence. Edinburgh citizens tend to



Presenting America's slowest fastback.

There are some new cars around with very streamlined roofs.

But they are not Volkswagens.

They are called fastbacks, and some of them are named after fish.

You can tell them from Volkswagens because a VW won't go over 72 mph. (Even though the speedometer shows a

wildly optimistic top speed of 90.)

So you can easily break almost any speed law in the country in a VW.

And you can also cruise right past gas stations, repair shops and tire stores.

The VW engine may not be the fastest, but it's among the most advanced. It's made of magnesium alloy (one step better than

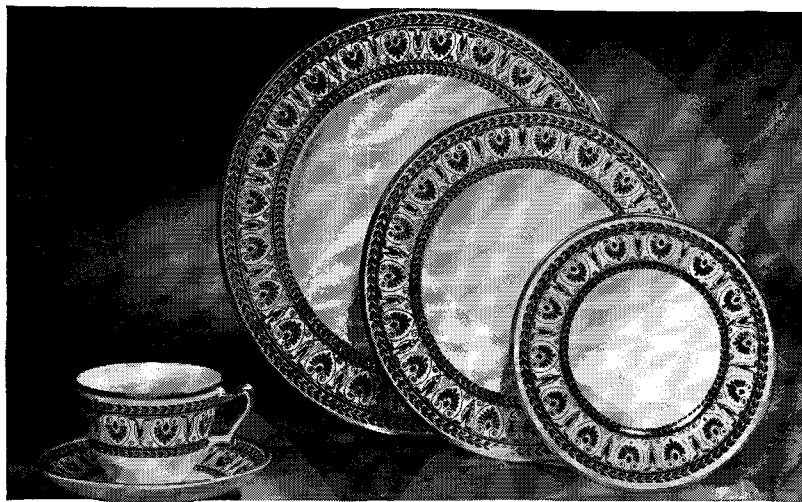
aluminum). And it's so well machined you may never add oil between changes.

The VW engine is cooled by air, so it can never freeze up or boil over.

It won't have anything to do with water.

So we saw no reason to name it after a fish.





We Selected A Sophisticated Pattern For This Magazine

This is a positive design. Crisp. Museum quality state of the art. Named Black Victoria after Victoria and Albert Museum where it was found. An exact reproduction—from an antique cup and saucer. Live in a penthouse? Buy it. If you don't, aspire to one. This service inspires ambition. Only \$25.50 for five piece place setting: dinner plate, salad plate, bread and butter plate, cup and saucer, in whitest white and black Crown Staffordshire bone china, ringing with quality. Write us for other pieces in the service.

Exclusive China Company INC.

1107 BROADWAY • NEW YORK  An affiliate of
NEW YORK 10010  Ellis-Barker Silver Companies

Available at B. Altman & Co. and other fine stores

Compare your brand with the Rare One



J&B Rare scotch whisky

PENNIES MORE IN COST . . . WORLDS APART IN QUALITY

"WORLD'S FINEST" 86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • THE PADDINGTON CORPORATION, N. Y. 20

shudder at the thought of Glasgow and say nothing, and any form of competition between the two cities is uncommonly keen. While I was in Edinburgh, one of the local football clubs, Heart of Midlothian, beat the Glasgow Rangers—who dominate Scottish football—by three goals to nothing. I went into a pub on Rose Street that evening, and the landlord brought me the sporting paper with tears in his eyes. "Ah've waited near five year for this, sir," he said. "And three goals, an' a'—it's better than winning the war."

Most of Scotland's heavy industry is concentrated in and around Glasgow—the giant iron and steel foundries, the docks, the welter of shipyards along the River Clyde—and the belt of central Scotland between Glasgow and Edinburgh is also thick with industry. Scotland's unemployment figures until recently were running at a rate nearly double that of the rest of Britain, and, with something very drastic obviously needing to be done, the Scottish Council, a voluntary organization that since the war has been applying itself to recovering a kind of intelligent economic health for the country, took it upon itself to try to diversify industry and provide more and varied employment. In Edinburgh, I talked with two or three of the Council's representatives, and found them eminently cheerful about the country's prospects. "We set about finding new markets abroad—in the United States, particularly—and we tried to encourage firms from outside Scotland to come and settle here," one of them told me. "This has gone tremendously well, mainly because we have a lot to offer. We have plenty of space for new factories, and, best of all, we have a fairly sophisticated force of skilled workers looking for new jobs. The result has been not only enormous expansion northward on the part of English firms but investments here by over seventy American corporations—and inquiries from others come in almost every day."

I found something of the same good cheer when I dropped in at the offices of the Scottish Tourist Board. Over the last five years, Scotland has become a greener pasture for some five million tourists a year—in spite of its climate but certainly because of its landscape, which can change utterly in the space of ten miles, with the colors, not predominantly green but purple, brown, and the blue of distance, often giving it a weird, unearthly look. The Scots, in addition, love strangers more than themselves, and tourists settle easily

ASTROJET AND ASTROVISION ARE SERVICE MARKS OF AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC.



MGM & SEVEN ARTS PRESENT THE JOHN HUSTON—RAY STARK PRODUCTION "NIGHT OF THE IGUANA" STARRING RICHARD BURTON, AVA GARDNER, DEBORAH KERR AND SUE LYON.

One nice thing about "Astrovision" is, you can ignore it.

Don't get us wrong.

Most people think Astrovision's movies and stereo music are pretty nice on a long flight.

But there are some—especially businessmen with work to do—who are just as glad we included an "off" switch. No one likes to be a captive audience anyway.

That's why we rejected the obvious "let's-put-a-screen-in-the-middle-of-the-aisle" idea, and de-

cided on personalized sets close to your seat, instead. (We don't even darken the cabin.)

And you can just take off your headset and work or read in comfort while others are still watching.

Or, if you prefer, you can switch to stereophonic music.

And we have even more ideas for Astrovision coming; such as live television shots of your own take-off.

Astrovision is already on selected transcontinental flights, and on other major Astrojet routes as well.

The next time you're planning to fly, call American Airlines, or see your travel agent, and ask for reservations on an Astrovision flight.

After all, you can't go wrong.

There's always the "off" switch.

American Airlines

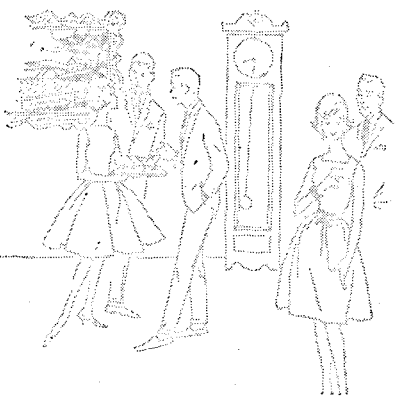
TROUSERED BY CORBIN



ONLY CORBIN MAKES
NATURAL SHOULDER TROUSERS®

PORTFOLIO IX FLANNELS

Corbin has a way with flannels that sets you apart! Premiums in every sense, our handsome new colors harmonize well with your odd jackets and sweaters. Cut in the Corbin manner for calculated comfort. Pleatless fronts. Write for the select store nearest you: Corbin Ltd., Dept. 3A, 385 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N.Y.



into the warm, intimate atmosphere of inns and small Highland hotels with stags' heads on the walls and warming pans in the beds. For the Highlands, tourism has been a godsend, since it has provided the possibility of a livelihood to forgotten villages and crofts that specialize in small, snug rooms and huge, home-baked breakfasts. (A Highland breakfast must be one of the most memorable meals on earth; it is not uncommon to conclude it with a large glass of malt whiskey.) Fish and game are plentiful, and the Highlands are lairds' playgrounds and sportsmen's havens. Recently, too, a variety of small arts festivals have sprung up in the wake of the Edinburgh International Festival, which sets the city on its ear every August, flowered and flagged and teeming with entertainment. Over the eighteen years of its existence, the festival has gained a substantial reputation, although in Scotland itself there is a good deal of bickering about it. The grumpier of the nationalists complain that it is not Scottish enough, while the champions of the arts accuse Edinburgh of being sluggishly indifferent to culture. It has so far survived a series of onslaughts, and has brought Edinburgh a tinge of internationalism such as it had not previously known since the eighteenth century, Scotland being famously parochial. The country is hardly likely to become a tourist center like Switzerland, but tourism is on the up, and has caused local councils to pay a lot more attention to the grooming of towns and countryside, and to provide the kind of facilities that strangers ask for and that the Scots would never think of for themselves.

FIRST CLASS CARRIERS



Discerning people have a special talent for selecting the best. The best in air travel... LUFTHANSA GERMAN AIRLINES. The best in travel goods... SEEGER. From the Seeger collection: duffles, air carry-ons, gladstones and 2 & 4 suiters. World renowned TESTA in olive-brown, black, or sand color Gobi. * \$135 to \$225... at selected stores. See your travel agent for Lufthansa bookings.

SEEGER



"Known the world over as the world's best"

* WATER-REPELLENT ANILINE TREATED COWHIDE

KARL SEEGER • 373 PARK AVENUE SO. • NEW YORK, N. Y.

FOR the Scots, this conglomeration of facts and prospects leads to one question, which, if it is not exactly burning, does at least burst into flame every now and again: How satisfactory is the present state of the union with England, and how does it affect the efficiency of Scotland's functioning as a small nation? All over Scotland, you come across nationalists of various persuasions—some pure romantics, who dwell wistfully on the brighter times in Scotland's past and go about trumpeting the injustices of history, others romantics who hunger for action of some kind. Recently, two young patriots removed the border sign from just outside Berwick, a town whose sovereignty has always been disputed, and replanted it three miles to the south, well into England, and in 1950 there was the famous



Hadley is simple on purpose. Men are complicated enough.

Cardigan sweater in 100% imported cashmere, with full saddle shoulder and narrow self piping border. Small, medium, large, extra large. Fourteen colors. About 42.50. At De Pinna, New York; Harry Jacobson's, Cleveland; Bullock's, Los Angeles, Santa Ana, Westwood and Pasadena. The Hadley Corporation, 1407 Broadway, N. Y. 10018.

DOES THE UPPER REGISTER REALLY REGISTER?

YES! IF THE PIANO IS A MASON & HAMLIN WITH A DUPLEX SCALE. Grand pianos can be expected to sound rich and resonant. Yet in the upper register, where strings are shorter, some of the warmth can fade away.

But in a Mason & Hamlin grand, the treble notes sound clean and clear, thanks to the Duplex scale, a design improvement that reinforces the important harmonics of the treble.

In ordinary grands, just the main or "speaking" part of the treble string is tuned. But Mason & Hamlin also tunes the string length *beyond* the bridge by careful hand-placement of 37 small metal bars called aliquots. This adds to the sonority of the treble and fortifies the balance of the scale.

It shouldn't surprise you that only Mason & Hamlin uses a Duplex scale with hand-placed aliquots for greater clarity in the upper register.

What comes out of a piano is determined by what goes into it. And Mason & Hamlin puts more into a piano than anyone else. More time. More experience. More love.

Mason & Hamlin

East Rochester, N.Y.,  The Signature of Quality Pianos



FOR CATALOG OF
STYLES AVAILABLE
WRITE DEPT. A

INTERLUDE

LIKE LOVE...
MUST BE
EXPERIENCED.

Frances
Denney

INTERLUDE Bath & Body Perfume
also in other fragrance and beauty accessories.



episode of the theft of the Stone of Destiny, on which Scottish kings were once crowned at Scone, from its resting place in Westminster Abbey, whence it was brought back to Scotland. There have been even more violent incidents. When the present Queen ascended to the throne, she horrified a large body of Scots by taking the title of Elizabeth II, a title historically unjustified, since the previous Elizabeth had ruled England only, and not Scotland. When a letter box bearing her new title suddenly blew up in Edinburgh, the title disappeared discreetly from Scottish mail vans and was replaced by a crown. Squabbles and small incidents have always gone on; Wendy Wood explained to me how the Scottish Patriots stamp English banknotes with the legend "Home Rule for Scotland" and are ready to agitate over every sign of Scotland's being slighted. Nationalism of the bagpipe-and-haggis, self-pitying variety can become a bit tiresome, but there are many hardheaded Scots who, without particularly moaning through their bagpipes, see the present administration of Scottish affairs from London as being both clumsy and unsatisfactory. The issue of home rule has cropped up fairly regularly in the past; some twenty-two home-rule bills have been before the House of Commons at one time or another. The difference between the past and the present is that Scotland is on the way to developing a quite independent economic health, which gives the notion of handling its own affairs a much firmer basis in reality.

Briefly, what happens at present is that Scotland is administered from St. Andrew's House, in Edinburgh, the seat of the Scottish Home Department and the Departments of Agriculture, Health, and Education, the heads of which report to the Secretary of State





Every gentleman needs a lady, ancestors, a globe and a shirt of English Viyella.®

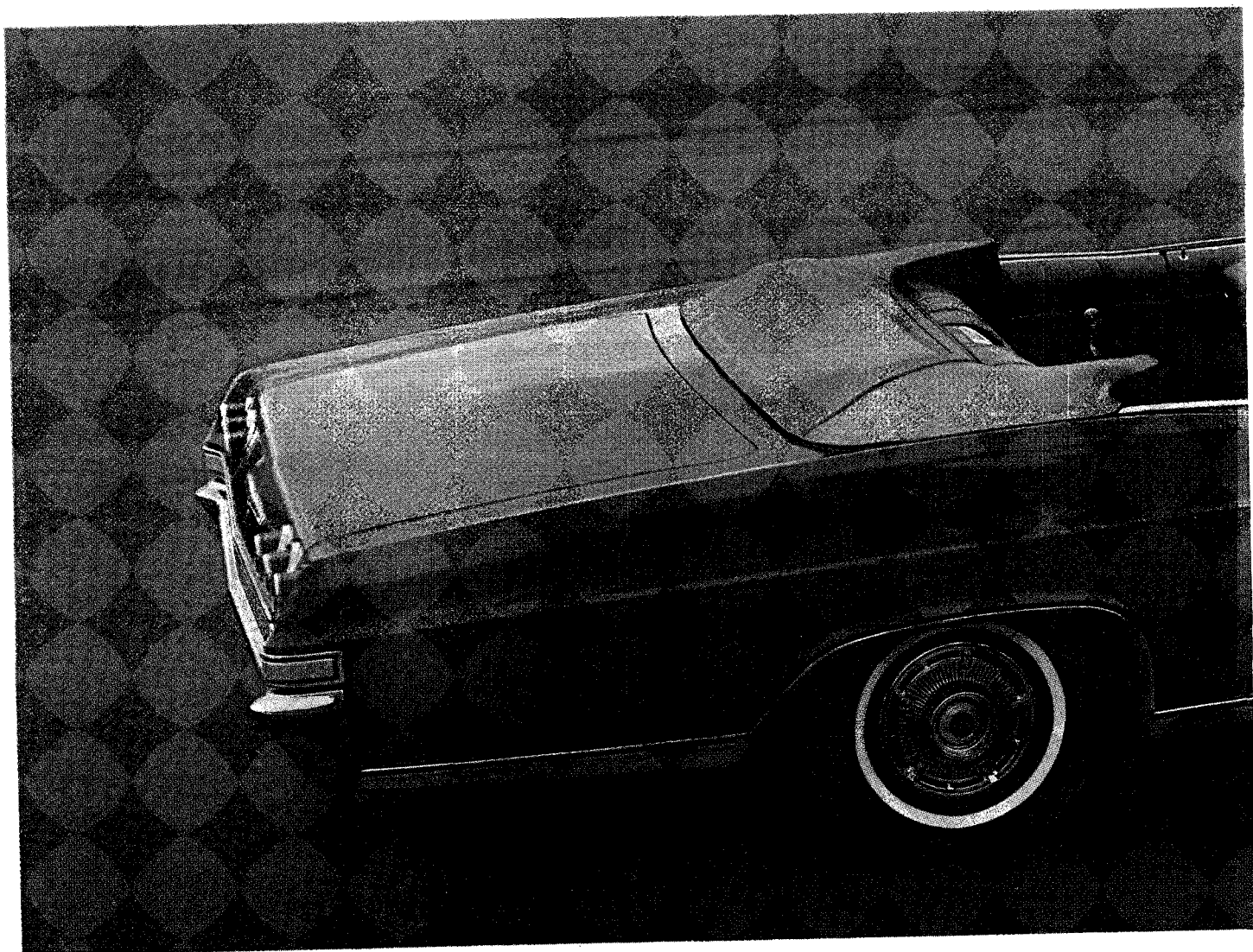
After you've worn Viyella awhile, you'll understand why so many gentlemen consider it a necessity. This remarkable shirting is light, soft, cozy, warm and sturdy. The more you wear it, the better it looks. □ Viyella was invented in Great Britain 69 years ago, and has never been changed. There is no reason why it should. It *has* been imitated, but never with success. Nothing that sounds like it or looks like it will perform like it. Viyella is a unique blend of 55% pedigreed lamb's wool and 45%

Manhattan

cotton. After dozens of launderings, your Manhattan® Viyella shirt becomes softer. The colors mellow, never fade. There is no shrinkage. □ Viyella is very much at home in elegant settings. But you don't need "ancestors," or a globe to enjoy wearing a Viyella shirt. All any gentleman—or lady—needs is the price, and the good sense to buy one.

Lady Manhattan

Traditional tartans, plaids, solids, and new heather tones. The gentleman's shirt, \$18.85; in solid colors, \$14.95. Ladies' shirt, \$12.95.



'65 CHEVROLET—In a moment this car

For the next few paragraphs we'd like to skip the superlatives, stay with the facts, and take you through what we hope will be your next automobile.

Now that you've seen the outside, kick off your shoes and come on in. Let your toes be the first to know that those high-priced luxury cars are in for a real battle this year.

Carpeting from looms of luxury

We've always done a lot of bragging about our $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch-thick deep-twist carpeting—and for good reason. Every color-keyed inch of it takes to toes like expensive slippers. Even the stowage compartment in the Super Sport floor console is carpeted. Your

sunglasses never had it so good.

Electric clocks and Stereo

We played it straight with the instrument panel. It runs neatly, without a jog, from one end of the new flush-mounted (no-rubber-showing-anywhere) windshield to the other.

Within the newly designed recessed instrument cluster itself, there's an electric clock with a sweep second hand in all Impala models. The clock, along with radio and heater controls, is centrally located for both you and

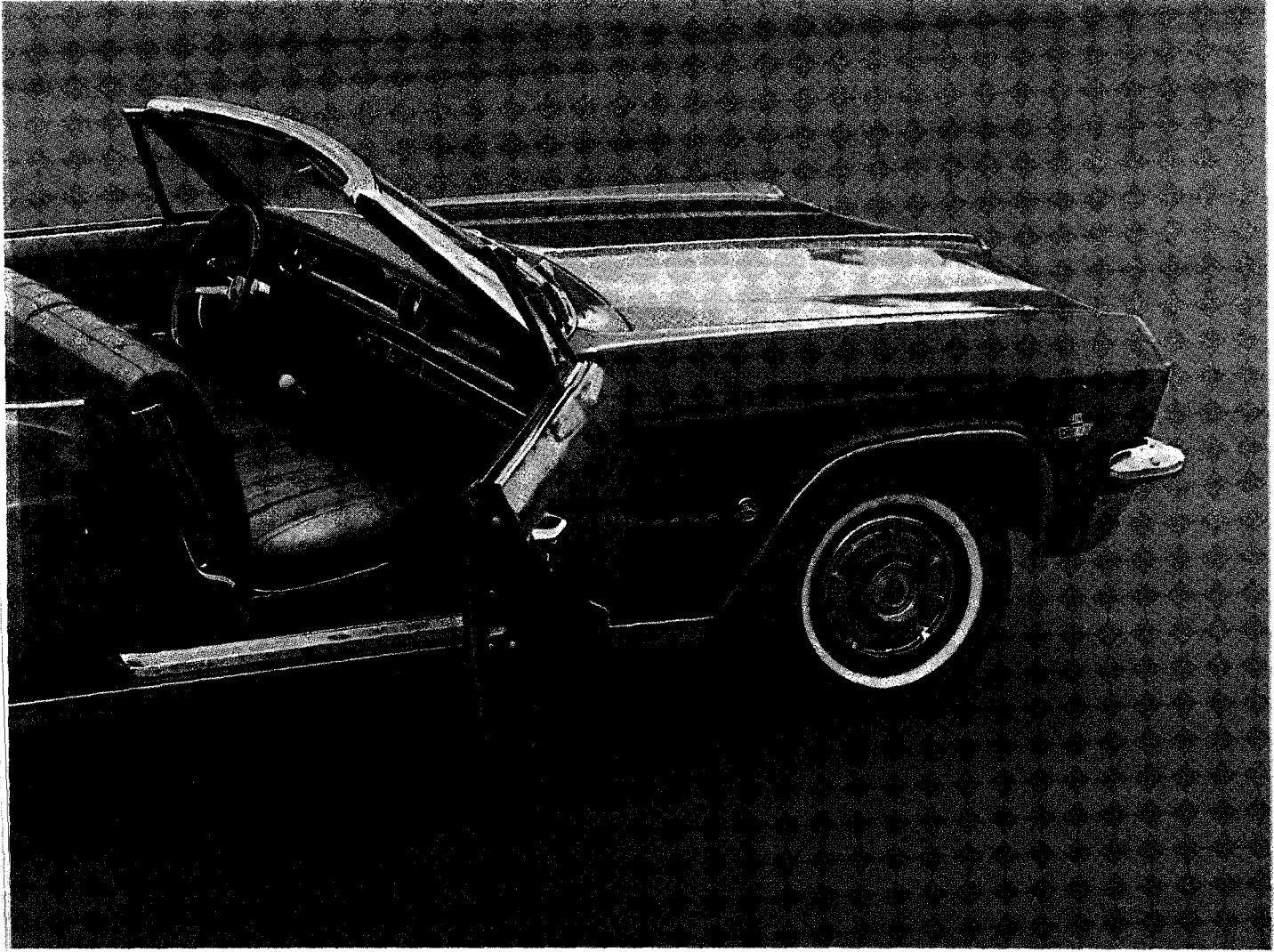
your passengers. The entire area you're looking at now is subtly two-toned in your choice of seven new interior colors. And, for the first time ever, you can order a pushbutton AM-FM Stereo radio with multiple rear speakers that are strictly high-toned.

Below all this, there's a sporty full-width panel decorated with simulated walnut.

16 yards of pure comfort

There're about 16 sq. yards of vinyl inside this Impala convertible. That's

'65 Impala Convertible. Your next automobile?



will face its most critical inspector. You.

enough material, in case you're interested, to make up to ten women's sheath dresses. Underneath your seat there are nearly two inches of extra-thick foam cushioning and a set of springs that would do the easiest of easy chairs proud.

Put all that on top of a new Full Coil suspension system and over 700 shock and sound absorbers and you're not just sitting in luxury, you're practically floating in it.

More room, too

There're over 3 more inches of shoulder

room in the front of this car. More in the back, too.

There's more "stretch-out" space. Our engineers, realizing that not too many people were getting any shorter, moved the engine forward (which is no lightweight) and designed a rugged new full-width frame. This all helped to shrink the forward and rear floor tunnels by up to 25 and 27% respectively. Now that's a lot of work for a couple of inches, but we thought you were worth it.

You'll also notice that in the rear,

there's now a tempered *glass* convertible window. It replaces plastic and pretty well sums up our story on the '65 Chevrolet.

We think it's the *best* we've ever built. And we hope you'll allow us that *one* superlative.

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.





Bahamian night life is a dusk-to-dawn affair. Photograph by Roy Round.

In Nassau, 'over the hill' is pretty far out

To go 'over the hill' in Nassau is an exuberant experience. What's involved is to drift from one night club to another. Unless you become hopelessly involved in the first.

This is very apt to happen if an uninhibited drummer is warming up the evening with his goombay drums at your first port of call. But no matter which, or how many, clubs you enter, you'll be greeted by an atmosphere of infectious good humour, and far out music that will instruct your feet in remarkable dancing skills.

When cheerful exhaustion, or dawn, draw you home to the easy comfort of your resort hotel, discover another singular Bahamian experience. Walk along a flawless curve of beach, where the only sounds are the lapping of the

sea and the sighing of trade breezes through the palms.

With their sparkling night clubs and serene nights, the Bahamas are just the place to warm up your winter. Nor are they far away—just 2½ hours by air from New York, as little as thirty minutes from Miami. For help in planning your escape, write to the Bahamas Ministry of Tourism, Dept. OA, 620 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10020, or call PL 7-1611. Then be sure to see your Travel Agent.

BY SEA: From New York—The S.S. Homeric sails Saturdays at 4 P.M. 7-day cruises (2 days and a night in Nassau) from \$155. Home Lines, 42 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10004. . . From Miami—The S.S. Bahama Star sails each Monday and Friday at 4:45 P.M. 3-day weekend cruises (2 days and a night in Nassau) from \$59. 4-day cruises from \$69. Eastern Steamship Lines, Miami, Fla. 33101.

BY AIR: Direct, daily flights from New York (2½ hours); Miami (as little as 30 minutes) and other principal Florida cities. Direct service from Toronto and Montreal.

Resort Islands of the



Bahamas

for Scotland, a Minister of Cabinet rank who occupies the Scottish Office in London, and who, with his under-secretaries, works through the government ministries in Whitehall. In the House of Commons, Scotland is represented by seventy-one M.P.s, and it is over their situation that most of the argument develops, for they are inevitably party men—Conservative, Labour, or Liberal (the Scottish National Party still contests elections in Scotland, and draws a fair percentage of local votes, but not since 1945 has it sent a representative to Westminster)—and vote with their parties on major issues. The difficulty arises when local Scottish affairs are brought up in the House, since the Scottish M.P.s are in such a minority there that their local concerns tend to be pushed aside, and English M.P.s usually desert the House when Scottish questions are on the floor. At the same time, the Scottish Members represent Scotland's interests in such national matters as defense, foreign policy, and government spending—and it is this last that causes most of the grousing, for, considering what Scotland contributes to the national revenue through taxes, the feeling is that the country should receive considerably more than this back in government subsidy, and with industrial prospects so much brighter, this has become a major point of contention between the two countries. What with all this and the continuing administrative confusion, the idea of a separate regional Parliament for Scotland, sitting in Edinburgh and dealing with Scottish affairs, has been gaining a lot of ground of late, not as the whim of a fanatical fringe but as the considered opinion of those who have been reading the omens and looking clearly at the future. The question is not so much one of making Scotland a separate country as of giving Scotland much more responsibility for itself.

BEHIND all this is the peculiarity of the Scottish character, and there is probably more whigmaleerie written about that than about anything else. Scots are supposed to be dour, canny, pawky, coarse, fly, stingy, pedantic, moralistic, and drunken all at once, combining the severity of Calvin with the lasciviousness of Burns. They are characterized as a mixture of the legendary Sawney Bean, the grotesque Galloway rogue who consumed human corpses and lived in a cave, and David Livingstone (an ancestor of mine), who darned his own frock coat neatly in the African jungle. They are, as the



The imported one

BEEFEATER BEEFEATER.

Martini Men
appreciate the
identifiable
excellence
of imported
BEEFEATER GIN



94 PROOF • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND, N. Y.

We haven't forgotten your lady.
It's true that Sulka
is primarily a man's store,
but when we made our
tailored English cotton poplin raincoat
we thought how nice
it would be if we made one for her too.
So we did. \$55.00 each.
Come by and take a look at them.
We'd be happy to serve you.
If you can't drop by, we'd be delighted to send
you our catalogue.

A. Sulka & Company

NEW YORK: 405 PARK AVENUE, PLAZA 8-3030
CHICAGO: 4 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, FRANKLIN 2-1425
SAN FRANCISCO: 278 POST STREET, DOUGLAS 2-3450
PALM BEACH: 305 WORTH AVENUE, TEMPLE 2-2162



saying goes, like dung—no good unless spread—and there is no doubt that Scots do get spread to a quite amazing degree over the face of the earth. There has always been a drift away from the stony barrenness of the home ground out into the expansive world; yet for wandering Scots the homeland never quite disappears. The odd thing is that almost everything said about the Scots is true, but never the whole truth—their character has so many sides to it. Dr. Johnson had a wonderfully eloquent dislike of the Scots ("The noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads him to England"), and even today certain of their qualities make English hackles rise. The greatest Scot-hater of all time was a journalist, T. W. H. Crosland, who in 1902 published a masterpiece of vituperation, "The Unspeakable Scot." Some of it is worth quoting, if only for the virulence of the prose:

Your proper child of Caledonia believes in his rickety bones that he is the salt of the earth. He is the bandy-legged lout from Tullietudlescleugh who, after a childhood of intimacy with the cesspool and the crablouse, and twelve months at "the college" on moneys wrung from the diet of his family, drops his threadbare kilt and comes South in a slop suit to instruct the English in the arts of civilization and in the English language. And because he is Scotch and the Scotch superstition is heavy on our Southern lands, England will forthwith give him a chance, for an English chance is his birthright. . . .

When a Scotchman's parents decide that he shall be neither a minister or a journalist, or when a wee laddie who has been dedicated to one or other of these offices kicks over the traces, or turns out something of a failure, there are still splendid openings for him. Far away to the South stretches that land of milk and honey—England—and there is scarcely a square mile of it whereon you do not find either a shop or a bank or a factory, or some other "hive of industry" created, of course, for the special benefit of Scotchmen. . . .

I do not think it is an exaggeration to describe England as a Scot-ridden country. . . .

There is no kind of man in the world who makes the drinking of furious spirit a *cultus* and a boast in the way that the Scotchman does. . . .

Whether he be a Highlander or a Lowlander or a mongrel, as he mostly is, it is just the same. He is Scotch, and compounded for the most part of savage. . . .

The Scotch are in point of fact quite the dullest race of white men in the world, and they "knock along" simply by virtue of the Scottish superstition, coupled with plod, thrift, a gravid manner, and the ordinary endowments of mediocrity. . . .

Crosland's book sold in great quantities, especially in Scotland, where it was greatly enjoyed. What is particu-



84 PROOF

IMPORTED BY PARK, BENZIGER & CO. INC. NEW YORK

More than meets the eye Election coverage on the CBS Owned television stations— Channel 2 in New York, Los Angeles and Chicago; Channel 10 in Philadelphia; Channel 4 in St. Louis—will be the most professional, the most exhaustively expert in the history of journalism. But what's not on the screen is equally indicative of the scope of the community service the CBS Owned stations perform. This year, for example, as in past election years, each of the five stations prepared comprehensive illustrated local Election Guides, for distribution through civic groups such as the League of Women Voters. The American Heritage Foundation has called this exclusive project "an outstanding contribution" to its campaign to get out the vote.

Add such off-air activities to what's done on the air, and you begin to understand why the CBS Owned television stations are so highly esteemed by opinion leaders and the viewing public in five major American communities. **CBS TELEVISION STATIONS**

A DIVISION OF COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM, INC.

Channel 2 Election Guide

TV10 Election Guide

Channel 4 Election Guide

Channel 2 Election Guide

Channel 2 Election Guide



Our new arrivals from France have the look of suede

A favorite for Fall in vests is the rich look and feel of suede.

Here, our exclusives of a superb cotton and rayon suede cloth with a fine wool knit back. The five-button vest and V-neck pullover in red, olive, gold, black, beige, or gray (the vest also in royal blue). Sizes S, M, L. Each, **7.95**

Men's Store, Street Floor
At all 4 Bloomingdale branch stores

larly amusing is his persistent use of the term "Scotch," in a deliberate attempt to annoy.

To simplify enormously, there are essentially two kinds of Scots—those with a sense of humor and those without. The first accept themselves and their native characteristics without much difficulty, and get on with the business of being alive, be it in Scotland or anywhere else. These are the most successful and agreeable Scots, who never put the matter of being a Scot above the task at hand. Crosland's book must have given them great pleasure, for it took a sledgehammer to their more dour compatriots. The cheerful Scot is a fairly even-tempered citizen of the world—but, oh, his woeful countrymen, with a rocky, heathery chip on their bowed shoulders, ginning over their lot! Tartan blood runs sluggishly through their veins, which bleed steadily; bitterness bogs down their oatmeal souls; and a mixture of whiskey and sentimentality starts the tears in their bloodshot eyes. Out come the old, quavering songs, the despairing clichés, the wailings, the grumps. "Here's tae us; wha's like us? Damn few, and they're a' deed!" It is a sorry thing, this inferiority, which breeds a compensatory puffed-up superiority. In it, meanness is all, and it makes of all things Scottish a miserable mockery, whether it is the exile sighing wistfully for "the lone shieling in the misty islands"—a hut or small cottage, that is, and a place where, were he to see it in fact, he would almost certainly refuse to live—or the native Scot sitting down on January 25th to celebrate Burns' birthday, gorged with whiskey and haggis, and grinding out the doom-laden clichés he has chosen to isolate from the works of the National Bard. Burns was a splendid poet, but what sins of mawkish misinterpretation have been committed in his name, for the humorless, bothy Scot loves a cliché not merely of language but of feeling. "See ye the morn, Sandy, if we're spared." "Aye, Wullie, if we're spared."

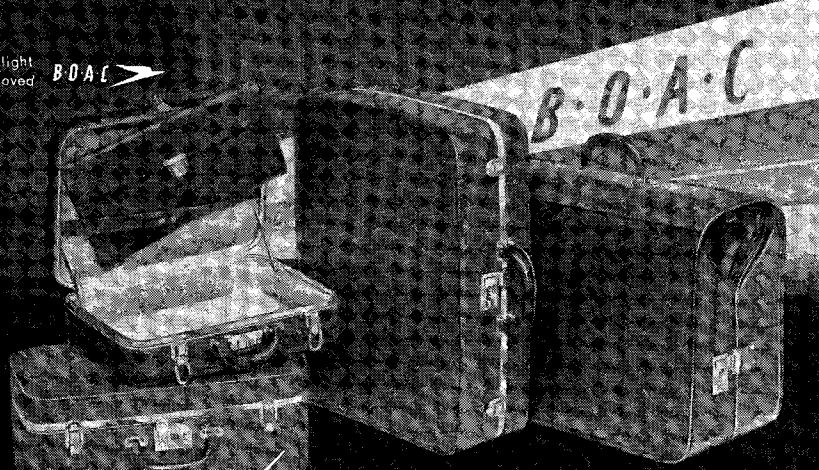
Doom. There is no doubt that all Scots grow up with some sense of it, springing in part from the landscape, in part from their education, in part from the Scottish Church, and in part from the heavy weight of history. Scottish history is a chronicle of constant and bloody struggle, if not against the English, then internally; one cannot read it even now without a sense of utter exhaustion. One of the bitterest periods of all was the sixteenth century, the period of the Reformation, which in

SOFT SIDED MATCHED MATES FOR HIM AND HER

From the **VENTURA** *Collection*

27 SIZES FOR EVERY TRAVEL NEED IN 9 FASHION COLORS
FROM \$19.95 TO \$90 MATCHING TRUNKS TO \$325

Flight Approved **BOAC**



Ventura
So High in Fashion... So Light in Weight

Travel plans start with Ventura, choice of discriminating travelers. In scuff-resistant "Dura-Vinyl"... structural aluminum frames and other quality luggage features.

Extra security personal **Keyless Combination Locks**.

Shown above, selections from the gentlemen's collection.

Brochure on request... Dept. N.Y., Ventura Travelware, New York 3, N.Y.

Let yourself go in 14 places.

Count 'em. Nassau. Bermuda. Jamaica. St. Kitts. Antigua. Guadeloupe. Dominica. Martinique. St. Lucia. Barbados. St. Vincent. Grenada. Trinidad. Tobago. Fourteen beautiful, limbo-happy, snorkeling-crazy, I-never-want-to-go-home places.

You can fly to anyone of them with BOAC and BWIA. Together, we go to more Caribbean islands than any other airline. And we go there for very little money: \$95 round trip to Bermuda (on the 9:00 P.M. jet-prop Britannia). \$115 round trip to Nassau. \$159 to Jamaica. (Both on Rolls-Royce 707 fan jets. Both 17-day mid-week economy fares effective through Dec. 15.)

If you like tours, well, you've turned to the right page. We've got folders full of them. Fabulous tours to any island—or combination of

islands — you can think of. Short tours. Long tours. Extravagant tours. Low-cost tours (a 7-day holiday in Jamaica and Nassau will run you \$275*, including most meals, ocean-side hotel, transfers, the works). For all the facts, see your Travel Agent, or cut it out.

*Hotel rates based on double occupancy.

British Overseas Airways Corporation
Dept. BNJ-4
530 Fifth Ave., New York 10036 • MU 7-1600
I want to let myself go in the islands. Won't you help me, BOAC? Send me your helpful "Island Hop" tour folder. But please hurry. I look so pale.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

ZIP CODE _____ PHONE _____

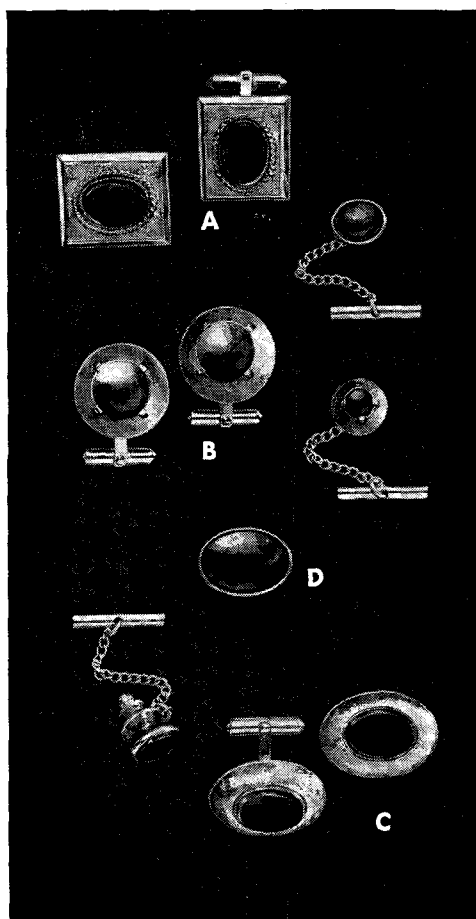
0719

All over the world BOAC
takes good care of you

B·O·A·C
AND
B·O·A·C·CUNARD

SERVICES OPERATED FOR BOAC-CUNARD BY BOAC.

BWIA
BRITISH WEST INDIAN AIRWAYS



the opulence of Brazilian black onyx

...fashioned into men's jewelry of lasting elegance by Destino. All in handsome Florentine finish gold tone settings. Cuff links and tie clip sets, each, **13.75**. Cuff links separately, **11.00**. A. The Grande. B. The Belmonte. C. The Conquista. D. The Classico tie clip, **5.50**. All prices include Fed. tax.

wallachs

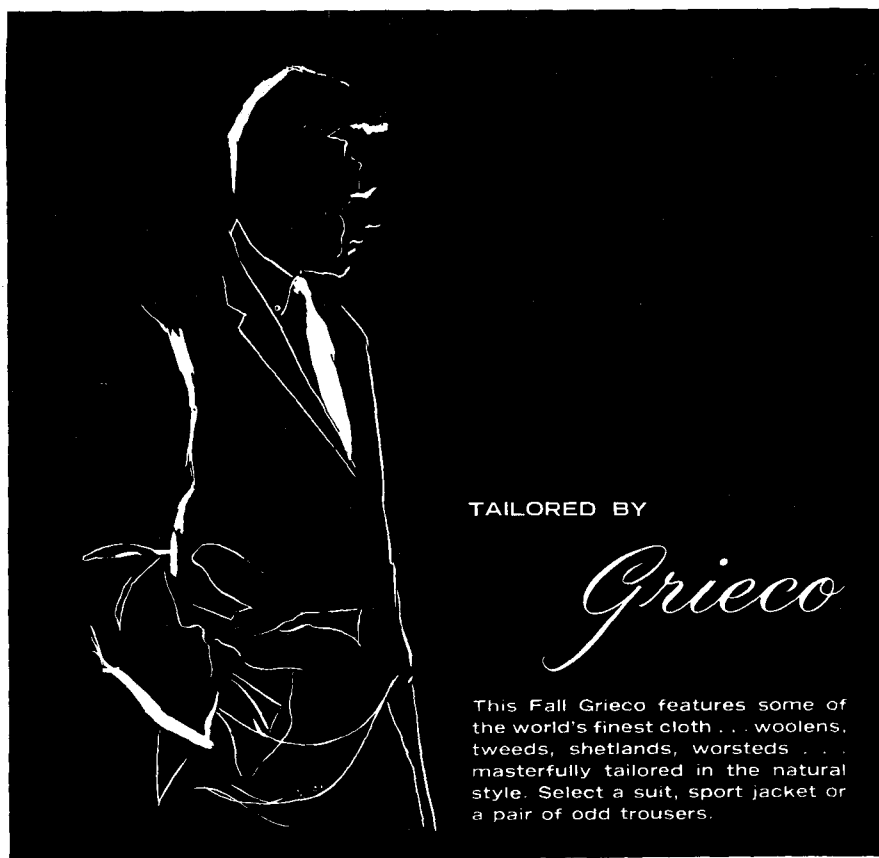
15 Fine Men's Stores in
Greater N.Y. and N.J.

Also at Baskin, Chicago
Hastings, San Francisco
Silverwoods, Los Angeles

Scotland took a violently different turn from Henry VIII's cynical throwing off of Rome. In Scotland, John Knox thundered Calvinism across the country, intent on casting out Papist corruption and establishing a truly reformed church, without bishops and administered instead by a presbytery. A whole century of religious confusion and bitter violence followed before the Scots were allowed their own form of Presbyterianism—a grim and stark one, which was won by blood and was maintained by the severest of disciplines. The shadow of Calvin still lies heavy on the land, frowning on pleasure, making a barren waste of Sunday, and insisting that life is something to be endured rather than enjoyed. There is no doubt that Calvinism appealed to the sense of hard logic with which Lowland Scots are endowed; it does not, however, take much regard of their flights of wild joy.

Scottish education has always enjoyed a formidable reputation, and Edinburgh especially is extravagantly endowed with schools, the graduates of which have found their way into many positions of eminence, particularly in England. But, again, Scottish schooling is a curiously stark business. When I was at school, we buckled down to a great, indigestible mass of sheer substance, so that today I find myself knowing things that I never realized I was taking in at the time. For me, Greek irregular verbs are unforgettable, simply because if we had not memorized our quota on any particular day we were given a good dose of the "taws," a broad leather strap, by a great brute of a classics master. And later, when I attended the University of St. Andrew's, it was to find that the curriculum had apparently not been changed much since its founding, in 1411. In silent revolt, we educated ourselves, running riotously around the library shelves; we came out educated, all right, but more in spite of the system than because of it.

So, the highroad to England. It is far from surprising that Crosland, even in his day, found London clogged with Scots. There was a time for all of us when Scotland seemed to shrink to the size of a parish and grow intolerably small, when its self-conscious disregard of the rest of the world was too stifling to endure, when life promised more than Rugby, ranting, and beery parochialism. That this realization dawns regularly on Scotsmen can certainly be shown by the number of Scots who crop up in every kind



TAILORED BY

Grieco

This Fall Grieco features some of the world's finest cloth... woollens, tweeds, shetlands, worsteds... masterfully tailored in the natural style. Select a suit, sport jacket or a pair of odd trousers.

The Country Squire.....Palo Alto, Cal.
De Pinna.....New York, N. Y.
Hirsh-Gates.....Richmond, Va.
Levy's.....Nashville, Tenn.

Hubert W. White, Inc.....Minneapolis-St. Paul, Minn.

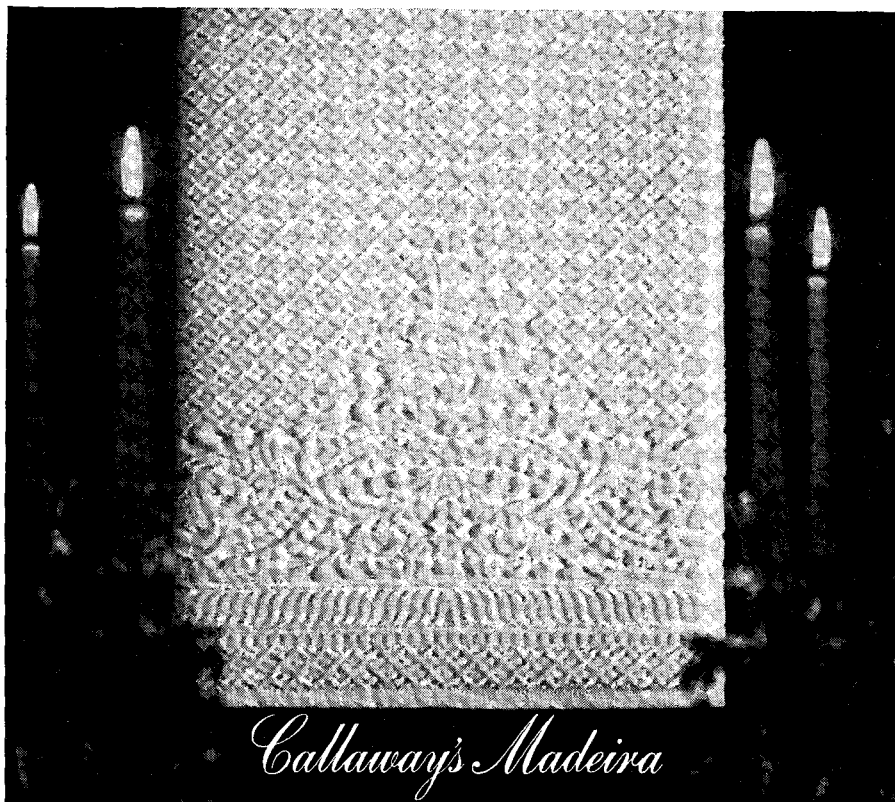
Muse's Traditional Shop.....Atlanta, Ga.
Howard Peterson.....San Jose, Cal.
Phelps-Terkel.....Los Angeles, Cal.
Schupp and Snyder.....Louisville, Ky.

For stores in other cities write: GRIECO BROS., INC., 1290 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK 10019

**Just when
did you start
wearing
Excello shirts,
Mr. President?**

Well, now let me see...it was a few years ago when I was just starting out. My boss (the former President) was over for dinner. During cocktails, I spilled a martini on his shirt. Diplomatically, my wife remarked how good-looking his shirt was. "Oh, you mean my \$7.95 Excello Consul" he said and started raving about the wonderful colors, the fuller, more fashionable collar and tapered styling. Then he told me how he hated "yes men" and that he could always tell a real individual who was really going places by his Excello shirt! The next day, I bought a half dozen. Excello, 390 Fifth Ave., N. Y. Another fine product of Kayser-Roth

Excello



Impeccable elegance in a revival of a classic continental look. Madeira, "Label of Luxury"® reversible jacquard in 12 colors. At Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago and other fine stores. Callaway Mills, Inc., La Grange, Ga.



Soak in fragrance

while Aurore, the new Dr. Payot bath and body perfume moisturizes and silken's your skin. After the bath, use Aurore as a perfume. Half-ounce, 5.00, ounce, 8.50 Plus tax. Lord & Taylor, New York

of circle in London. No wonder Crosland felt himself put upon by Scots, for they were there, all right, and it is still a matter of glee to the Scots—and possibly of despair to the English—how successful has been their infiltration of the English scene. Sir Harold Macmillan, the former Prime Minister, is a Scot, and his Cabinet was studded with his countrymen; his successor, Sir Alec Douglas-Home, is by way of being a Border farmer. On the other hand, the bitter plea of Englishmen like Crosland for the Scots to stay at home is now being echoed with much more concern by bodies like the Scottish Council. Their hope is that, given some scope and some control, intelligent Scotsmen will stop regarding the highroad to England and points beyond as an inevitable progression.

ONE of the great misunderstandings and confusions about Scotland, both outside and inside, has been that surrounding the language. "What exactly do you speak in Scotland?" Europeans have often asked me, and it is very hard to give a precise answer. In the first place, Gaelic, though a minority language, has its own literature and continues to have its own separate, healthy life. It is the language of the rest of the country that is so ambiguous, for it involves a kind of bilinguality. After the Norman Conquest, when French and Anglo-Saxon in the south gradually fused to become English, a form of this fusion—the Northern dialect—slowly spread into Scotland, where it was known as "Scots," while Gaelic receded farther north. By the sixteenth century, both English and the Northern dialect were fairly well established, and had been given definition by literature. But following the Union of the Crowns, in 1603, Scotland was drawn into closer connection with England (also, during the Scottish Reformation an English translation of the Bible had to be adopted in Scotland for want of a version in Scots), and English speech began to be taken up as the language of fashion by those Scots who had connections with the court, in London. Nevertheless, Scots had quite a spell of dominance before English began to creep in alongside it. Even though English began to be used formally in the Church and the schools, the common people maintained their Scots, which, however, broke up all over the country into a multitude of dialects. This is where the curious bilinguality of Scotland begins. In the eighteenth cen-



MUMM'S THE WORD FOR CHAMPAGNE

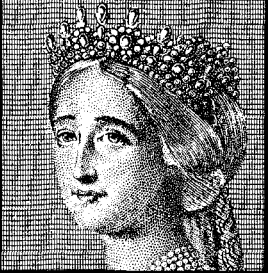
Cordon Rouge and Extra Dry • The classic champagnes of France

G. H. MUMM & CO. STE. VINICOLE DE CHAMPAGNE, SUCCR. • SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., N.Y.C.





1828: The family of Guerlain opened their parfumerie at numéro 15, Rue de Rivoli, Paris. Shortly afterward, the French Foreign Legion was formed.



1852: The Guerlains created an Eau de Cologne for Eugénie, wife of President Louis-Napoléon. Louis-Napoléon renamed himself Napoléon III and declared that the Second Empire had begun.



1889: Ladies throughout France were wearing Guerlain's Jicky. Music, art, and science flourished under the Third Republic.



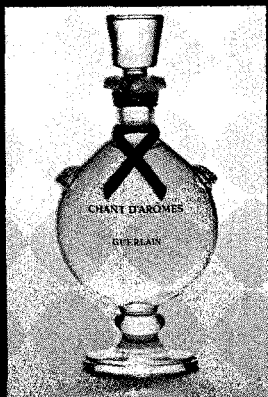
1926: The Guerlains created the inimitable Shalimar. Finance boomed, and the Rolls Royce became a very popular automobile.



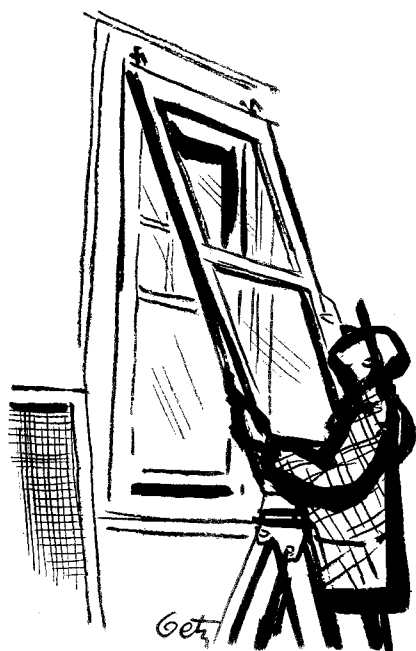
1933: A young dancer wore Guerlain's Sous le Vent. Thousands flocked to the Folies-Bergère.



1964: A new Guerlain fragrance, Chant d'Arômes, has arrived. Now, make some history of your own.



tury, Burns and Scott both wrote in a form of Scots—or, more accurately, in a dialect of it—and in English as well. But from the eighteenth century on, “proper” speech for the Scots has been English, and local or intimate or familial or regional speech has been some form or other of Scots. When we were children in the Borders, for example, we spoke the local dialect with our friends in the town, while at home, since my father was a minister, we spoke “proper,” which meant English, though with a Scots accent. And today speech in Scotland runs a strange gamut, from standard Oxford English, spoken by those Scots who were educated almost entirely in England; through a duality of English and dialect Scots, spoken by those who have acquired standard English with education but still lapse on occasion, like me, into pure dialect; to unadulterated dialect Scots, which is still spoken in some parts of the country. This last, however, is uncommon now, for, with the B.B.C. and such things, all Scots can speak English, though they are likely to spray it liberally with Scots words and turns of phrase, and many times they have a choice of two distinct expressions for the same meaning. I discover that when I return to Scotland my speech changes markedly; in the context of the country, it is natural for me to use Scots expressions and words that out of Scotland I would never think of using, for fear of not being understood. Oddly enough, hardly two educated Scots speak alike, and it would be impossible to place a Scot’s class and background by his accent, as is so easily done with the English. A diversity of



WHAT HE LOVES IN A HIGHLANDER IS THE PRECIOUS FUR.*
EVERYONE ELSE LOVES THE LOOK.



highlander 

*The most gloss, the most depth . . . the silkiest.
That's what our fur man, Charlie Silvers, searches for.
He stalks the fur capitals of the world, armed only with his
discriminating eye, his experienced hands. He buys only
the choice, the flawless, the top grade pelts. His selective
ability assures the fur opulence you see in this Highlander.

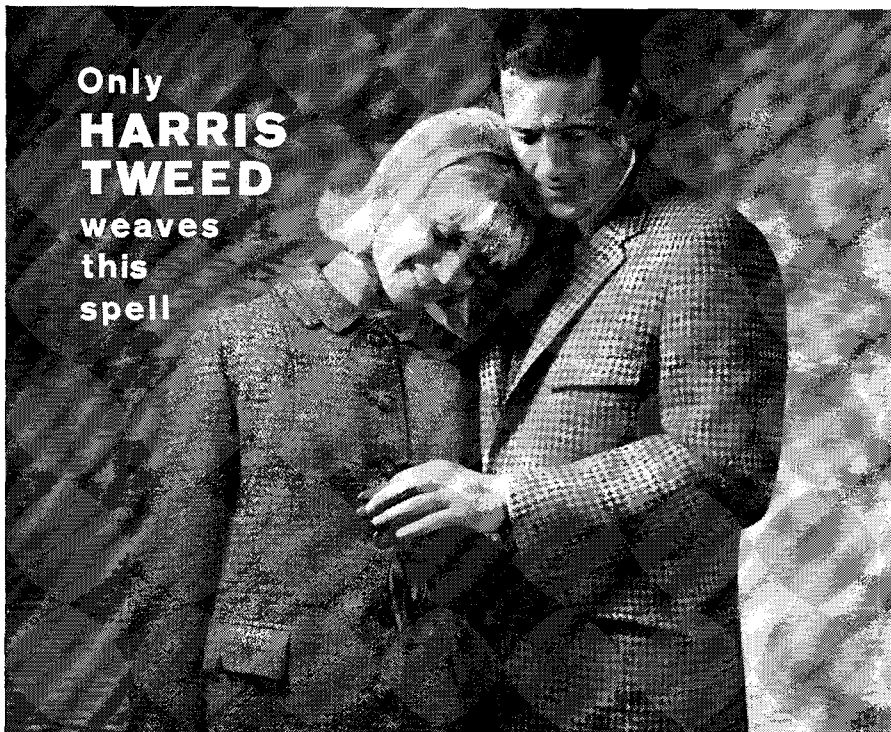
Suede $\frac{7}{8}$ coat, double-breasted, with princess lines, side vents and a lush Mink ring collar. Taupe, Teak, Truffle, Silvermist. Sizes 6 to 18. About \$130 at The Emporium, San Francisco; Gimbels, New York; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington; Famous-Barr, St. Louis; Shillito's, Cincinnati; F. & R. Lazarus, Columbus; and other selected stores; or write **Highlander Sportswear, Inc.**, 1407 Broadway, N. Y. 10018. PRICE SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST



**You can buy
Hair Spray de Pantene®
in Paris, France
London, England
Madrid, Spain
and Henri Bendel, N.Y.**

Pray do. Years now, Hair Spray de Pantene has been the secret chic of Europe's natural beauties. Because it is the one. The one with D-Panthenol. In consequence: Pantene takes less to do more. Deep-conditions while it does. Does it all lightly, discreetly. Now it is here. \$2 the container, plus 10% federal excise tax. Mail orders to Henri Bendel, 10 West 57th St., N.Y.C. add 45¢. The Pantene Company, a division of Sauter Laboratories, Nutley, New Jersey.

**Only
HARRIS
TWEED
weaves
this
spell**



Enter a world of soft mists, heathery hazes and rugged vitality. Once you wear Harris Tweed nothing else woven seems to have the same soft touch, rich feeling and lasting appeal. And nothing does, because Harris Tweed is unique in craftsmanship, pattern and colour. The Orb mark on the cloth and on the label certifies that every yard has been dyed, spun, handwoven and finished in the Outer Hebrides of Scotland and nowhere else.

Look for the Harris Tweed label with its Orb certification mark to be sure you are buying genuine Harris Tweed. The Harris Tweed certification mark is owned and administered solely by The Harris Tweed Association, Ltd., Academy Street, Inverness, Scotland.

ADDRESS U.S. INQUIRIES TO: SUITE 807, 295 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

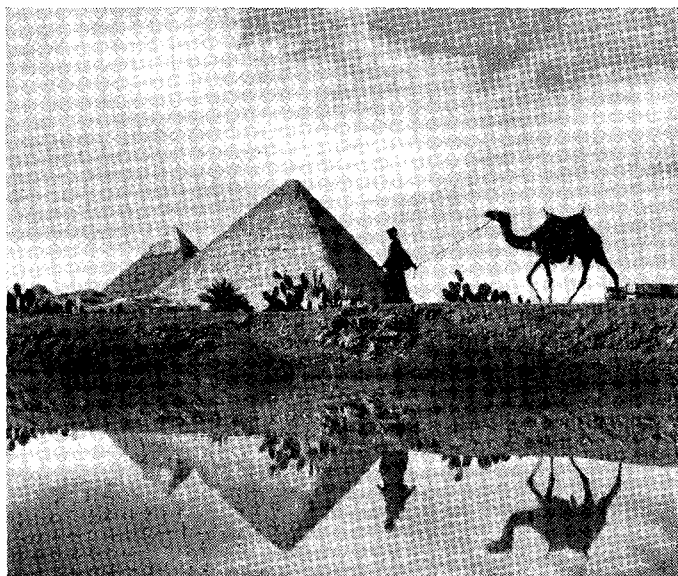


education and regional background gives each Scotsman a distinct accent, infinitely more variable than the standard English accent, which will never quite sit easily on Scotland, since too many traces of Scots remain. There is no end to example. Recently, a friend of mine in Edinburgh used the word "sorning." I did not know it, and asked him what it meant. He scratched his head. "Well, it's a curious word," he said. "It's when someone comes to your house for a meal and just parks there and stays for several weeks. That's 'to sorn.' Useful, don't you think?" Similarly, I know a cat in St. Andrews that rejoices in the name of Skirlie-weeack, a word in Scots for "a small person with a shrill voice." A language in which you can still swither and scunner and talk blether and skyte is not likely to yield up its treasures to the flatness of B.B.C. English.

But for Scottish writers the question of language can be a nightmare. The tradition of pure Scots literature is rich through poets like Dunbar, Henryson, Gavin Douglas, and the Makars, and, further, there is the legacy of the Border Ballads. The problem for Scottish writers has been whether to try to preserve or revive writing in Scots, which would inevitably reduce their range of communication, or to go over entirely to writing in English, a sad transition, since it would mean leaving behind the special qualities of Scots. About 1923, the poet Hugh MacDiarmid set in motion what surely must be one of the most interesting attempts in our time to restore a dying language to vivid life. In the late nineteenth century, writing in Scots had degenerated to a mushy parochialism in the hands of the Kailyard (or Kitchen Garden) School—a kind of sentimental whimsey that came to fruition in the writings of J. M. Barrie. (For Scots writers, whimsey is the great trap; it comes to them naturally and too easily, since it is their spontaneous form of humor.) In addition, there was the elegant belles-lettres tradition of Stevenson, but to MacDiarmid neither seemed to come anywhere near expressing the character of Scottish life. He set out with the grand conception of a Scottish cultural renaissance, the plan of which was to revive writing in Scots, using its syntax and vocabulary for contemporary expression. His own achievement was immense, and his use of Scots in books of lyrics like "A Drunk Man Looks at the Thistle" began to show other writers the possibilities of using Scots in a fresh manner. In his wake



Flamenco dancer—clip coupon for KLM Spain-Portugal folder.



Pyramids at Giza—an attraction of KLM 21-day tour below.

New bargain tours from reliable **KLM** let you explore Spain and Portugal— or Egypt and the Holy Land

(Example: a KLM Holy Land Tour to 21 places costs only \$998)

TALK ABOUT *variety*. KLM and the careful, punctual Dutch offer you air/sea Mediterranean cruises, around-the-world tours, Caribbean holidays—even tours that show you Europe for as little as \$5 a day (includes hotel, breakfast, sightseeing).

This fall, reliable KLM is offering *still more* tours. To sunny Spain and Portugal. And to the ancient cities of the Holy Land.

Prices are remarkably low. Itineraries are appetizing. Read highlights below—then clip the coupon for details.

KLM's 16-day Spain and Portugal Tour. 14 cities and places in 3 countries. From \$582.80. First, a day of surprises in lively Amsterdam. Then, on to such cities as Madrid, Granada, Cordoba, Lisbon. En route from Algeciras to Seville, you'll stop at Jerez de la Frontera, the wine center where sherry originated. Sample a glassful. Or two. Or three.

KLM's 18-day Spain and Portugal Tour. 15 cities and places in 3 countries. From \$610.80. You see Amsterdam, then Madrid, Granada, Marbella, Algeciras, Seville, Cordoba, Lisbon. For a small extra fee you can spend two days in Tangier. Tour its wicked Casbah and

browse in the bazaars for unusual gifts.

KLM's 15-day Holy Land Tour. 21 cities and places in 6 countries. From \$998. After visiting Amsterdam, you fly on to Cairo. You see the Pyramids and the Sphinx, the gold and jewels of the Pharaohs in the Egyptian Museum. You can even spend a night on the desert, Arabian style. You'll also visit Lebanon, Syria, Jordan, Israel.

KLM's 21-day Holy Land Tour. 26 cities and places in 9 countries. From as low as \$1223. This KLM tour takes you to

Amsterdam first, then to Cairo, Beirut, Baalbek, Damascus, Jerusalem in Jordan, Old Jerusalem, Jericho, Bethlehem, Galilee, Haifa, Tel Aviv, Istanbul, Athens, Corinth, 2 days and nights in Rome.

Important: Prices are based on KLM's 21-day jet excursion fares from New York. They include most meals, hotels, transportation, transfers and sightseeing.

For more facts—including news of other KLM bargains—clip the coupon below. Or see your travel agent.

Please send me the following
KLM brochures:

- ☐ Holy Land Tours
- ☐ Spain and Portugal Tours
- ☐ Guidebook to Travel—
Fall and Winter, 1964-1965
- ☐ "Europe on \$5 a Day" Plan
- ☐ "Europe on \$10 a Day" Plan
- ☐ Royal Caribbean
Air/Sea Cruises
- ☐ Caribbean Vacations
- ☐ Around-the-World Tours
- ☐ Mediterranean Highlights
Air/Sea Cruises

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Zip Code _____ Phone _____

Name of my travel agent _____

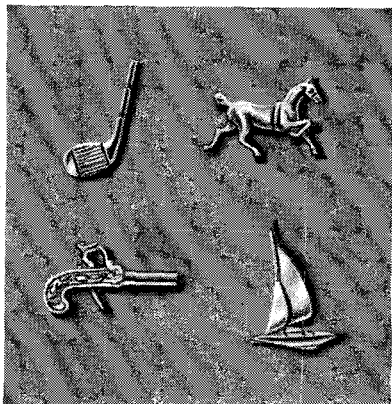
KLM, Dept. C,
609 Fifth Avenue,
N.Y., N.Y. 10017.
Telephone: PL 9-3600



ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

Rogers Peet Co

The Label of Character



14K Solid Gold MOTIF TIE TACKS In Florentine Finish

The intricate detailing of these beautiful tie tacks has amazed all who saw them in Rogers Peet stores. Here are other themes that will appeal as gifts of unusual distinction:

Apple	Lizard
Ant	Mouse
Bee	Music Clef
Cat	Owl
Caterpillar	Pipe
Dice	Poodle
Dove	Rabbit Head
Frog	Rooster
Golf Wood	Seahorse
Hand	Skier
Horseshoe	Snail
Lady Bug	Starfish
	Turtle

\$6.60 Including Fed. Tax

Mail Orders Invited
Personal Shopper
479 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017

AT ALL ROGERS PEET STORES:
NEW YORK • HARTFORD
BOSTON • WASHINGTON

came a whole school of poets who wrote in Lallans, as this old-new Scots came to be called. Unfortunately, Scots was not always the natural language of the Lallans writers and tended to become artificial and forced. At its best, in the hands of MacDiarmid, Sydney Goodsir Smith, and Tom Scott, it revealed the distinctive qualities of Scots speech—an intimate directness, a tenderness, a humor, and an intensely individual kind of expression. It is unlikely now that Lallans will ripen into a lasting literary language, for inevitably its area of communication is small and it has depended on the existence of figures like MacDiarmid to give it its being. It also has the dangerous effect among lesser writers of making them put an awareness of being Scots over that of being human—the old national problem again. I have listened over the years to endless literary arguments raging in the pubs of Edinburgh—arguments that quite often ended in violence. I cannot think of any other place in the world where writers still fight for their poems' sake. Apart from the Lallans writers, there have been a few who have stuck to English but have tried to reflect their situation by introducing Scots words, expressions, and rhythms, and a certain unmistakable Scots accent. The poets Edwin Muir and Norman McCaig and the novelist Neil Gunn have done this eminently well. It seems, in the end, the most satisfactory solution. Nevertheless, what MacDiarmid did for Scotland was to tweak its ear and show it how provincial and how careless of its own cultural tradition it had become; should the country flower in the near future, his will be the cultural example that it will take force from.

It is particularly interesting that the real artistic strength of Scotland at the moment lies in its painters, who at present dominate British painting. They are luckily spared the paradoxes in the use of language, since the eye makes its own expressions, and they have pinned down the extraordinary visual variety of the country. I talked to one painter in Edinburgh about this, and he told me that no education in color could ever prepare him for the amazement of a sail through the Western Isles. "We are lucky to have been born here," he said. "It's like having a God-given palette." Whenever I go back, I see the same thing. On one level, Scotland is all blether and argument, a crabby human context, a wild world of odd characters who seem inexhaustibly different from one another, who can enchant and annoy at once. On the other

BRITISH WALKERS

MADE IN THE U.S.A.



Instant Fit



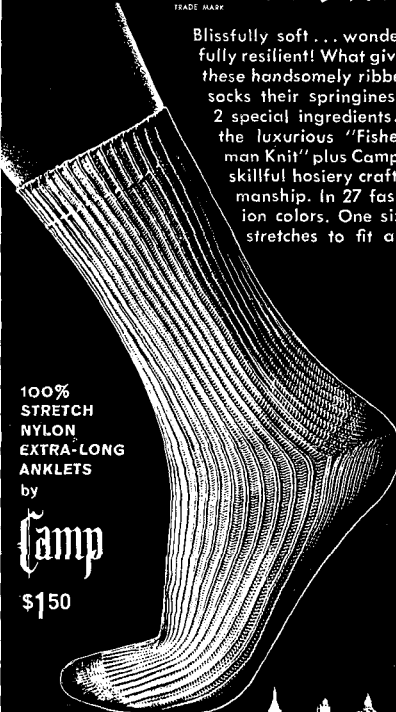
Sleek calfskin slip-on with elasticised top for snug-hug fit. Smith Synchro-Flex construction. Style 1670 Antique Brown. Style 1570 Black. About \$25. BRITISH WALKERS, Dept. W-17, Freeport, Maine

See British Walkers at the Fair, New England Pavilion

Feels like walking on air -- Fisherman Knit

TRADE MARK

Blissfully soft... wonderfully resilient! What gives these handsomely ribbed socks their springiness? 2 special ingredients... the luxurious "Fisherman Knit" plus Camp's skillful hosiery craftsmanship. In 27 fashion colors. One size stretches to fit all.

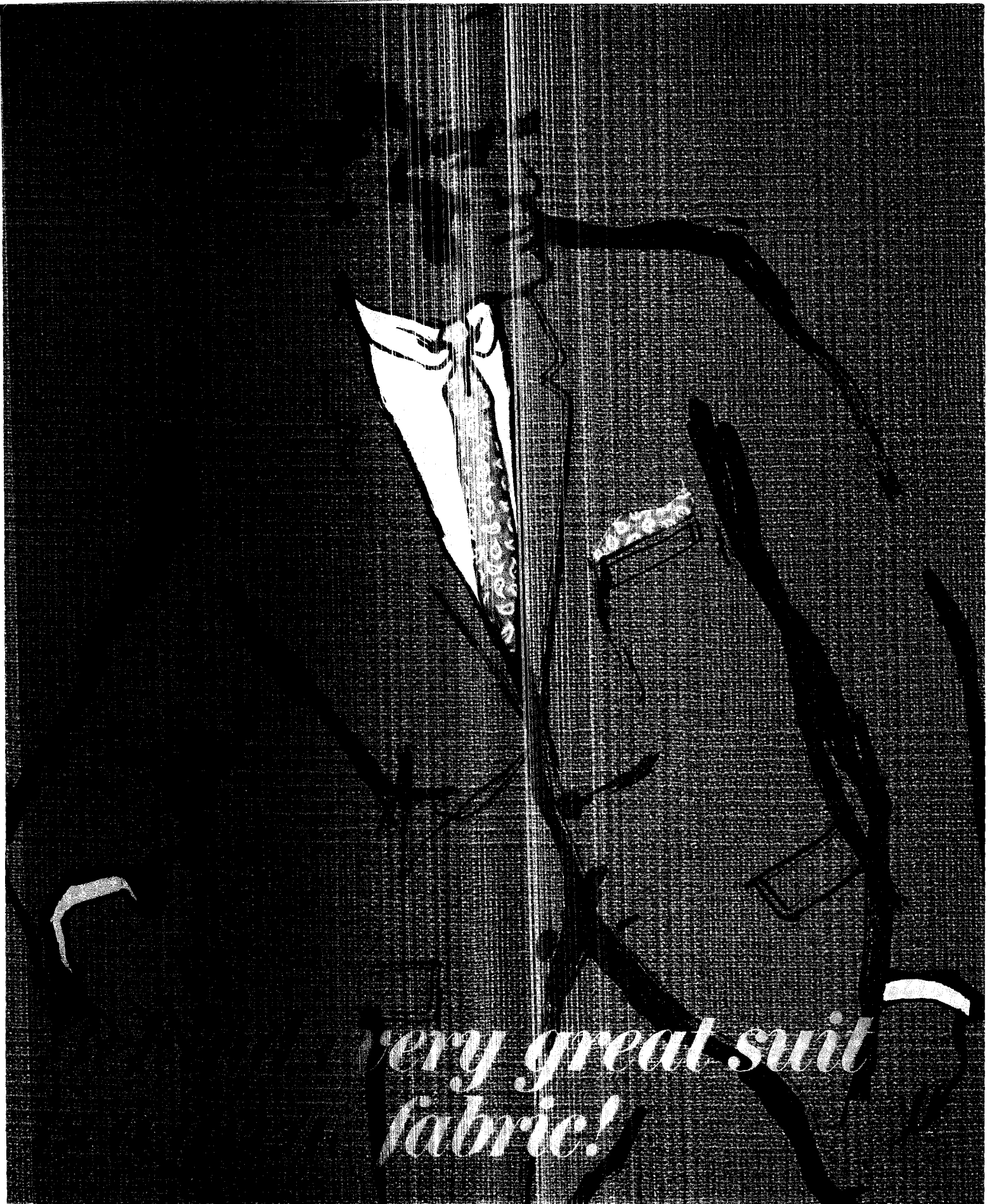


100%
STRETCH
NYLON
EXTRA-LONG
ANKLETS
by

Camp

\$150

FEATURED AT ALL **wallachs** STORES
Mail Orders MU 6-3400, 323 E. 44th St., N. Y.



HYDE PARK CHOOSES THIS RAEFORD GLEN PLAID

And the choice is easy — there is no finer mill in the world than America's own Raeford! So a Raeford fabric is the natural beginning for a fine suit. Trust the manu-

facturer whose suits are made of Raeford worsteds. He uses great fabrics...to give you great suits. Raeford Worsted Co.  A division of Burlington Industries.

Raeford

© 1964 Burlington Industries, Inc.

CREME DE MENTHE, GREEN OR WHITE, 60 PROOF. BLACKBERRY FLAVORED BRANDY, 70 PROOF. CREME DE CACAO, 54 PROOF. NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO., N.Y.

de kuyper

The
best
Creme
de
Menthe
in
the
World



Cool and delicious Creme de Menthe is only one of 23 quality de Kuyper Cordials. A name famous since 1695, de Kuyper's tradition of fine taste has delighted the world. For free "Cooking with Cordials" booklet, write Murray Hill Box 47, N. Y. 16, N. Y.

hand, it is a landscape so incredibly moving in its moods, its variety, its astonishment that I know I can never find another to replace it in wonder.

THE notion of "characters" looms very large in Scotland. My childhood, I remember, was full of "characters." They may have been mad, for all I know, certainly every one I remember seems in retrospect wildly eccentric. I recall Robert John Conning, who sang hymns all day as he paraded the main street of Whithorn with his hymnbook upside down; Charlie McEwen, the gravedigger, who had a child's passion for collecting silver paper and filled his cottage with it; old Willie Erskine, who once a year would walk the hundred and twenty miles to Edinburgh and back, just to remind himself how lucky he was not to have to do it all the time. These were not exceptions, it is just that in Scottish communities there is no norm and a minimum of conformity. The idea of community is elastic enough to accommodate the wildest differences and oddities of behavior, provided they are not to the general harm. A friend of mine who is a practicing psychiatrist in Edinburgh remarked to me that had Freud known what Edinburgh was like, he would have moved there at once from Vienna.

This eccentricity is noticeable in one Scottish quality that outstrips all others—the ability to spin an endless, bizarre conversation out of the air, to talk for the pleasure of talking well. One evening, I went to call on Sir Compton Mackenzie, one of the most astonishingly varied men of letters that Scotland has produced and one of the most curious, kindly, and witty of men, who lived all over the world before settling down in Edinburgh again some ten years ago. A smoky drizzle had come down on the city, making orange pools of the lamps as I walked to his stately house in Drummond Place and made my way through forests of bookshelves to his study, where he greeted me in a jaunty pair of red cord trousers and a tweed jacket. We sat down, lit our pipes, and began to talk—not so much about anything as about everything, going where the conversation took us. For Sir Compton conversation is an end in itself, and he elevates it to an art—keen, urbane, learned, mischievous, delighted, and wise all at once. He talked about his vast autobiography, which he is deeply involved in, each volume of it covering a period of eight years, up to his present age of eighty-one. "I don't



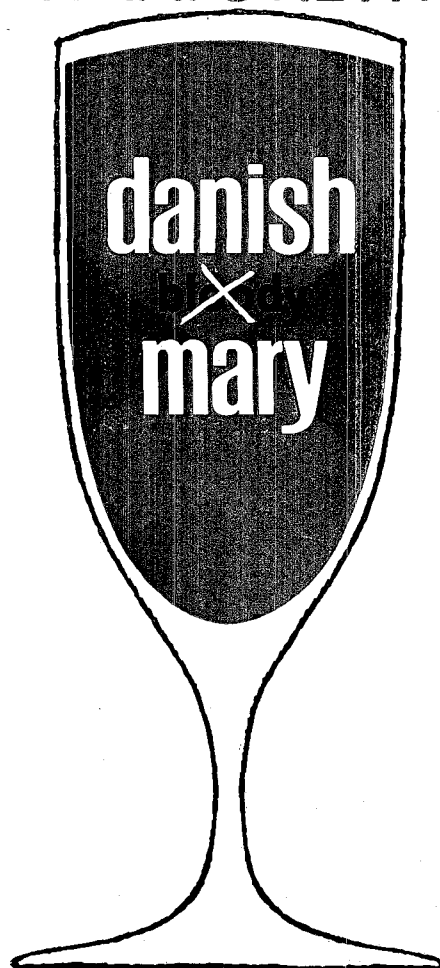
A Head is a Head is a Head

The vehicle in the background is famous for not changing its style from year to year. So are the skis in the foreground. The very early Heads were black with silvery edges. So are the very latest Heads . . . and their shape has changed ever so slightly, to make them work better, not merely look newer or jazzier. True, our name wasn't *always* under the tip. We didn't *always* have racing Competitions with bright yellow bottoms . . . or Masters with light blue engraving. But, other than that, you'd have to be an expert or an engineer to recognize the continual, functional improvements in Head Ski construction. The Heads you invest in this season won't go out of style next season . . . or possibly ever. You'll find there's great skiing as usual during alterations . . . on great skis.

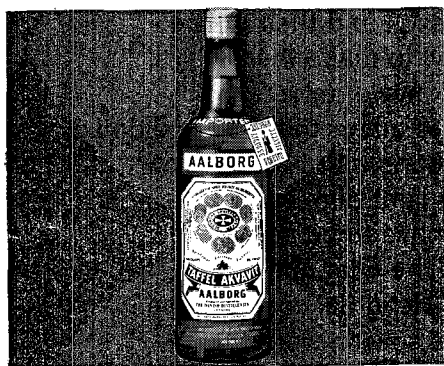
...and who makes great skis?  of course!

Head Standard, \$107.50. Master, \$124.50. Competition, \$142.50. Youngster's Competition, \$112.50. Head steel or aluminum Poles, \$24.50. Available only at authorized, serious ski shops, the world over. May we send you our Handbook? Head Ski Company, Inc., Timonium, Maryland 21093, U.S.A.

WHAT'S NEW?



THE SECRET IS
AALBORG
AKVAVIT
 INSTEAD OF VODKA



True, it's new. But more than that, it takes all that tomato juice and makes it exciting. There's taste. There's dash. There's a hint of caraway in this extremely dry, crystal-clear liquor, Aalborg Akvavit. This national drink of Denmark makes many other interesting drinks. See the recipe booklet on each bottle.

Featured at the Danish Pavilion — N. Y. World's Fair

Sole Distributor U. S. A. Munson G. Shaw Co.,
 New York. 86 proof, 100% grain neutral spirits.

suppose anyone has ever done this," he said, chuckling. "Write an autobiography accounting in detail for every year of his life. I'm doing mine in octaves, for my life seems to have progressed in cycles of eight years at a time. Thing is, I have a photographic memory. I can remember the names, faces, and voices even of maids we had as a child—I can even mimic 'em. And I was lucky enough to know almost everybody in my time—I remember meeting Crosland once, for instance. Frightful fellow. Thing is, I've had a curiously protean existence. I've lived in so many places—Brittany, London, Greece, America, Italy, the Channel Islands, India, England again, Scotland finally, and now France in summer. And I mean *lived*, not just visited. It's been a way of renewing myself constantly."

"Do you think it comes from being a Scot, this habit of wandering?" I asked, for I had been wondering about that myself.

"Yes, I suppose it does," he answered. "We grow up in this small, wizened, parochial place, with England breathing away to the south like a domineering elder brother, and we want to fly as far as we can, to try out the world. Besides, I've always believed the Scots to be extra adaptable. They are sufficiently independent and self-contained to be able to put their roots down anywhere."

From here the conversation took off in a whirl that, even if I could recall it, would still give no idea of the alacrity and richness of Sir Compton's sleight of mind as he sat in the lamplight, with his small, neat beard and his hooded, amused eyes. We talked about the differences between Jansenist and Mediterranean Catholicism, about his time in Capri in the heyday of Norman Douglas, about his books, about the architecture of Robert Adam, about Siamese cats. Eventually, we came back to the subject of Scotland.

"Thing is," he said, "I've never gone back to any of these places I've lived in, but I can almost remember each separate day in them, with that vividness which comes from being a cosmopolite, or a foreigner, or whatever we are to call it. Ever since I came back to Scotland, I have been able to appreciate *it* with a fresh eye. And it's a good place to come home to. The Scots, I think, have either a sense of natural superiority or a fearful inferiority complex, like those hordes of football fans who pour into London with their rosettes and rattles, being ob-



Clothiers

Furnishers

**DOUBLE-BREASTED BLAZER**

The blazer is still indispensable to every wardrobe. The double-breasted style has that extra dash many discriminating men enjoy. Single-breasted models also in stock.

Double-breasted, Hopsack Weave of Orlon® polyester and Wool (Navy blue only) **\$55**

Single-breasted, Standard Weight, Wool Flannel (Navy blue or olive) **\$45**

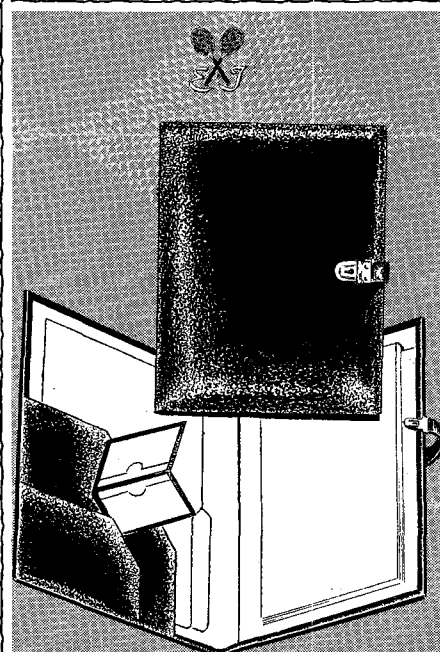
Single-breasted, Imported English, 3-ply Worsted Twist (Navy blue only) **\$100**

Mail orders accepted No C.O.D.'s

Add \$1 for postage

14 East 44th Street

CHIPP NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017 CHIPP



Eddie Jacobs LTD

The FLITE-RITE®... our exclusive and original portable writing desk for executive travels. Flat and compact to carry ledger file and legal sized pad. Of soft black calfskin with reinforced burgundy leather interior. Includes window card case, lock and key—\$10 p.p. Please address mail orders and Apparel-Portfolio requests to: Eddie Jacobs, Ltd., 4 East Redwood St., Baltimore 2, Md.

Get lost!

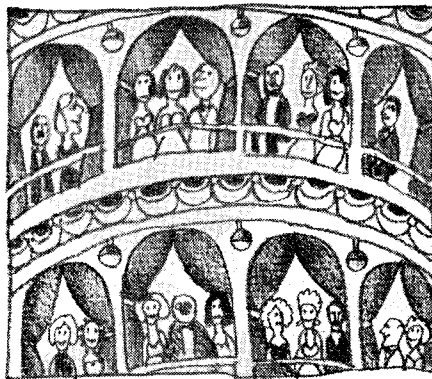
Lose yourself on a Sunny European Holiday. (It's so economical, you can afford to lose that old habit of going south every winter, too.) Alitalia Airlines has the Mediterranean, sunny Spain and Portugal, warm dazzling Italy for you.

And how much do you spend at "that beach" or the Island in a few weeks anyway? We'll give you the same sun and throw in the Mediterranean moon, too. For about the same money. (Maybe even less.)



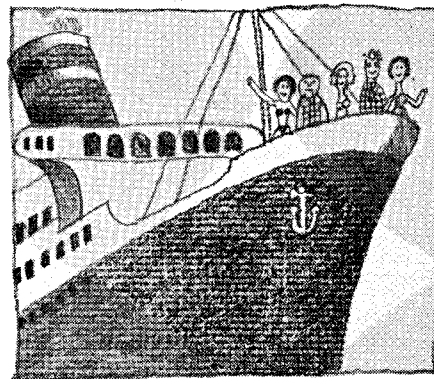
Hide away in a fado café or a Spanish cantina! (With a cute señorita?)

15-Day Sunny Holiday to Spain and Portugal — \$449.00. Jet to Lisbon, wander through the narrow streets and open marketplaces. Visit quaint Portuguese fishing villages, elegant Estoril, Fatima and on to Spain. First Class hotels only. Travel leisurely through Andalusia and Seville. Sample the sherry in Jerez, see Granada, Madrid, Salamanca, Coimbra, Guarda.



Lose yourself on an operatic binge.

21-Day Sunny Holiday Opera Tour — \$820.00. For the Jet set! And, as it was meant to be heard—in the great opera houses of Europe. The Royal Theatre of Copenhagen! Vienna's Staatsoper! Munich! Zurich! Paris! Brussels! London's Covent Garden! And, you'll see the sights. The Little Mermaid, the Eiffel Tower, the Tower of London. Time to relax, and wander, too! Bravissima Alitalia!



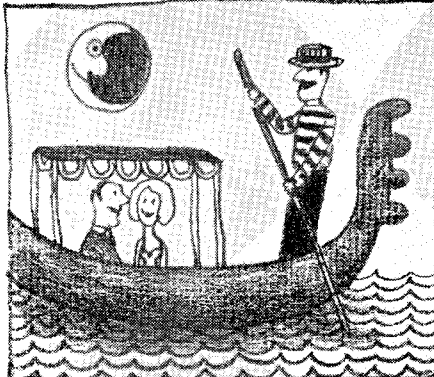
Disappear on a Mediterranean cruise.

Five Fabulous Air/Sea Cruises From \$699.50. Jet to Milan. Board your ship at Venice or Genoa and you're off. Cruise around Italy, the West African Coast, Casablanca, Gibraltar, the Canary Islands. Or cruise the Eastern Med.; Venice, Athens, Alexandria, Port Said, Beirut, Haifa, Rhodes, Crete. Invade the Black Sea. Corfu, Istanbul, Odessa, Yalta, Delphi, Ephesus. The Greek Islands, Turkey and Asia Minor.



Disguise yourself as a movie star and melt into the exciting nightlife of Rome.

15-Day Sunny Holiday to Italy—\$699.50. For the crowd shunner — the traveler who likes the convenience of an organized tour but likes to travel alone. A magnificent 2 weeks touring golden Italy, Rome, the Eternal City. Fantastic Venice. Milan, lively, bustling. Bella Florence. Sounds like the "end" in travel, doesn't it? But there's more. For very little more you can take another week in Naples and Capri or Sicily or Paris and London. Buono!



Sneak away on a moonlit gondola ride.

15-Day Sunny Holiday in Italy—\$599.50. Group tour of Italy especially designed for the first time traveler. Every opportunity to enjoy Italy at its most exciting is planned. (Still, with plenty of leisure time.) Jet to bustling Milan. See the Cathedral, da Vinci's "Last Supper," La Scala. Then on to Venice; the Grand Canal, the Doge's Palace, the gondolas. Ravenna, Florence, Assisi, dozens of cities and towns, and of course, Eternal Rome, that magnificent mixture of ancient past and exciting present.

TOUR DIRECTOR: ALITALIA AIRLINES

666 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 19, N. Y. Dept. NY-1024

Please send me full information on the following Alitalia Tour Programs.

- ☐ Italy. (By yourself) ☐ Italy. (Group)
☐ Spain and Portugal. ☐ Greek Islands.
☐ Mediterranean Cruises. ☐ Middle East.
☐ Opera tour. ☐ Africa.
☐ Around the World Tour.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

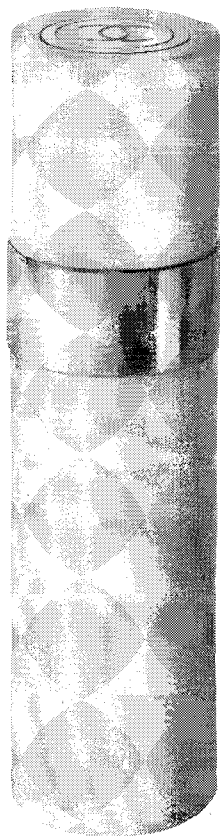
My Telephone No.: _____

My Travel Agent is: _____

ALITALIA 
AIRLINES

See your Alitalia Travel Agent!

All prices based on 21/14 day round trip jet economy fares from New York. For possible change in prices for departures after November 5, consult Alitalia or your Alitalia Travel Agent.



Chanel
yourself all over
with new
N^o 5 After-Bath
Oil Spray

Step from your
shower or bath into a
soft, silken veil
of fragrance. Every beautiful
inch of you feels
luxuriously smooth to the touch,
with not a trace of
oily film. In the new
white-and-gold
unbreakable spray
case, 5.00.

CHANEL

©1964 CHANEL, INC., 1 WEST 57th ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

noxiously and aggressively Scots. No wonder everybody detests them. It's a splendid thing to *be* a Scot, to inherit this curiosity and thirst for the rest of the world. But it's a curse to be over-conscious of oneself as such, with all that hair-tearing and breast-beating. Heavens, I've always liked and been interested in the English, and found them amusing, if a bit limited. They make a frightful mess of everything, of course, but then so might we, had we the chance."

He came to the door to see me off into the deepening Edinburgh gloom. I told him I was shortly going to South America.

"Oh, then, will you please write me in detail about Quito, in Ecuador?" he said. "I've always heard that it has the perfect climate, and I don't like to think my travels are finished yet. In any case, we're bound to meet in Edinburgh again. It's a city that's made for coming back to."

We said goodbye, and I went out into the windy, whimsical night.

OH, and by the way—about that column in the hotel register. I never did fill it in. I left early the next morning, before the landlord was about. I may, however, send him a note, for the record. Because now I know what I ought to have written there.

—ALASTAIR REID

THE NEW NAVY

[Notice on the Official Plan of the Day,
U. S. Naval Air Station, Pensacola]

The squirrel population aboard the Station, particularly in the Quarters areas, is becoming too large. In addition, there is the ever present danger of a rabid squirrel biting a dog or a child. Therefore, the Station is instituting an active campaign to get rid of some of the squirrels. This will involve elimination of squirrels in the outlying areas with the hope that the squirrels in the quarters areas will then move to the outlying areas. All Quarters occupants and other people on the station are requested NOT, repeat NOT, to feed the squirrels. *It will help if you are unfriendly toward them.*

The Tiger-Fullmer fight was an appropriate farewell for this series of clowns and incompetents.

It is all over now. When I turned the set off, and came to this typewriter to compose this piece, I felt like a man walking away from the grave of a lynched stranger who was buried alive in the potter's field of television.—Jimmy Cannon in the *Chicago Daily News*.

Easy there, typewriter!

Rosette Pennington
20 East 56th Street
New York 22, N. Y.

Malcolm Starr lavishes gold and crystal bead embroidery on antique candlelight silk satin. Sizes 8 to 14. \$185.

Also Princeton Shopping Center Princeton, N. J.



Personal Touch

Koret's handsome black handbag bears your own gold metal initial on a small black patent square. In saffian, the textured goatskin, also smooth calf. All initials but X. 7" x 10", 43.00 plus fed. tax.

Mail and phone orders.

Handbags

BONWIT TELLER
All stores

The shoe that b-r-e-a-t-h-e-s for ease...

Stocking of DuPont CANTRECE™ nylon



*Du Pont's registered trademark for its man-made poromeric

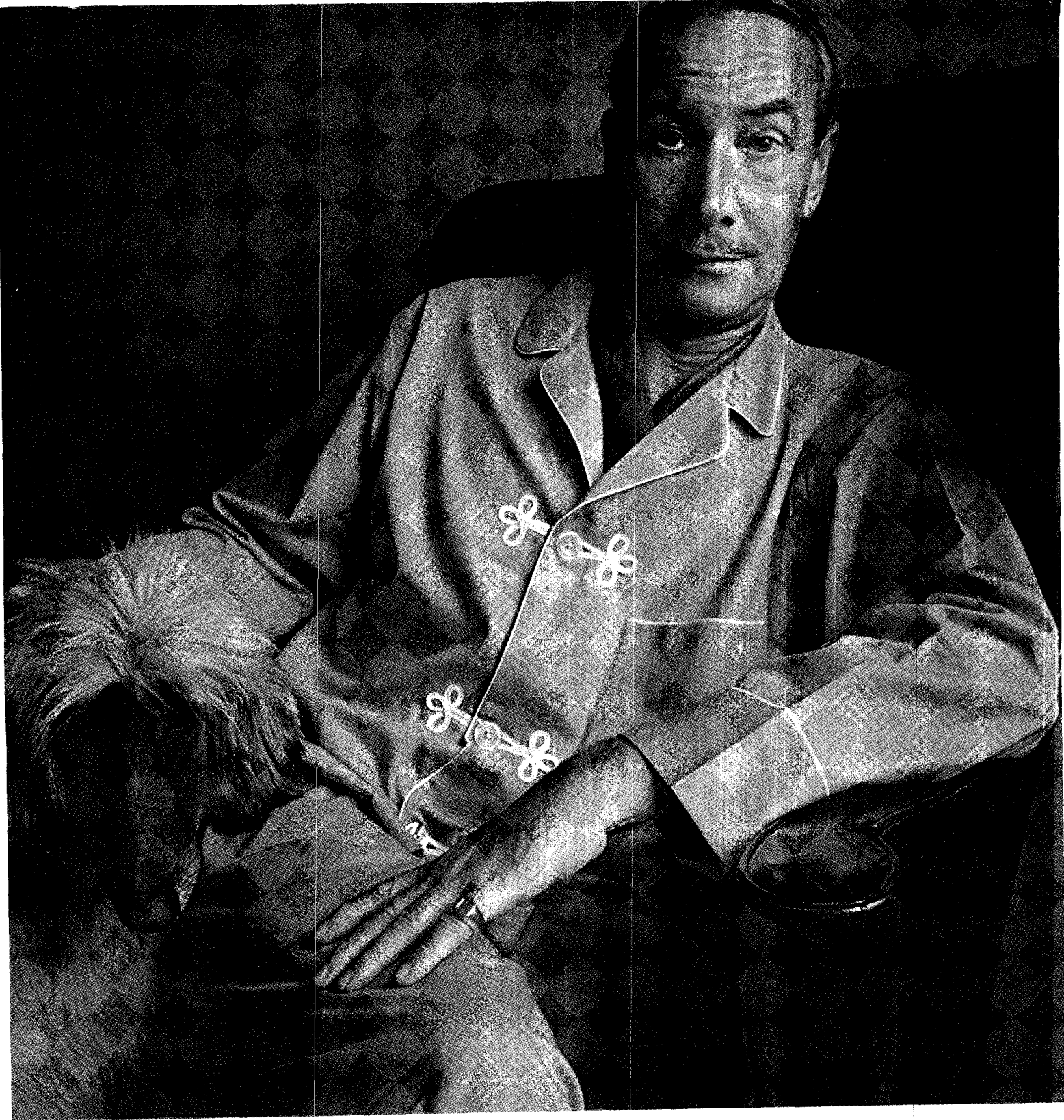
...it's
CORFAM®

Ever dreamed of blissful ease? Of putting a shoe on and forgetting it? You *can* with CORFAM,* the remarkable new shoe upper material from Du Pont. Up to one-third lighter in weight, CORFAM flexes gently from the first step, b-r-e-a-t-h-e-s for comfort. Through inherent tiny pores, CORFAM absorbs foot moisture and expels it. *And* CORFAM repels rain, wipes off for easy upkeep. *There's a new way of life afoot in CORFAM!*

Better Things for Better Living...through Chemistry



The shoe by NEWTON ELKIN. Ask for shoes of CORFAM at your favorite fine store.



MR. JULIUS MONK RETIRES IN LUXURY

(for the night)

It's been a long, hard day for Mr. Monk. Temperamental actors, rehearsals, limp sandwiches and coffee out of cardboard.

What a relief to slip into the cool silkiness of SuPima—this luxurious cotton fabric from Cranston woven of extra-long staple fibers grown exclusively in our own American Southwest.

Embassy, recognizing at a glance (and at a touch) that SuPima is a softer, more lustrous, more comfortable cotton fabric, chose it for these handsome pajamas, tailored with all the skill and finesse for which they are justly famous.

And now everybody who knows about SuPima, can retire in luxury—for the night, that is.

Available at fine stores everywhere.

Supima Association of America, Empire State Building, New York 1, New York.

SuPima is the registered certification mark for products made of Southwestern extra-long staple cotton.

MR. MONK PRESIDES NIGHTLY OVER HISTOPICAL REVUE AT PLAZA 9.

SuPima®
WORLD'S FINEST COTTONS

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Right Way, Wrong Way



SOME time ago, I quoted a young friend of mine as having said of a certain dreary American movie that it had set back the cause of adultery by twenty years. I got the impression then that he felt, with Mr. Yorick, that they order these matters better in France, and it's true that one expects the heirs of that ancient civilization (one that has named a vast reach of its past not for an erect monkey or a chipped stone but for Magdalen) to exhibit in respect to extramarital love a debonair playfulness totally unlike the guilt-ridden gloom that we self-acknowledged Puritans are supposed to feel under the same circumstances. Well, my friend isn't as young as he was, and I'm so afraid of dealing a sudden, mortal blow to his received ideas that I hesitate to recommend to him a beautiful new movie by Francois Truffaut called "The Soft Skin." My difficulty is that while M. Truffaut and the *peau douce* are assuredly French, the consequences of infidelity displayed in the picture are as grim as if the setting weren't the City of Light but, let's say, Montclair, or even Watkins Glen. Luckily, Truffaut is a masterly maker of movies, and my friend and his fellow-Francophilophiles will unquestionably forgive him for having let the side down in this shockingly unshocking fashion when they discover how fresh and touching our Puritan miseries appear on being studied, as Truffaut studies everything, with the tender, pitiless vision of a wizard child. As for me, I'm delighted with the picture, and I refuse to dwell on its moral, which is, in any event, a trifle confused—it's either that a man who grossly mismanages a pleasant affair with a pretty girl deserves to end up end-up and dead as a mackerel over lunch at his favorite *bistro*, or, more complicatedly, that a man should take care not to marry a trigger-happy wife; that, having married her, he should keep incriminating snapshots of his mistress well out of her reach; and, above all, that he should sell the family shotgun.

The story of "The Soft Skin" is simple and, up to the last few unlikely seconds, not in the least melodramatic. A middle-aged Parisian author, pub-

(Advertisement)



"I don't mind being man's best friend,
but he carries it too damned far."

Chivas Regal • Blended Scotch Whisky • 86 Proof
General Wine and Spirits Company, New York, N.Y.

*U.S. PAT. NO. 2739467



This man was in great shape even before he bought two-way ribbed Supp-hose Socks.

So why did he buy them?

Most men who wear Supp-hose Socks could answer that question. Because most of them also keep in good shape.

Golf and tennis on week-ends. Weekly workouts. 25 push-ups every morning.

They know what's good for them.

That's one of the reasons they buy Supp-hose. It helps them keep fit. Because it makes them feel fit.

Supp-hose Socks has a two-way rib that helps ease what we call leg fatigue. That's what you call "feeling lousy."

Supp-hose is the only sock in the world to have this remarkable rib. If any other sock claims to, we'd appreciate hearing about it.

Because it's patented.*

The two-way ribbing is pretty good-looking too. No one would guess Supp-hose was a support sock. Unless you told them.

But then, most men don't think much about their legs. Until they start to hurt.

Don't you wait for that. Keep fit. Buy a pair of Supp-hose Socks for \$4.95. We guarantee you'll feel good about it.

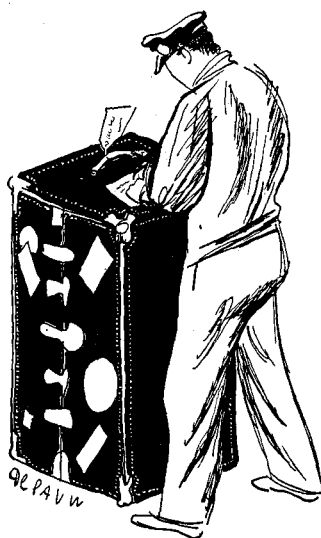
Supp-hose®
SOCKS FOR MEN

Another fine product of Kayser-Roth



lisher, and lecturer flies to Lisbon, where he brings an enormous audience to its feet cheering with a talk on Balzac (oh, to be an intellectual in Europe!); in the course of the journey he encounters and almost instantly falls in love with an impressionable young airline hostess, whom he woos with more Balzac (oh, to be, etc.). On their return to Paris, they undertake, with an appealing ignorance of the proper ways and means, to launch an affair. Between its sordid beginnings in a city that rebuffs them at every turn and its sorry end—the errant husband, separating from his wife, assumes that the girl is as eager to marry him as he is to marry her, but she has no such thought in her sensible head—we follow the affair at close range through a long sequence of sad and funny misadventures. Much of the charm of the picture lies in the calculated trivialities of the screenplay—an original work by Truffaut and Jean-Louis Richard—and in the free-flowing and yet uncannily precise camerawork of Truffaut's old ally Raoul Coutard, who also filmed "Jules and Jim," "Shoot the Piano Player," and "Breathless." In the part of the rather prissy husband, Jean Desailly gives a flawless performance, and Nelly Benedetti makes a loving, if awfully short-tempered, wife. The girl is played by Françoise Dorléac, upon whose eyes and hair and skin the camera hovers at length but never a moment too long.

IF Truffaut has found exactly the right way to tell the realistic story of "The Soft Skin," Roger Vadim has found exactly the wrong way to tell the artificial story of "Nutty, Naughty Château"—a title that some money-grubbing lunatic on this side of the water has chosen as a come-on mock



THE RAINSTOPPER



The perfect gentlemen's raincoat styled expressly for the Arthur M. Rosenberg Co. along classic topcoat lines with set-in shoulder, notched lapels, fly front and piped and flap pockets. Tailored in fine yarn-dyed and waterproofed cotton gabardine in a handsome shade of canvas tan with a dark brown water repellent poplin lining. \$60.

Send for Fall/Winter catalog

Travel exhibits in major cities. Dates on request.

St. Louis—Bel Air Motel—Oct. 28, 27

Kansas City—Muehlebach—Oct. 28, 29

Omaha—Blackstone—Oct. 30, 31

Minneapolis—Radisson—Nov. 2, 3

NEW HAVEN'S FINEST CUSTOM LABEL SINCE 1898

THE Arthur M. Rosenberg Co.
TAILORS—FURNISHERS
NEW YORK: 16 EAST 52ND ST.
NEW HAVEN: 288 YORK STREET

FRESCOBALDI

Italy's Proudest Chianti



Sole U.S. Distributors: Fontana Hollywood Corp., N.Y.C.

translation of "Château en Suède," the title of the play by Françoise Sagan on which the movie is based. Miss Sagan's play, which had a great success in Paris a few seasons back, is said to have been a witty romp, but M. Vadim and his collaborator, Claude Choublier, have reduced it to a screenplay of exasperating incoherence which lurches back and forth from comedy of manners to ghost story to Theda Bara-like drama of impassioned lovemaking. M. Vadim has directed the picture with his characteristic self-indulgent slovenliness, piling up scenes helter-skelter and then—as far as one can judge from the finished unfinished work—failing to edit them. In this sumptuously Technicolored mess, and playing as badly as they know how, are Monica Vitti, Curt Jurgens, Jean-Claude Brialy, Suzanne Flon, and Jean-Louis Trintignant. They are gifted people, and their worst, to paraphrase Dr. Johnson, is worth seeing but not worth going to see.

—BRENDAN GILL

A green, improbable pie-slice of park on Rush Street's frenetic slant northward, an oasis.

Triangular, an arrow, pointing the way to pleasures promised the wide-eyed and the urbane.

The change-jangling jog of a car-hiker scatters pigeons, who regroup by day for a hand-out from the small paper bag of a millionaire or a scrubbed-face girl from Kenosha. An artist squats sunglassed beside his canvases, on an annual flight from his three-button world—
An escape.

Serene, an island, tranquil beneath its trees, a fleeting memory of other times and places to the homesick—and to those who live high above it in the brick and glass newness of this magical building, men and women who have come to love a city, a front yard.

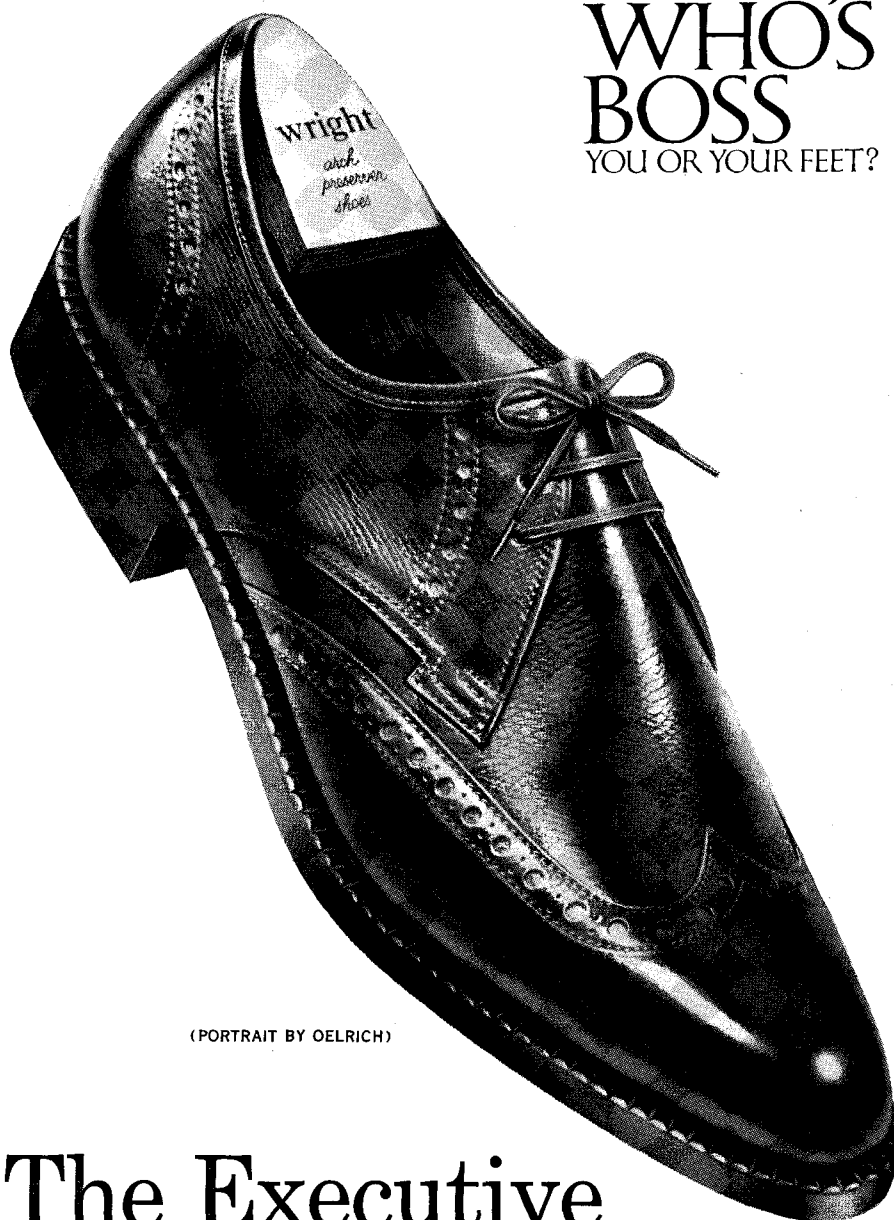
—From a brochure for a Chicago apartment building.

Any provision yet for garbage disposal?

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[From an article in the Long Beach (Calif.) Sunday News]

Protestants in New York State include many persons of English and German origin, who because of longer residence in this country are older—and thus more exposed to the mental hazards of old age.



(PORTRAIT BY OELRICH)

The Executive

Style #309 black or brown

This new shoe is a classic achievement in bootmaking—a true brogue with a *look* of heft, now made remarkably light and flexible.

Add the four famous Wright features and you have footwear that establishes a compatible working relationship between a man and his feet. You're the Boss—nine to five, and as late as you like.

wright
arch preserver® shoes

E. T. WRIGHT & CO., INC. ROCKLAND, MASS.

This is a perfume for wood.
A sort of eau de mahogany.
And you spray the inside of your dresser drawers where you keep your undies, the desk where you keep your super personal notes, a quick pfffft behind the bedboard on the side you usually sleep on, and everything will smell of jasmine.
French Toile Sachet Spray,
Nuit de Longchamp fragrance. \$5*
One of our many new ideas for the perfumed life.

FRENCH TOILES BY LUBIN



Sold at perfume counters of the world's greatest stores like B. Altman, I. Magnin and The Halle Bros. Co. *Plus Tax.

LETTER FROM LONDON

OCTOBER 18

THIS weird, worrying election can have left few people feeling truly elated except those British who feel that for Labour to have pushed the Conservatives out at last, even with such a quite literally half-hearted mandate from the nation, is good enough in itself. Nothing much else appears good in any direction. Too late to give anybody possible alarmed second thoughts on the prudence of handing over the keys of government when one of the visible underpinnings of the world's peace has disappeared from sight, word of Mr. Khrushchev's departure spread after the polls had closed and the crowds were trying to get into the spirit of a Trafalgar Square election-night binge in the evening's sudden, dismal downpour of rain. Next day, when it was evident that Britain had carved itself electorally into two all but equal halves, with the little Liberal M.P.s in the middle as a balancing makeweight, the rumble of the Chinese detonation sounded a chilling postscript to the Russian news. The Board of Trade figures showing that the country's economic position has sharply worsened were published that day, too, as though by way of presenting an exact, daunting statement of national bookkeeping to sober up the incoming new men. Including the local uneasiness over Washington reports of the Jenkins affair, the various uncertainties now looming make an anxious background to the domestic grouping of a Government poised on a razor's-edge over-all Parliamentary majority of four. It was expected to be a near thing, but nobody seems to have calculated on such a drastically near thing as all that. By mechanical or human counts, this was an exceptionally difficult election to size up. Well-informed Conservatives predicted that they would get back after a tough fight with a majority of about twenty seats, and in the early hours of Friday morning, when computers were already dubiously digesting the fluctuating figures of the national swing to Labour, the General Secretary of the Labour Party felt optimistic enough to talk about a majority of thirty or more. To most of the crowds beginning to wend their way home at about the same time from Piccadilly Circus and Trafalgar

Square, Mr. Wilson must indeed have appeared headed for quite a comfortable victory.

The complaint of many party agents in the course of a campaign so quiet that it was widely described as dull was that they were quite unable to predict which way the young were likely to vote. In Trafalgar Square the



other night, the inscrutables were there in their thousands, toggled up in their identical, sexless uniform of pants, leather jackets, and long hair, and all suddenly vocal—mainly, it seemed, in favor of Mr. Wilson as the massive Labour gains in London and the North started flashing on the screen. Lovers locked together in the crush under the lions would unminge damp Beatle

fringes long enough to howl, "Up with Labour! Out with the Tories!" before retreating again in happy unpolitical silence. The Tory-blue balloons and the rapture over Conservative successes were distinctly less. It seemed a far more sombre crowd than usual, even after the rain stopped and several determined bright spirits, wishful for more water, hurled themselves into the fountains for the benefit of the cheering onlookers and the television crews. Probably the gloom was the result of the morning-paper sellers working through the Square with their shouts of "Khrushchev Gets the Sack!" and leaving behind them knots of silent people craning over one another's shoulders to read the headlines. In the raw cold of the night air, with Nelson dimly presiding over the proceedings somewhere above the aura of television lights, there was one of those sudden, almost visible senses of historic change, which many older Londoners, at any rate, appeared to find chastening.

The real drama came on Friday afternoon, when the morning's solid Labour lead of sixty-eight seats had been shrinking all day long, like a snowman exposed to the brilliant October sunshine, as the returns poured in from the Conservative strongholds in the country. Correspondents who divided the long wait between the Conservative Central Office and Labour's Transport House, both conveniently situated in Smith Square, Westminster, were galvanized at one moment by the possibility that if enough marginal seats ran as wild and unpredictable as

they often ran in this confused election, things might grind to a complete political stalemate. After a long, tense wait, however, for a recount of votes, which inched Labour painfully up to the three-hundred-and-sixteen-seat mark—the figure at which Mr. Wilson was just home safe and more or less dry—the journalists and photographers streamed outside Transport House to see the new Prime Minister and his pretty wife start for the Palace to receive the seals of office relinquished half an hour or so earlier by Sir Alec Douglas-Home. Mr. Wilson was cheered by excited Party workers and a small crowd of passersby, most of whom, it seemed, crossed Smith Square with unpartisan good humor a bit later to get a view of Sir Alec's arrival. "Well done, Alec!" shouted someone, and someone else shouted, "Well done, Harold!" "Boo!" roared some workmen perched on the scaffolding surrounding the beautiful bombed church in the center of the Square. For some time to come, no doubt, these will be the mixed political noises heard here.

Later that evening, the Prime Minister made his short, sensible TV speech to the nation—and a very queer feeling indeed it gave to some Conservatives, apparently, to see Mr. Wilson's stocky Yorkshire form looming up so naturally behind the Downing Street writing table—and released his first list of Cabinet appointments, rather sooner than is usual, as though to show that the new administration is professionally quick off the mark.

THE Liberals seem to be the party that has emerged from the unsatisfactory fight with really the best reasons for good cheer. Though they increased their Parliamentary numbers only from seven to nine, which is hardly the "solid block of seats" their leader, Mr. Grimond, had demanded at their last Party assembly, they nearly doubled their vote in the country, often in such unexpected places as prosperous commuter towns in the heart of deeply Conservative Surrey. Over three million British voters felt moved to mark their papers for a party without a chance, as they knew, of forming a Government but whose ideas appealed to something in many moderate citizens' hearts that neither Mr. Wilson nor Sir Alec touched. There was, of course, immediate talk of the possibility of the Government's doing some sort of deal with the Liberals (and the Liberals probably expecting in return a new look at electoral reforms that



On you it looks good

—because Gleneagles are made for real people.

Classic raglan style, slash pockets, self-yoke. Made of "Tram Cloth," an exclusive blend of 65% Dacron®, 35% Cotton — **ZEPEL** treated to ward off stains MAKING IT STAIN-RESISTANT as well as rain. Completely wash and wear. Satin sleeve lining and zip-out, deep-pile liner for winter blasts. The "Glenlyn" — a man's coat in ladies' sizes, navy, tan, black: \$55 — and the buttons will never fall off.

Gleneagles

1290 Sixth Avenue, New York

MICHIKO

Michiko Komatsu will tell you how to make a wish come true in Japan. Just tie an omikui fortune paper to the "message tree." There is similar sorcery in the way this lovely Japan Air Lines hostess anticipates your every wish even before you ask. She makes you feel serenely at home in the classic Japanese atmosphere found aboard your DC-8 Jet Courier. In traditional kimono she serves you with a personal warmth you have never before experienced.

Enhance your next journey en route to Japan, the Orient, or on around the world to Europe with the magic of Michiko. You can even add sunny Hawaii at no extra fare—another "plus" when you fly Japan Air Lines, the calm beauty of Japan at almost the speed of sound.



JAPAN AIR LINES

Choose from daily DC-8 Jet flights to Tokyo via Hawaii from Los Angeles or San Francisco. See your travel agent for reservations.

would give them a more equitable proportion of seats another time to match their voting strength in the country), but both sides apparently have recoiled from the suggestion. The nine Liberals will obviously be highly important in the new, over-symmetrical House of Commons when the Government comes to steer the more controversial features of its election policy through Parliament. On their record, they would oppose the Government on steel nationalization but back it on abandoning the independent nuclear deterrent and on more radical measures for dealing with vastly inflated land values—the grievance, in the view of many, that lost the Conservative government votes from young married people still waiting wearily for their own homes.

In the rueful post-mortems now proceeding on the Conservatives' side, it seems to be conceded that the electorate did not react altogether as expected to the hammered reminders of Tory affluence, which Labour would be likely to imperil, or to the independent-nuclear-deterrent theme, which Sir Alec made a main plank of his platform up and down the country. Many disappointed Conservatives feel that they lost through their failure to project themselves as a party with forward-looking modern views as forcefully as the Labour and Liberal Parties did. Since that was exactly what all the row was about in the damaging struggle for the leadership that took place before the public's fascinated gaze last October, it seemed clear that the old criticisms of the wisdom of lifting Sir Alec Douglas-Home out of the Lords as a symbol of classless progress would begin again. This has already happened. Many Conservatives point out with justice that a year or so ago all the indications were that Labour would sweep overwhelmingly into power, and that under Sir Alec's valiant leadership, amateurish or not, the Conservative Party has just succeeded in fighting it out to a hairbreadth finish. But as Friday's *Daily Telegraph*, a paper as true Tory blue as a cornflower, commented, with amazing coolness, "While he [Sir Alec] has acquitted himself reasonably well in the eyes of the Party, only by winning the election could he altogether heal the cleavage that opened at the time of Mr. Macmillan's resignation." The *Times*—more predictably, in the eyes of angry Conservative readers—damned him with faint praise throughout the campaign, finally coming out with its famous leader, which made



Even blindfolded you can
buy a man's ties here
and never make a mistake!

DUNHILL TAILORS

65 East 57th Street • New York 22, N. Y.

©1963 DUNHILL TAILORED CLOTHES INC.

IMPORTED

FROM

Spain

3 Great Men's Colognes

EMPERADOR
ESPIRITU de LAVANDA
SPANISH MAIN BAY RUM

In the colorful raffia-
bound decanter:
\$2.50 and \$4.50

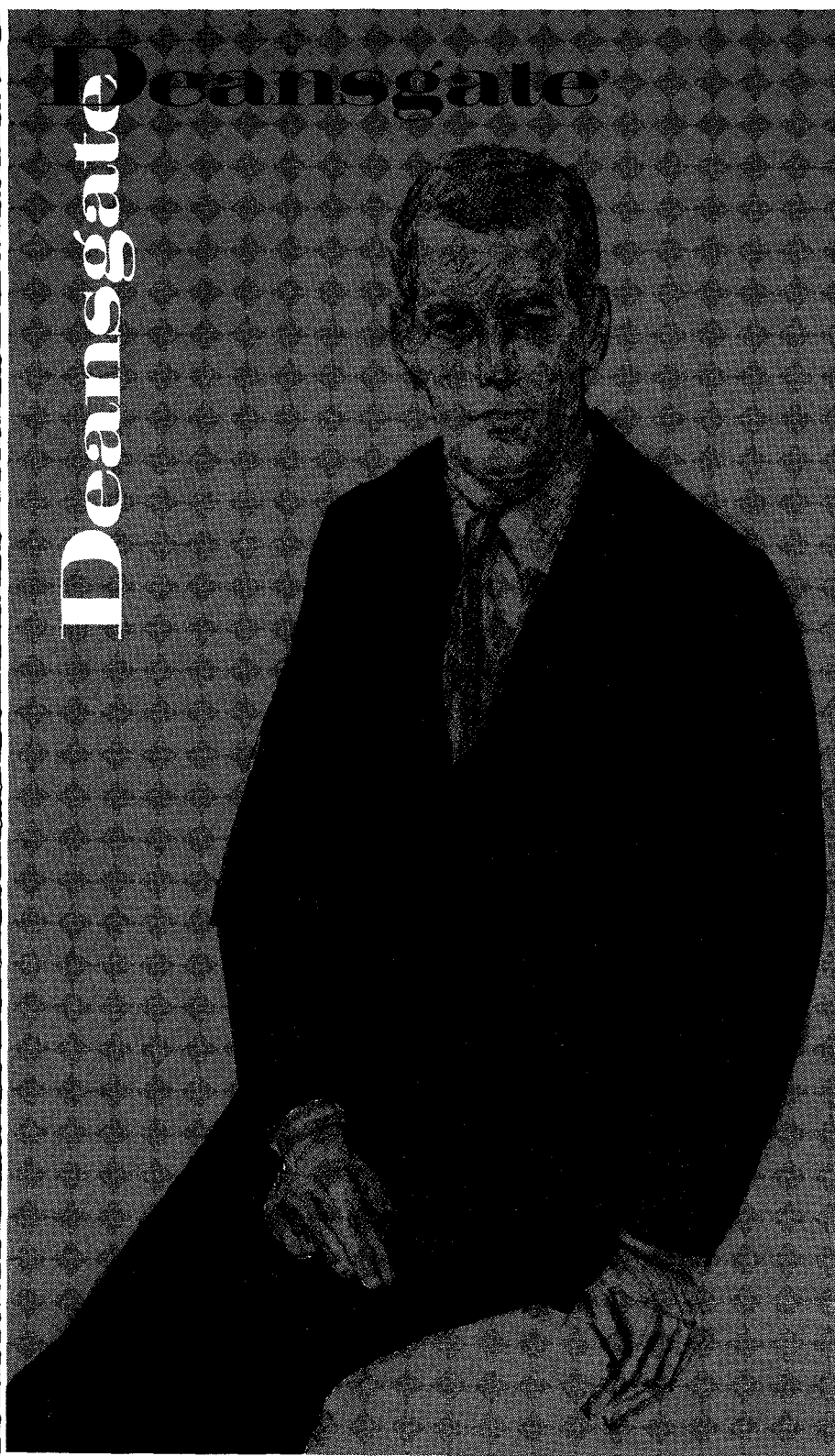
In the unique cork-
covered flask:
\$3.50
(all plus tax)



Sole U.S. distributor
MEM COMPANY, INC. • 347 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.

much astonished talk here, exhorting all who were truly liberal-minded to go off and vote for the Liberal Party, which advice seems to have been taken. The other journalistic blockbuster of the election, which blew up in the late Government's face, was, of course, the *Economist's* sudden, startling eve-of-poll recommendation to its readers to choose Labour on balance, which some of them doubtless followed. Indignant letters from those who did not are printed in this week's issue.

At the present exhausted moment, few people appear inclined to survey the prospect of another general election with equanimity, and on the whole the feeling seems to be that the Government could be more durable than some startled citizens predicted in the first shock—"if their skins are thick enough, anything up to two years," as one highly experienced journalist said in conversation after the results were out. In a way, it is thought that Harold Wilson will be helped by having become Prime Minister at a moment of serious economic crisis, when any movement by the Opposition to harry the new team would not go down well in the country. During the campaign, it was frequently said that he was Labour's one-man band, brilliant decibels of expertise ahead of the men around him, and certainly he played the election almost without a wrong note from start to finish. One could say that he is deeply respected as a remarkably astute political intelligence but not yet much liked—at any rate here in the



the colorful world of the Deansgate man

What makes this Deansgate suit of imported hopsack look so great? Fabric of imported 100% wool with a softly textured look. Tailored in mellow fall colorings... light olive, clay and pewter. And finally... the greatest natural shoulder in America. That's Deansgate. Suit \$75.00. Vested \$85.00.

Famous-Sternberg, Inc.

950 POEYFARRE ST., NEW ORLEANS, LA.

prices slightly higher west of the Rockies



Give her L'Aimant before
someone else does...

L'AIMANT
parfum de toilette
by COTY

© COTY, 1964.

south. People who admired Hugh Gaitskell compare Mr. Wilson unfavorably with the warmer man he attempted to unseat in 1960, and it is obvious that he himself has made efforts to correct the impression. One of his shrewdest strokes is felt to be the bringing in of Mr. Frank Cousins, the powerful Transport and General Workers' Union boss, and Mr. Ray Gunter, the president of the Transport Salaried Staffs Association, as members of his Government just as the dockers and the railway men are about to line up with pay claims in their hands. It is also felt that his earliest and toughest test will be in the way he handles his friends on the left of the Party as they press for the sort of Socialist measures that no Government with a minuscule majority could sensibly contemplate. In all the discussions now going on everywhere, the one thing that emerges with any certainty and positive brightness is that politics, after being in the doldrums for so long, has suddenly gained a new, vigorous, and fascinating life. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

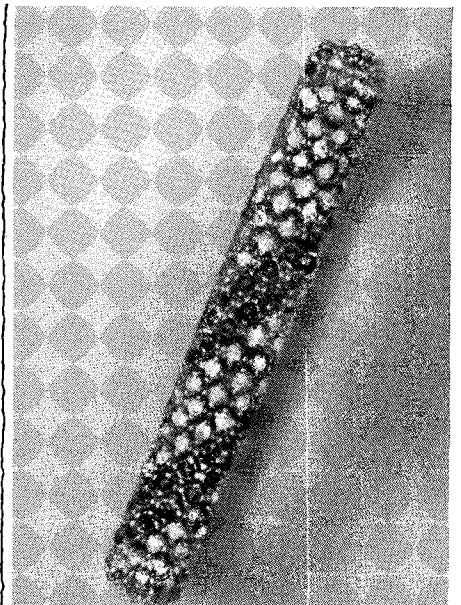
DeMontesquieu warns us that to go tropical means removal from morality. We are disinclined to take warning; morality is one of the best devices for leading mankind by the nose—and, so far as we are concerned we have no intention of permitting anyone to usher us about whilst clinging to our proboscis. No matter how much we might wonder how we would comport ourselves on some far-off Pacific isle, we do feel quite safe about the manner in which we would behave ourselves whilst going tropical within the boundaries of our reasonably conventional kitchen. Inspired by a temporary paganish proclivity, we have come up with an idea for a Japanese King Crabmeat Tropical Cocktail that should make a fitting substitute for the risky island trip that we shall, in all probability, never take.—News release from Gotham Editors' Service.

You're just a timid little old pagan.

BOND MARKETS IN BRIEF

The tone in the municipal market is much improved from the cacophonous dirge of recent weeks. Although the present performance is not without an occasional squawk from the reed section, at least the tympanies are not thundering forth during a pianissimo adagio as was frequently occurring as summer faded into fall. Some of the musicians are smarting a bit from the rap of the baton on their bare knuckles, but at least most of them are now agreed on the melody being played.—Letter from Wood, Struthers & Winthrop.

As Wall Street moves to Tanglewood.



Hidden face bracelet watch
by Taylor, paved with rhinestones
and pseudo rubies, sapphires or
emeralds. Watch has 17 jewel Swiss
movement. 60.00 plus 10% fed. tax
Mail orders to Dallas add 35c mailing; Xmas wrap 65c.

Neiman-Marcus

Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth

Swiss Velours



Fabulous for lounging are our slim slacks of Swiss cotton velours, a washable knit fabric with a luxurious velvety finish. Pull-on style with elastic waistband; black, royal, pine or azalea. M. L. for sizes 8-14, \$18. Matching is our straight-cut overblouse, very continental with its off-the-neck rolled collar and long raglan sleeves. S. M. L. for sizes 8-16, \$16.

Send for Free Catalog

The **Talbots**
Hingham 17, Mass.

Announcing The Incomparable
Imperial, vintage 1965.

To mark the occasion
we've made significant
evolutionary changes.

One is immediately
apparent. The grille is new.

A few of the others are
interior accents of hundred-
year-old claro walnut,
power vent windows, even
a master gauge to watch
the other gauges.

Discover the quiet
world of The Incomparable
Imperial, vintage 1965.



Vintage 1965

THE INCOMPARABLE IMPERIAL



How 900 mothers like this one helped design the almost-perfect washer.

The Norge Division of Borg-Warner asked women all over America if they were satisfied with the washing machines on the market. "Certainly not," said the ladies. Read how the great engineers of Norge listened to their suggestions, created the world's first super-big washer for the home, and blew the lid clear off the market.

IT SOUNDED like a simple survey: Find out what American women think of washing machines.

The answers that came back could have filled Pandora's box.

"Washing machines are too dinky—don't hold enough clothes."

"They don't get clothes clean enough."

"Too much lint gets through."

"How about a washing machine that makes *ironing* easier?"

"...take less time to fix?"

That was four and a half years ago. The great engineers of Borg-Warner's Norge Division went back to the lab with a tall order.

And they went to work.

They specified an oversize motor that worked on regular current. They designed the biggest washing machine agitator in the world to go with it. And they added a pressure-fill system that always fills to the correct level.

They developed an infinite water control lever. Now ladies can dial just the right amount of water for

any size load they want to wash.

They improved the lint filter and put in a whole new cycle that *cools* clothes. This takes out wrinkles for easier ironing.

They put parts that require service up front—where they were easier to get at.

Then they threw in a *tub* light to help find *all* the clothes.

Today, these super-big washers are selling like hotcakes. Norge has had to expand its plant twice in the last year to handle the business.

The engineers? They're back in the lab thinking about women—and new and better ways to solve their household problems.

BORG X WARNER TM
The great engineers



urban or
suburban...
swing along
with

Serbin

"Water-Color" Print Shift ... to make you pretty-as-a-picture! Love the flip-tie ... the beaded tassel sash ... the completely carefree fabric. A whisper-soft combination ... 85% Arnel® triacetate and 15% nylon. Sweet splashes of color, predominantly beige, or coral, or blue, Sizes 6 to 16 **\$18**

SLIGHTLY HIGHER ON WEST COAST

Serbin, Inc., 1280 S.W. First Street, Miami 35, Florida

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE THIS AND THAT

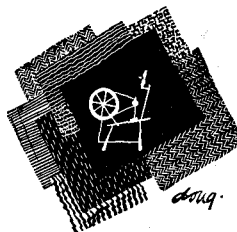
YOU could tell, quite a few years back, what was going to happen when the prettiest young girls of our town began begging, borrowing, or stealing from their Ivy League beaux the pink polo-collar shirts that were, and are, a trademark of Brooks Brothers. The girls wore their borrowings slapdash—sleeves pushed up, collars unbuttoned—and looked all the better for this innocent and charming transvestitism. It was what people call "a sign of the times."

Then our university clubs began going coeducational (Brooks and Abercrombie & Fitch, the oldest and most austere of our men's clubs, were already well along this primrose path), and at last Rogers Peet has hauled down its ensign, for at both 600 Fifth Avenue (48th) and 479 Fifth Avenue (41st) its shops now openly admit to having a Women's Department. Even so, the hereditary traits in many of the clothes stabled there are masculine—single-breasted coats with balmacaan collars and set-in sleeves, made of actually waterproof charcoal or light-gray herringbone cheviot, as well as Chesterfields of black melton cloth, and Navy officers' coats of distinctly non-issue red chinchilla cloth and (as a concession) navy wool linings, to say nothing of British trench-coats of natural cotton poplin. You can spend anywhere from \$45 to \$110 for these items. Allen Solly, too, that great English bastion of for-men-only life, which hauled down its ensign some time ago, has reverted to feminine cardigans and pullovers of jersey and polo shirts of cotton. Getting the right to vote was nothing compared to this.

MACY's Little Shop has known all along that there are women in this world, and has been prepared all along to make the best of the situation. Slim, simple, and smooth (in both senses of the word) reversible wool coats and suits are part of its stock in trade. The turncoats designed for travel are sandy (in color) on one side and tan and beige checks on the other. Tabs and gold-metal buttons below the turnover collars and at the waist keep them in place. String sashes do this work on other versions. Dressier are the coats of pale-blue ribbed wool and off-white smooth wool. Good-looking reversible tailored suits (oxford-gray-

and-white checked wool on one side, oxford gray on the other) have long, double-breasted box jackets, standaway turnover collars, and short back vents; the wraparound skirts get buttons arrayed rather the way they are on a sailor's trousers. A flat price of \$200 prevails among this assortment.

DESIGN RESEARCH, which is what D/R now wants to be called, and which is at 866 Lexington Avenue (65th) and 53 East 57th Street, is turning its nimble fingers to whittling down silhouettes. The current collection, in handwoven raw silk-and-wool, is posh—slim tailored shifts in oatmeal, with three-quarter set-in cuffed sleeves and slit hip



pockets; two-piece dresses (collarless overbodies, ditto sleeves, no cuffs) with straight skirts, in nubby royal-purple-and-orange mixtures; black or orange suits whose below-hip box jackets have wide turnover collars, short, pointed lapels, and three-quarter raglan sleeves, and whose skirts are short A-line for day and long for evening. The range is from \$130 to \$180.

YOUNG BENDEL, at Monsieur Henri B.'s, has long brown velveteen outfits sufficient even for white-tie evenings. They are just as great for slim, lighthearted women who wear sizes 7 to 14 as they are for *jeunes filles*. Among these matchmakers are long tailored coats of brown velveteen (quilted in a daisy pattern) whose lining of white rayon moiré matches the stark shifts beneath. Boleros are assigned to the dresses with quilted velveteen skirts, décolleté moiré tops, and cummerbunds of brilliant red satin. The ensembles range from \$100 to \$195. Camisole bodices of brown unquilted velveteen and attached ivory satin skirts with wide frontal box pleats make other dresses, and diamond beads in fretworks of black jet gird the waists.

ON the second floor at Saks Fifth Avenue, girls in the eleven-to-fourteen age group can dress themselves urbanely for any day (or night) occasion but school. Let us commence at the coats of nubby white wool with black velveteen collars and seaming that suggests Empire waists. They are \$65—the steepest price. Dresses of the same

Some people imagine
one electric eye is just
as good as the next.

Until they look into
this one.



You'll notice that the electric eye mechanism in the Canonet 1.9 is wrapped around the lens.

For a good reason.

That way, the electric eye sees light the same way the lens sees it. The same way the film gets it. It sets your exposure automatically—and precisely.

Actually, it's a lot easier to put the electric eye in a rectangle somewhere else on the camera. (Most equipment makers do.) It's also less expensive—but it's not good enough for us. Or you.

In our view, cameras and projectors should operate easily. They must also be extraordinarily precise in their measurement of light and distance. They should control film perfectly. They should perform without deviation, be virtually incapable of error.

It's the difference between a machine and an instru-

ment. We make instruments.

There are a few other things you might like to know about the Canonet electric eye. You read it in the viewfinder. You not only see the light you have, the indicator tells you *how* to adjust for it. It even tells you when to use a flash.

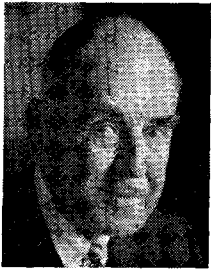
If that isn't enough: when the Canonet is on automatic, it won't shoot if the setting isn't right for the light available. *That* could save you a lot of film, and eliminate those depressing moments some people have when the film comes back.

After all, that's the moment of truth: when the film comes back. The Canonet is built a little better—to make sure you always get the picture you took. A little better than you remember it, perhaps. (A lot better than you thought you could with a camera that costs about \$100.)

**Bell & Howell/Canon® photographic instruments
are built a little better than they really have to be.**

Bell & Howell Company
Photo Products Group

Let Shakespeare speak for Shakespeare



WHEN William Shakespeare wrote in Measure for Measure, "*The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good*," he could have been referring prophetically to that modern classic of cigardom...the superb Shakespeare *Habana*.

Crafted under the personal supervision of Ralph Schuyler Williams...the renowned "Mr. Havana Cigar"...the Shakespeare *Habana* is fashioned of prized vintage Havana tobacco, from the treasured reserve at Factory No. 1, Tampa.

Connoisseurs of Havana cigars are extolling the Shakespeare in glowing terms. They have been delighted to discover that in richness of flavor and delicacy of aroma it equals the finest of the former imported Cuban cigars.

So enthusiastic has been its reception that now, little more than three years after its introduction, Shakespeare is recognized as *America's great prestige cigar*.

The output of these superb cigars is necessarily limited. But they are worthy of an insistent quest. You will find them at select tobacconists, clubs and hotels. And at the five distinguished Humidors of Alfred Dunhill of London.

Or write: Gradiatz, Annis, Factory No. 1, Tampa, Florida.

WORLD LEADER IN LUXURY CIGARS.

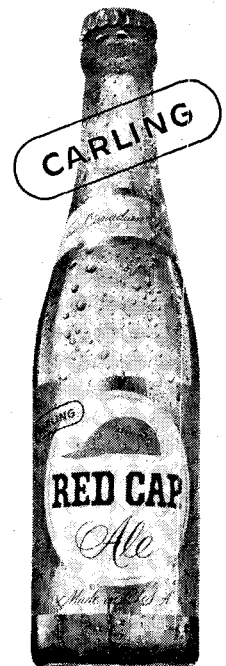


goods—for Sundays, matinées, or teas—have rollaway collars, high seaming, and slightly flared skirts. Fresh-as-spring suits of yellow-and-white nubby wool are equipped with double-breasted closings and gored skirts. Two-piece dance frocks, for little wheeler-dealers, are made up of sleeveless white rayon ottoman jackets (whose four black velveteen buttons are partly hidden by the off-center fly fronts) and skirts of black cotton velveteen. And so on.

ELEANOR BEARD, at 446 Park Avenue (57th), is the home of the uncluttered clothes for children made by Julia Marshall, who once had a shop of her own. From the natal day to the age of ten is what she has in mind, and a bright mind it is. Some of them are handmade, and where do you get that now? Finery for the bassinet group includes dresses of white lawn, batiste, or organdie enhanced with tiny tucks, lace, and embroidery. White, pink, or blue slips or panties go under them. Brother-and-sister sets, for beginning walkers, are done in turquoise ribbed cotton faille—jumper suits for boys and jumper dresses for girls. Blouses of white lawn fill in the bare spaces; bits of Valenciennes-type lace and pin-dot embroidery complete the picture. Clearly for dancing school or parties are the velveteen jumper dresses in emerald, red, navy, or black. These have plunging necks, and there are pleated jabots on the white organdie blouses. Rather fancy button-on bands of white tucked organdie run from the collarless necks to the hems of short-sleeved velveteen dresses in the same colors. Prices range from \$18.95 to \$50.

BONWIT TELLER's millinery department, first floor, is where you find Emme Boutique hats. Checked wool (black and white, black and gold, or black and brown) is the theme in many cases—tam-o'-shanters topped with black wool pompons, Bretons with crowns of black velours and upswept brims of the check. Backswept berets are draped into small black grosgrain bows at the nape and executed in red and navy wool plaids. Long scarves of the checks and plaids, plus black fringe, stand ready to serve, and so do chin-strap football helmets of black or white velours. The top price for hats is \$21; for scarves it's \$10.

MANY of Bergdorf Goodman's at-home pajamas appear in schizoid but pleasant colors. Some of the liveliest are slim through the body and as full as skirts at the hem. High-necked bodices



A Canadian secret? Not any more!

Canadians know that a fine ale goes a step beyond even the smoothest beer. It's extra bold and hearty because more hops, more malt and longer aging go into every drop. Such a brew is Red Cap Ale. Try it. Brewed here in the U. S. A. by Carling Brewing Company, Cleveland, Ohio, brewers of Black Label Beer.



Unusual tri-cable Shetland from England. Individually made on hand frame by skilled British craftsmen. About \$25.

New York & Branches: Wallachs; Chicago & Suburbs: Baskin; San Francisco: Hastings; Southern California: Silverwoods. For other fine stores, please write Frank L. Savage Inc., 17 East 37 Street, New York 16

of hot-pink silk and attached trousers of hot-orange basketweave wool use inverted pleats back and front to do the decorating. More elaborate two-piece pajamas have azalea-pink silk overbodies and portrait collars, and the trousers are of cerise crêpe; \$185. For contemporary Pierrettes to pirouette in are the sombre but frivolous one-piece, plunging-neckline Slim Jim pajamas of black rayon crêpe. Double rows of ruffles flutter down the insides of the legs. Hostess gowns in azalea-pink flannel, slit to the knees at the sides and embroidered with gold-metal doodads and intricate borders, are the cold-weather equivalent of sari silks; \$70.

HELENE ARPELS, at 665 Madison Avenue (60th), has brought from Italy some handmade ankle-hugging boots to wear with at-home slacks. There are slender flats with medium-pointed toes of elasticized faille in red, blue, and green, or in black-and-white checks. Done in gold or silver stretch lamé, they cry out for black velvet trousers. Some with wedge soles and round toes combine black suede and stretch satin in black, green, or red.

DELMAN's evening shoes of black synthetic velvet shed a reasonable amount of rain. Among them are sandals with low spool heels, closed backs, and crisscrossing straps over the foot, to say nothing of sandals with open backs, a wide band over the toes, and another over the instep. The same fabric takes care of high-heeled pumps tipped at the vamps with white satin that can be tinted while you wait—for half an hour. Other specimens are pumps or closed-toe sandals on hour-glass heels. Black cut velvet enriched with zinnias and starflowers—orange-and-gold, lavender-and-purple, fuchsia-and-Shocking pink, or aquamarine-and-green—is the making.

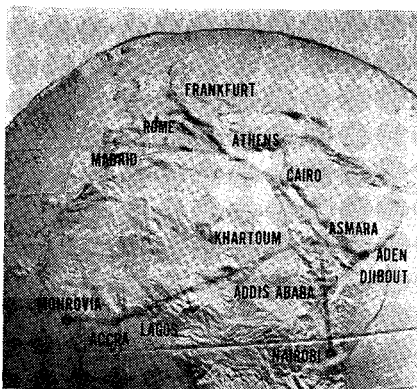
FINALLY, we come to Mark Cross and its luggage of moth-color (I say it's beige) basketweave rayon. The frames are Duralumin, which just misses being lighter than air. There are suitcases, cosmetic satchels, shoe bags,



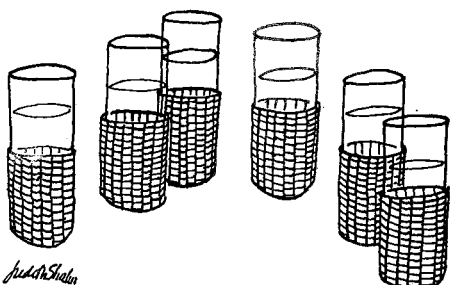
ETHIOPIAN BOEING JET at Addis Ababa, Ethiopia

14,978 gallons of fuel, 160 quarts of oil, and AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION

Ethiopian Airlines' power-packed Fan Jets are serviced according to the highest international standards of maintenance. With pride in their skill, American-trained maintenance engineers lavish the extra ounce of prevention that insures smooth, dependable, on-time performance. Result: Relaxation aloft, with attentive service and gourmet meals; sightseeing pleasure at exotic on-line stopovers.



Ethiopian Airlines offers seven Fan Jet Gateways to Africa... Madrid, Rome, Frankfurt, Athens, Cairo, Nairobi, and Accra. Ask your Travel Agent about Sightseeing Safaris in East Africa.



ETHIOPIAN AIRLINES
TWA GENERAL SALES AGENTS
IN U.S.A.
EUROPE—MIDDLE EAST—AFRICA

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.



Fisherman's Knit

Something so striking,
unprosaic, that no one will
believe you acquired it in the
usual way, from a shop . . . it
should have a story to go with
it. Traditional diamond pattern,
loosely knit in thick and thin
yarns of natural-color wool.
Marvelous traveler . . . pack
it in a paper bag if necessary,
it won't mind. Sizes 8 to 14.

About twenty-five dollars at
good stores and college shops



1407 Broadway, New York

©THE VILLAGER INC., 1964 • MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

dufflebags, and car cases—these last
large enough to hold eight to twelve
frocks; \$44 to \$134.75, including our
old friend federal tax. —M. M.

IRISH HOTEL

This is the last hotel
And the last light on the sea.
A mind whitewashed and stripped clean
to the salt
Wind, its eyes
Have the narrow watchfulness of the
builder—
Wary, because alone. Sleepless, discreet,
Distracted through its panes of diamond
lead,
The desk clerk is the sea's proprietor
For a moment. Our entry now
Builds a fire in the grate beneath his
stare.

Usually the weather's kinder, he says.
But lies,
Believing the rocks out there are mo-
ments of sun;
The lights in his eyes are sea-moons,
They have no pupils. The wind
Has gouged headland and sky
With the lines of his forehead. Deeper
inland
Is the time he dreams of: pools of trout,
Hills, a lake-bed, castle-ruins, and towns.

Better to tell him the wind'd blown us
here
Than that we've come
Poring over his stone floors for a home
Unlike any he knows.
Creation is cold—
His coat of tweed covers difficult bones;
When bad food and a cold bed
Bring day up over the horizon, the sea
An infinite black still, or a vague puzzle
of gray across
His features, he knows
We must leave. Though, for a night
His wet wind grows on us like skins,
And he wouldn't guess our strangers'
minds' need
To love his rocks' black bodies,
The iodine of his bruised sand
Spread over the soiled bones of distant
farms his mind

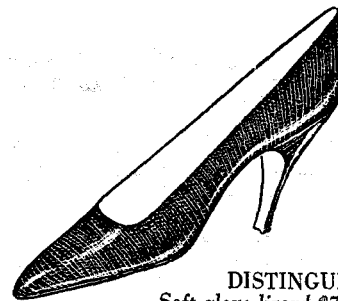
Dwells on. If tomorrow's sunrise
Gives us back the world of photo-
graphs—
Castles, perfect, and towns teeming with
life's
Human mice—he is not at odds
With our broken beginnings. There
His roof of shaved black slate,
The diamond-panes of his eyes,
His ankles of thick rough stone would
become
Our hard bed of dreams, his sea flawless.
—DAVID WEVILL

De Busschere of Bruges
Shoe Artisans for over 300 years



Cousu-Main Par

De Busschere



DISTINGUE
Soft glove lizard \$70

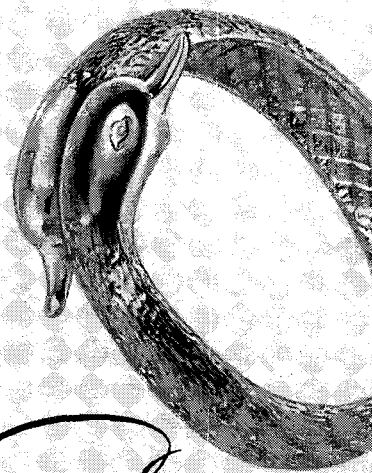
Each shoe handmade from one perfect
skin—the finest French butter-soft glove
lizard. Processed by a new method for
wonderful softness and pliability. Addi-
tional skins available for accessories. Eight
marvelous colors. Brochure on request.

MR. HENRI BENDEL Owner-President

BELGIAN SHOES, Inc.

60 East 56 St., New York 22, N. Y.

IN CALIFORNIA: I. MAGNIN & CO.
San Francisco



SWAN BRACELET

GRACEFULLY

DESIGNED AS

ITS INSPIRATION.



\$7.50 PLUS FED. TAX

HARZFELD'S, KANSAS CITY, MO.
FOR OTHER FINE STORES, WRITE

CASTLECLIFF, INC., 366 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 1



Now playing at the Imperial Theatre, New York City

MOSTEL

"Mostel's Tevye is one of the most glowing creations in the history of the musical theatre."
—The New York Times

...MUSIC

"...sweet in spirit, true in tone..."—Time Magazine

...MIRTH

"The humor—and such a wealth of it —speaks to everyone."
—New York World-Telegram and Sun

"One of the great works of the American musical theater"
N.Y. Daily News



Original Broadway Cast Album
RCA VICTOR
The most trusted name in sound



The Status Shift is this sliver of imported cashmere stemming from a richly cowed collar. The waist—to be sashed lightly, tightly or not at all. White, black, turquoise, natural or pink. In sizes 6 to 16, \$55*.

Available at:
Bergdorf Goodman, New York;
I. Magnin, California

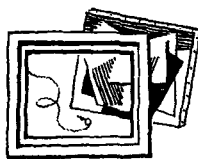
*Slightly higher on the West Coast

sportwhirl

498 Seventh Avenue, N. Y. C.

THE ART GALLERIES

Color and Form



THE opening of two large and sumptuous museum exhibitions is an event, coming so early in the season, particularly if the shows are as well planned as the pair we have to deal with at the moment. These are the Edward Hopper retrospective, at the Whitney—a massive affair of no less than a hundred and eighty-four items, of which a hundred and thirty-six are oils and watercolors and the remainder drawings and other black-and-whites—and the Pierre Bonnard memorial, at the Museum of Modern Art, of around a hundred and forty pieces, eighty-three of them oils and watercolors. The combination is spiced by the realization that it would be hard to think of two men more different in almost every respect artistically than Bonnard—the warm, pleasantly sensuous chronicler of cheerfully bourgeois, comfortable French family life and its setting, urban and otherwise, around the turn of the century—and the American Hopper, a man whose eye has always been focussed so sternly on the angularities of his own contemporary scene, from the beginning of the nineteen-hundreds onward, that he might playfully be called the “hard-edge” realist of his period.

Oddly, there are personal similarities between the two. Both were born into fairly well-to-do families, Hopper's father being a prosperous merchant in Nyack, New York, while Bonnard was the son of a government official living in the Paris suburb of Fontenay-aux-Roses. Although Bonnard's father induced him to study law for a while, he soon relented; neither painter met with any real resistance to his becoming an artist. They early showed several similar temperamental characteristics—a certain quiet stubbornness and independence of purpose, aloofness, and a general self-sufficiency. The differences still bulk larger than the likenesses, though—most especially in the degree of success their paintings met with in the early stages of their careers. Bonnard, coming in on the first wave of Post-Impressionism and in an atmosphere of change, was assured of some measure of recognition from the start. (He was born in 1867 and had his first one-man exhibition in 1896, and he had

THIS IS ST. CROIX



THIS TOO IS ST. CROIX



Select from on-site model homes now! For customized information call or write our exclusive agent:

PIVAR REAL ESTATE

54 King Street, Christiansted, St. Croix,
Virgin Islands, U.S.A.

Telephone: 773-0595

NEW YORK PHONE: TW 1-8585

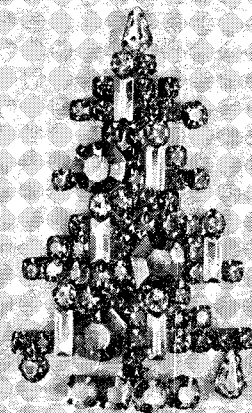
Your broker is welcome too!

SUGAR MILL ESTATES

at Bugby Hole

CHRISTIANSTED, ST. CROIX
VIRGIN ISLANDS, U.S.A.

PIN
NOËL



Since you can't wear the tree, wear this clever replica. Tree, candles, decorations handsomely blended in gay holiday colors. \$5.00 plus tax.

Pin by

Albert Weiss

For the store nearest you write: Albert Weiss & Co., 15 W. 37th St., N. Y. 18

Design © 1968

Who knows as much about scotch as the Scots?*

BLENDING SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF • BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.



LOOKING OVER THE BEAGLES, LITTLE RISSINGTON, ENGLAND.

*** We English.**

The Scots distill Haig —
we jolly well drink Haig.
Of hundreds of scotches,
Britain's largest seller
is Haig.



Most cars
would be proud just
to look this good



Or *ride* this good. Or *handle* this good. Or *perform* this good. But then, how can they when they don't have Action-Line Design. And a 123-inch wheelbase. And smooth-as-a-millpond coil-spring ride. And a big (425 cubic inches), powerful (up to 360 h.p.) Super Rocket V-8. Only one car gives you all this: Oldsmobile's Dynamic 88. There's only one place you can get it—at your Oldsmobile Dealer's . . . *where the action is!* Oldsmobile Division • General Motors Corporation

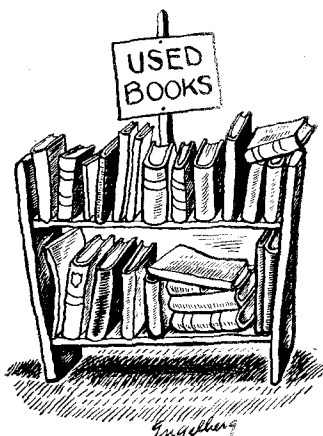
'65 OLDSMOBILE



The Rocket Action Car!

already made a reputation for himself as lithographer and poster artist.) In contrast, and surprisingly, in view of the towering position he has for a long time held in contemporary art, Hopper was so slow in achieving even a slight degree of success in his beginning years that for a decade, from around 1915, he seems to have just about given up painting; he had a fair enough living doing commercial art, and he concentrated otherwise on black-and-whites. As I gather, it was largely the growing success of these that encouraged him to start fiddling with oils again. But as late as the nineteen-thirties his artistic standing was still precarious, and because of the circumstances I can't help citing him as another example in support of my long-held theory that longevity is about the one sure way for an artist whose bent is outside the conventional styles to achieve recognition and some measure of security. Now in his eighty-third year, and still painting with undiminished energy (see his "Sun in an Empty Room," of just last year), Hopper, fortunately, has both.

It was Hopper's independence of purpose that undid him commercially back in those early years, and—as the current collection illustrates—by only the narrowest of margins. Like Sloan, Glackens, Shinn, and others of the so-called Ashcan school of realists, Hopper was a student of Robert Henri, and, as were many others, was deeply influenced by him; indeed, in the earliest examples in the show ("Railroad Train" and "Corner Saloon," for instance, along with "Le Pavillon de Flore," from his brief Paris period) he seems so closely attuned to the Henri mode that it is hard to see why he was excluded not only from the *succès de scandale* of the Sloan group, on the one hand, but, on the other, from the instant recognition that was given to such Henri adherents as Bellows and Luks. The reasons are there, though, to be seen if one hunts for them, and they lie, I think, in a



You were right

So many now invite Raphael to cocktails. Guests delight in this tasteful cocktail wine.



something liltng, light

Also delightful on-the-rocks. Raphael has a dry, distinctive, piquant flavor you'll enjoy.



for the cocktail hour...

Adopt this charming, continental custom. Enjoy this French way of saying "here's how."



in demanding

Raphael—light and vivacious. It has a rich, bittersweet tang. Serve well chilled.



and different

New idea! The Raphael cocktail. 2 parts Raphael—1 Vodka. Stir with ice, add a twist.



so France sent Raphael

By far her most popular cocktail wine. A product of French grapes, soil and skill.



for \$2.69

s Raphael
L'Aperitif de France

50,000,000 Frenchmen can't be wrong!

New York State price. May vary in other States depending on local taxes.



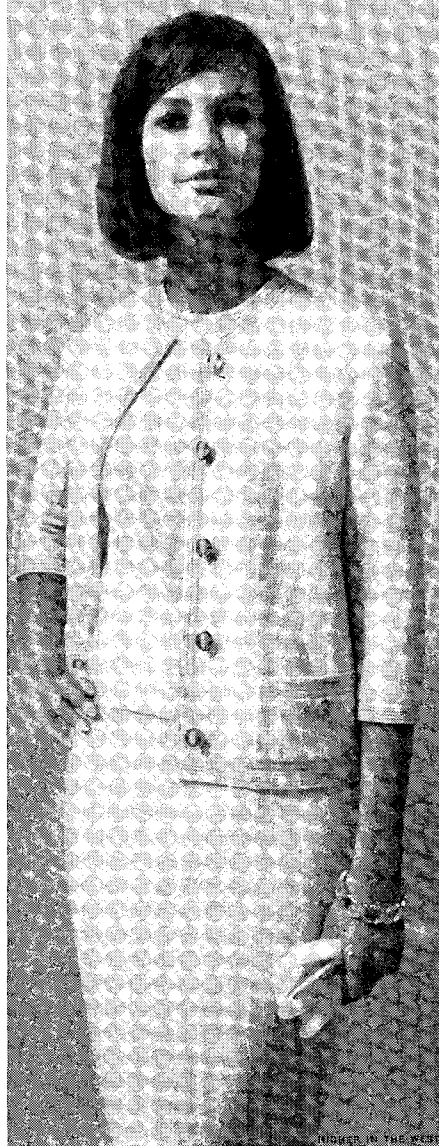
BUTTE KNIT

A DIVISION OF JONATHAN LOGAN

Worldly traveler elegantly shaped in a textured double knit wool. Buckle-buttoned jacket with stitched edge trim and patch pockets, short-sleeved overblouse, slim skirt. White, sea green, raspberry punch, Bahama blue. Sizes 8 to 18. About \$40.

At LORD & TAYLOR, New York
STIX, BAER & FULLER, St. Louis
DENVER DRY GOODS, Denver
and all their branches and
other fine stores. Or write Butte Knit,
1407 Broadway, New York 18.

DESIGNED BY NEUMA AGINS



certain uncompromisingness that has always characterized Hopper's art. Bellows was thoroughly in line with the academic mode of the day; he only played around a little with it, chiefly in his unconventional choice of subjects. Sloan and his coterie were harder to accept, for their insistence on workaday subjects and their earthiness were so much greater. But they were basically Romanticists, just the same—a situation that, though it may have greatly contributed to the critics' fury at first (fury at the "debasement" of the proper concern with the true, the beautiful), led more easily to acceptance. Hopper, sternly avoiding any trace of emotionality, remained pretty much ignored. He sold a painting at the Armory Show of 1913, to which he had been invited (this indicates that the "advanced" artists of the day knew about him), and another one ten years later. It was not till the retrospective given him at the Modern Museum, ten years after *that*, that he might be said to have really arrived.

Meantime, Hopper had perfected a point of view and a technique for conveying it that are so intimately correlated and combined, so exquisitely subtle in their expression, that it is difficult at times to figure out how he gets his effects. The loneliness of the individual, or perhaps not so much the loneliness as the sense of *aloneness*: the feeling that each of us is enclosed in a little envelope of separateness, whether in a group, a crowd, or an otherwise empty room—this is the major motive of his work. It recurs in any number of his compositions, from the fairly early "Moonlight Interior" and "Automat," with its girl alone at a table, to such more fully developed later ones as "New York Office," of the wan-faced man working late with his secretary in the impersonal glare of office lighting, and (to name another of his very best canvases) "Nighthawks," in which one sees, from the dark street outside, a man alone at one end of the counter of an all-night lunchroom and a snap-brim-hatted man with a girl at the other end—and the whole point is that the man and the girl are just as separate, though together, as the lone man is.

There are other characteristics and tendencies that could be noted. One is Hopper's unfailing ability to choose the exactly right persons for the scene to be portrayed, and this quality contributes a good deal to the success not only of the canvases already mentioned but of such others as the ravaged-looking nude standing in her room ("A Woman in



New!

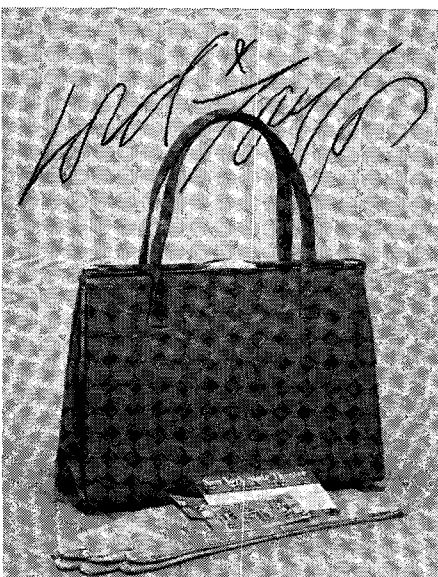
Step

**Perfume Dispensers
give you more fragrance
from your perfume**

New patented perfume and cologne dispenser from France sprays such fine mist that perfumes stay fresher, last longer. **Absolutely leakproof, evaporation-proof, fully guaranteed.** Beautiful styles for purse and vanity table. As shown, \$4.50.

Step
5 E. 57 St. N.Y.

others from \$3.50-\$35.
At fine stores everywhere



The city satchel

tailored to perfection for daytime coats and suits, imported from England for us alone. Black or brown leather-lined grained leather. 26.00 plus Federal tax. At all Lord & Taylor stores

Would you like to send an Avis button to your son at college?



Or to the man who installed your dishwasher? Or to the laundry that doesn't replace the buttons on your shirts?

It might wake up somebody you know.
The way it did us.

The button jacked us up. It reminded us we were only No.2 in rent a cars. With a lot more to do than just hand you a car like a lively new Ford.

We had to try harder to keep you coming back.

All of us.

The girls at the counters, the men who fill up the gas tanks, the mechanics, the president back at the office. We're still only No.2. But we're inching up.

Pick up a button at any Avis counter.

If the slogan doesn't work, turn it over.

Try the pin.

MAIL

coupon below plus
\$15,000
 and we'll refund
 your 5¢ postage!

We'll also send you our ceramic Beehive Bank—and for the sport of it, we'll see that you get a bankbook showing you have \$15,000 in your account at The New York Bank for Savings, New York's oldest savings bank.



Of course, you can open a savings account and get a Beehive Bank with as little as \$15. But you'd be surprised how many fashionable people keep \$15,000 cash in The New York Bank for Savings for themselves or, more often, in trust for children or grandchildren.

Why choose The New York Bank for Savings? Because it pays the top bank rate on savings . . . it's the one savings bank in all New York that has paid depositors dividends for 145 years in a row.

\$15,000 or \$15, let's welcome you as a depositor. Just attach your check to the coupon. Beehive Bank and bankbook will be sent immediately.



THE NEW YORK BANK FOR SAVINGS

NEW YORK'S OLDEST SAVINGS BANK
 Assets over \$1.4 billion

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

THE NEW YORK BANK FOR SAVINGS (NY-16)
 280 Park Ave. So., New York, N.Y. 10010

Please open a savings account in my name, as checked. Enclosed for deposit is \$.....

- ☐ Individual Account
☐ Trust Account for.....
☐ Joint Account with.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....Zip Code.....

the Sun”), the sharp-featured man and his blowzy, half-dressed wife in “Hotel by a Railroad,” each ignoring the other, and many more. But that is not the whole of the secret, either, for Hopper’s buildings can be lonely, too, and so, for that matter, can his rooms. For an instance of the latter, I again cite “Sun in an Empty Room,” done, as I have already remarked, just last year. This could serve as an atmospheric backdrop for any one of his bored nudes and semi-nudes, and for his transient couples stranded momentarily somewhere, and it is a tour de force if there ever was one. As for buildings, the early and famous “Early Sunday Morning” must be mentioned, as well as “Dawn in Pennsylvania,” as geometric in design as any Sheeler, and possibly more evocative. Hopper’s lighting should also be mentioned, for it is as exact in its relation to the scene as his characterizations, and frequently as subtle. (Note how the dim brick façade of the building in the background of “Night-hawks,” lit mainly by the light from the lunchroom, adds to the atmosphere of the painting.)

The show is not monotonous or one-sided, and if I have made it seem so it may be because I have borne down too heavily on Hopper’s studies in the ungregariousness of man. It’s his main theme, it is true, but there are other aspects of his work, notably his landscapes and houses and his occasional sea scenes, almost all of them crisp and fresh and sunny—the production of a fully rounded man.

BONNARD’s attitude toward life, though much more optimistic than Hopper’s, is far less varying. From his paintings one concludes that he believed in the comforts of life—good food, a good wife, a good, well-furnished house with a garden—and he came back over and over to variations on this theme. Yet his work, like Hopper’s, escapes monotony, and again a quality of genius in the man is the reason, in addition to his superlative ability to transmit his own enjoyment of life to the spectator. As I have said, he was luckier than Hopper in that he was with the current of his times instead of against it. He was always open in his praise of Monet, Degas, Cézanne, Renoir, and other leaders. But he made his own decisions, nonetheless, and the present collection is beautifully arranged to show his progress toward the full realization of his talents. A few influences are visible in his early pieces—Manet, possibly, in “Mme. Terrasse and Her Children,” and the then widely



WE KNEW HE WASN'T A REAL ENGLISHMAN WHEN HE ASKED "WHAT ARE VIYELLA SOCKS?"

What Englishman worth his tea and crumpets hasn't heard about Viyella Men's Hosiery? Spun in England from fine cotton and the softest wool, Viyella is shrink-proof, fade-proof, moth-proof and almost never needs darning. Ankle length...\$1.75 per pair. Garter length and over-the-calf length...\$2.00 per pair.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF KAYSER-ROTH

CASUAL LUXURY—OUR
CAMEL HAIR BLAZER

100% camel hair tailored into our blazer sport coat for your country weekends. Accorded great attention to detail, this three button model has been made to our exacting specifications with patch pockets and stitched edges. In camel color and a complete range of sizes. 85.00. Men's Clothing.

THE MEN'S STORE
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE



What's in it for you on TWA? Just a great flight.

And that's what really matters—smooth sailing all the way. In the terminal, nothing between you and your jet but quiet competence and a smile. Then a quick-silver climb and you're away at a silent 600 miles per hour. In the air: a master

chef's menu, and a wide-screen color movie* if you're crossing the country or the Atlantic. When you land, check your watch. Every entry in our timetable is a promise we mean to keep.

In short, you've enjoyed the kind of

flying, the kind of service everybody's talking about these days. And you can get more of the same any time, between 70 U.S. cities and 18 world centers abroad. Only on Trans World Airlines.

*By Inflight Motion Pictures, Inc.

Nationwide
Worldwide
depend on

TWA





ELISOFF © 1964 HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC.

CASA BOTIN OF MADRID AWAITS YOU WITH ROAST SUCKLING PIG AND CANADIAN CLUB

Here is where the bullfighters meet to talk of bulls and courage.
And on the days when they are not fighting, to eat Don Antonio's Cochinillo Asado,
a juicy little piglet cooked in an open tiled oven 239 years old.
You'll find your old friend Canadian Club here, too.
Enjoy it in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after.



Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch and the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like it. Try Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—this very evening. It's "The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.



studied Japanese in "Les Champs-Elysées" and "Place Blanche." (It was from the Japanese, certainly, that he got the flat perspective he used later, adapting and perfecting it in the process—whereby, in some of his best canvases, objects near and far seem to float together as if drawn by some strange effect of atmospheric diffraction.) The early pieces are dark and a bit drab. A little after the start of the century, in such paintings as "Regatta" and "Nude Leaving Bath," color appears, and with the abruptness and violence of a sunburst. Something suddenly had liberated him, and after that there was no stopping him.

Bonnard at first glance seems to come to have been a cautious painter. But few men except Cézanne have been more daring in their use of color while still adhering to natural forms; indeed, there are touches of Cézanne's own infinite particularity in the range of minute coloristic variations Bonnard employed to depict a white bedspread in "The Pedicure" and the flesh tones in "Nude in Bathroom" and a number of other works. In these, the color changes are subtle; in others, such as "Mediterranean Coast," "Breakfast," and "Still Life with Fruit," they are sonorous; in still others, such as "Nude in Yellow" and the incomparable "Table Before Window," they are clangorous. The last, with its high-keyed reds, yellows, greens, and blues improbably but firmly reconciled, is perhaps the summit of this altogether handsome exhibition.

—ROBERT M. COATES

"A lot of people are afraid of banks," he explains during a limited quietus.—*From an article in Select, a Minneapolis-St. Paul publication.*

That's when somebody raps you over the head but you can still talk.

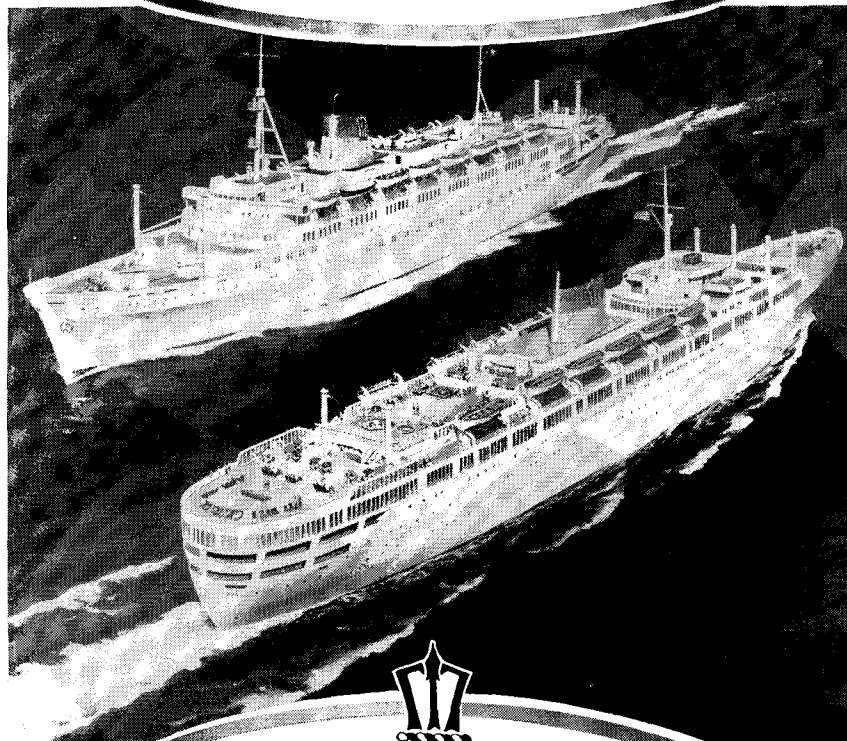
Just before the plane took off, Siles came to the door and shouted to newsmen, "I have been detained in a cello packed with common criminals. I will continue to fight on behalf of the people."—*Seattle Times.*

Those two sound holes must have made all the difference.

OUR OWN BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Poor Man's Lot L.A. Motors, Los Angeles.
Falsetto Construction Co., Ottawa.
The Whole Truth Grocery, Williams-
ton, S.C.
Western Eastern Star Home, Pittsburgh.
Foxhole Caterers, Providence.

SAIL THE GREEK LINE "GOLDEN ROUTE" TO THE MEDITERRANEAN



Fortnightly Service from New York and Boston to
PORTUGAL • ITALY • SICILY • GREECE • CYPRUS • ISRAEL

The Magnificent TSS

OLYMPIA

26,000 TONS

Greek Line's New Flagship TSS

QUEEN ANNA MARIA

23,000 TONS

Stabilized • Fully Air Conditioned
Deluxe Staterooms

The "Golden Route" is more than a sunshine route to the Mediterranean . . . it is a golden way of life! It symbolizes the highest standards of excellence, comfort and elegance . . . of attentions by those who are especially trained in the tradition of fine service.

On the "Golden Route" you'll luxuriate on sleek, comfortable liners in staterooms with private facilities. Play on the many sun-deck areas . . . swim, make friends in the many spacious public rooms. You'll delight in the epicurean Continental-American cuisine featuring Mediterranean specialties.

Pick the "Golden Route" sailing of your choice . . . take advantage of season discounts up to 25% . . . custom-plan your own itinerary, or select an all-inclusive tour from the many regularly scheduled to Mediterranean countries and Greek Islands.

For "Golden Route" information, tours and reservations including the magnificent Mediterranean cruise and West Indies cruises, contact your TRAVEL AGENT.

GREEK LINE

10 Bridge Street, New York, N. Y. 10004

Atlanta • Boston • Cleveland • Chicago • Detroit • Los Angeles • Miami • Philadelphia • San Francisco
Toronto • Montreal • Vancouver

LILIES DON'T BLOOM AT EASTER

AS a boy, I lived at the edge of a small city about thirty miles from Lake Michigan, in a sparsely populated suburb of scattered houses, empty lots, and mixed religious denominations. Newcomers there were few, even after the war ended and people began to move out of the city. At thirteen, I still had as my chief companions boys I had known from the age of eight or nine. There was one girl I had known even longer, because her father was an old friend of my father's. Her name was Eleanor Pleski. She was not very pretty; her chin was small, her teeth were large, her nose was bent, and she was skinny. Her eyes were not unattractive—they had that clean iridescent gray one generally finds only in dolls' eyes—but her eyelashes were short and the color of beach sand.

Eleanor's house stood a block away from mine, next to the group of lots in which my friends and I played football and softball. In the afternoon, while we were playing, I'd see her get off the bus at the corner—she was always coming home from school late—and I'd act engrossed. But the other guys

would never let it go. "Hey, Leo, here comes your girl friend!" Ralph would yell. I'd look up, and she'd wave as she turned into her yard, and I'd have to wave back and then stand around and take a ribbing for a while. If she'd been pretty, I probably wouldn't have minded. Once, though, I was so annoyed by the embarrassment she caused me that I didn't wave back. She hesitated, I remember, gazing across the field at me, and entered her house quickly. The next afternoon, I waved first.

Most of the children in the neighborhood were Protestants—Baptists, Presbyterians, some Free Methodists, even one Seventh-Day Adventist. And there was Ace, too, who was Jewish. Eleanor and I, however, were Catholics. That was part of the problem. We took a bus every morning to a parochial school in the city, because the suburban parish didn't have a school then. Thus we were united in a way that I couldn't be with my sporting companions who went to the public school—yet they were my chief friends. That's why I remember that waving routine so well, because it involved a conflict of loyalties.

When I got to be fourteen, I began, as was more or less customary among youths of our parish then, to think about whether I might not have a religious vocation. I talked to our pastor, Father Baegert, who of course encouraged me to enter the seminary. My mother said it wouldn't hurt. My father left it up to me. So I made plans to enter St. Matthew's Seminary, in the city, that fall.

"You're going to be a *minister*?" Ralph said when I told him and Ace about these plans.

"No, a priest."

Ralph looked at Ace, who was looking at me. They looked at one another.

Ralph said, "What's a priest do?"

"He sacrifices things," Ace said.

Ralph stared at me the way he had when I first appeared before him wearing eyeglasses. "What do you sacrifice?" he asked.

"The body and blood of Christ," I said.

Ralph looked at Ace again. Ace looked away.

"How about some softball?" I said.

"Sure," Ralph said. "Hey, will you still have summers off?"

"Sure. And Christmas and Easter. I just won't be around the rest of the time."

We started playing ball—a game called "work up." When Eleanor got off at the corner a little later and came up the street and waved at me and I waved back, for the first time in months nobody ribbed me. "Hey, come on, pitch," Ralph said, and that was all.

In the summer following my decision, I did not see much of Eleanor. For a while, I worked in a bowling alley setting pins, until one night a flying pin struck my hand and made my thumb swell up. After that, my mother would not have me setting pins. She said if I ever seriously hurt my thumbs or index fingers they wouldn't let me be a priest. She had not been enthusiastic at first, but now that the decision was made she didn't want the future



"Who's asking you to sit here?"



This is Enka Crepeset™ nylon...
the yarn that adds the purity of crepe to the simplicity of nylon tricot.

Eve Stillman makes a gown of Burlington's Crepe '64, the swank new fabric made with Enka Crepeset* nylon. Because Crepeset has the pebbling built in, this new above-the-knee length gown hangs with the pure beauty of crepe. Yet has the aplomb of nylon tricot. Completely washable, drip dryable. Deliciously ruffled. Matching bikini panty included. P-S-M-L, about \$18. Black with oleander pink trimming, blue with white lace and mauve pink trim. See them at Lord & Taylor, New York; Sakowitz, Houston; M. M. Cohn Co., Little Rock; Stewart Dry Goods, Louisville; Gus Mayer Co., New Orleans; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco.  American Enka Corp., Enka, N.C. • Producer of

ENKA CREPESET NYLON
-the yarn with the "crepe" built in!

Would
you ever believe
this building
houses
the world's most
celebrated
names in
home
furnishings,
rugs and carpets.
Firms like
Baker-Manor House
Camer Glass
Dunbar
Dux
Ficks-Reed
Fritz Hansen
Kent-Costikyan
Kittinger
Mason=Art
Meldan House
Herman Miller
Milling Road Shop
Nahon Furniture Co., Inc.
Romweber-American
John Scalia, Schmieg & Kotzian
George Tanier
Richard Wheelwright
Woodard
Unika-Vaev.
It's the one place
in New York
where
you see the world's best.
Come by.
Come browse.
When you buy,
you must
work through an
established
trade source.



The Decorative Arts Center
305 EAST 63RD STREET, NEW YORK

OWNERS & MANAGERS: HARRY G. SILVERSTEIN & SONS

loused up over details. So I quit working for the bowling alley, and sat around waiting for fall.

One day, Eleanor came over. "I heard you're going to St. Matthew's," she said. She had an odd, indirect manner of looking at you, the way a dog does when it thinks you're going to hit it. Nobody was watching—we were in the back yard looking at the lily pads in the goldfish pond—and I smiled and shrugged and said yes.

"I'd be so excited," she said.

"I'm thinking about having to study for twelve years," I said.

"Oh, I wouldn't mind that. I'd just think about what was waiting at the end."

"The priesthood," I said. "There's no easy way out of it once you're in." I felt her glancing sideways at me. She didn't speak. "It's a big decision," I said. Then my mother called from the porch asking if we would care for some sherbet, and Eleanor and I went into the house.

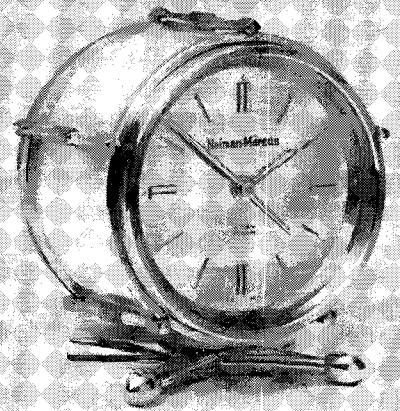
When September arrived, I prepared to leave. For my mother, the packing was an exacting task, even though I would be living only four or five miles away. St. Matthew's adhered strictly to a rule that its students must not have personal contact, except through correspondence, with the world outside the seminary grounds. Supplies had to be mailed in. This irritated my mother, who didn't like to mail packages—because of the insurance she was afraid not to purchase—and who considered it her duty, therefore, to see that I had things like spare shoelaces and toothbrushes and a sewing kit. Anyway, the big Saturday morning finally arrived. My father placed my trunk in the back of the car, and my mother shoved a box of cookies into my hands.

"I don't think they allow us to bring food, Mother."

"Take it," she said. "Throw it away if you have to."

She cried a bit. I kissed her on the cheek and climbed into the car, and my father backed the car out of the driveway. We had just turned onto the street when I saw Eleanor running across the field of vacant lots toward us. She stopped when she saw that I saw her. She waved. I rolled down the window and waved back. She stood there in the field, and as we reached the end of the street she waved again before we turned the corner out of sight.

It was not a bad place, St. Matthew's. Of course, I was homesick at first. For a couple of weeks, I wanted to



Drum Clock...

8-day Swiss movement with alarm,
luminous dial; in brass with
silver toned drum cylinder, made for
Neiman-Marcus by Swiza Sheffield. 30.00

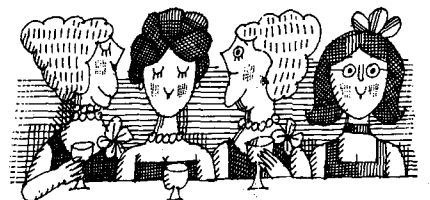
3" tall x 2-5/8" wide x 2" deep

Mail orders to Dallas add 35c mailing; Xmas wrap 65c

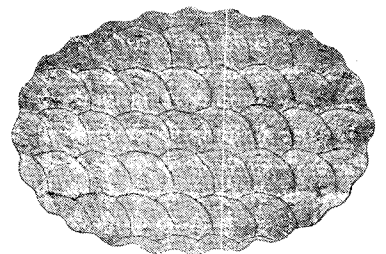
Neiman-Marcus

Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth

IMPRESS THE DEBUTANTES' MOTHERS



Serve the chocolate mousse on Stotter's new Shell Royale place mats. The shell's cascading ripples are as refreshing as a pretty young girl. These extraordinarily beautiful new table fashions have a mother-of-pearl look, come in pale colors (pink, blue, green, white), are so fragile looking you need to be reminded that they're practical, durable, wipe-clean vinyl, foam rubber-backed to hush away the family history recitals. \$5 each mat. At better stores everywhere.



STOTTER TABLE SETTINGS
H. J. STOTTER, INC., 225 FIFTH AVENUE, N.Y. 10, N.Y.



Dreaming

A special place for dreaming tender dreams... a place filled with the glowing sight and warmth of color just awakened to the fresh beauty of morning's light. What could be more right than a Monarch carpet to suit this elegant mood with quiet restfulness? What could be more right for you than Monarch's modest price?

MONARCH'S carpets belong in special places... where fine quality is appreciated. Upstairs, downstairs... Monarch's a wise and wonderful choice. With deep, plush pile of Acrilan acrylic, Nylon, and Herculon olefin, Monarch carpets are made to laugh at spills and spots... to be walked on, stood on, sat on without complaining... to live happily with you and your family for years to come. From \$7.95 per sq. yd., in an endless variety of lasting colors and textures. (Ask your Monarch dealer about Colorset).



Monarch carpet mills

CHAMBLEE, GEORGIA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GIVENCHY PERFUMES, ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA AND UNITED STATES POSSESSIONS



Once she was the only woman in the world allowed to wear this perfume. L'Interdit. Created by Givenchy for Audrey Hepburn.



LICENSED TO UNISYS
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bust out—a simple matter of walking through the tall bushes that surrounded the grounds—just to get a bottle of pop or listen to a radio. But once I had grown used to the routine and the silence, I no longer thought much about such luxuries. There were compensations. Primarily, there was the idea that one was there for a high purpose; it seemed only reasonable that if one couldn't stand life without luxuries one had no business remaining. Some didn't. Of the entering class, half a dozen dropped out within a month. One, a little, sad, dark-skinned boy with a wart on his chin, went through the bushes to get a hot-fudge sundae from a drugstore at the corner and was caught coming back. I felt sorry for him, because, having done it, he felt satisfied and wanted to stay. But they expelled him. The smokers did not have quite so difficult a time; a pack of cigarettes is not hard to conceal. If a fellow was capable of staying awake until after midnight, when the faculty monitor quit patrolling the halls, he could sneak out on the fire escape for a few puffs. Not surprisingly, however, those students who took advantage of this flaw in the discipline eventually departed for other reasons.

The faculty at St. Matthew's was led by an only faintly worldly-wise rector of about forty-five. In his monsignor's robe, with his black curly hair well groomed and a courteous smile on his square, blue-eyed face, he demonstrated, in such ancillary tasks as extracting donations from well-to-do matrons of the diocese, an easy suitability. But as rector to his students he rarely smiled. One of the first things I was told about him was that as a young seminarian he had been so splendid a pitcher the St. Louis Cardinals had offered him a contract, which naturally he refused. This made him glamorous. Yet, because of the scowl he constantly showed us, we occasionally wondered if he didn't regret his decision.

The vice-rector, nicknamed Guido, was a much smaller man. He had the serene look about him of Pius XII. But with a sense of hearing as sharp as a dolphin's, he missed nothing. You could try ever so faintly whispering an answer to some classmate's question on Latin syntax and glance up, and there would sit Guido, clear at the front of the study hall, watching you over his long nose. One mark down. Six marks in a year and you were out. He was many a young aspirant's nemesis.

Nevertheless, I got on. I applied myself to my studies, tried to obey the rules, and cultivated a devoutness not



DELMONICO'S

 Elegant, quiet, agreeable surroundings

 Friendly people, no push buttons

 Grand cuisine

 Great swinging bar

 Beautiful view of Park Avenue

 Instant room service

 Rolls Royce with bar and phone to fetch you

 Telephone: ELdorado 5-2500

 59th Street and Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.


CARRIAGE TRADE CASHMERES BY BALLANTYNE OF SCOTLAND.

THESE SUPERBLY SOFT ARISTOCRATS OF THE SWEATER WORLD ARE 100% PRECIOUS CASHMERE, METICULOUSLY HAND FINISHED.

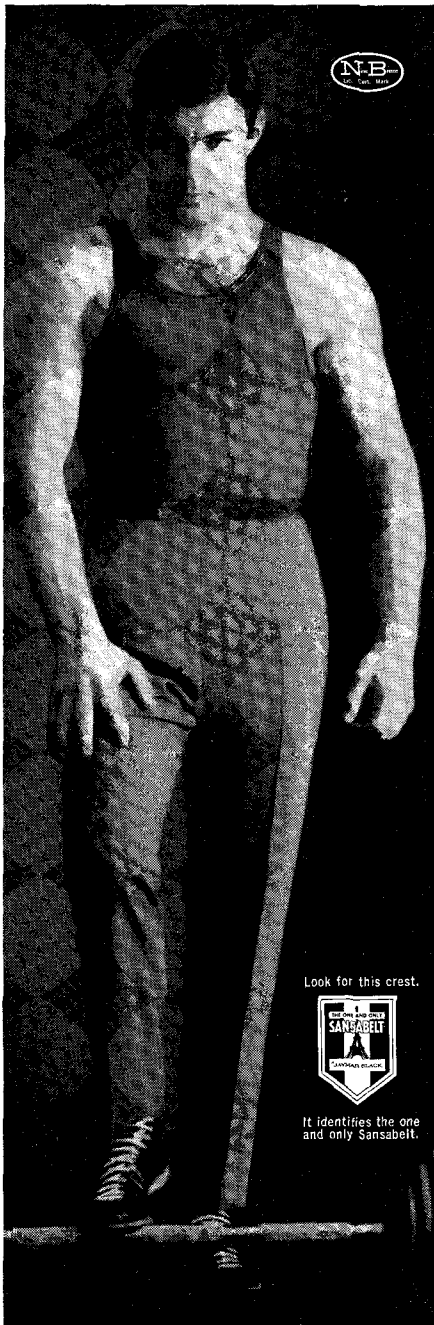
THE PERENNIAL CLASSIC CARDIGAN IN STUNNING FASHION SHADES INCLUDING BERMUDA BLUE, LOTUS PINK, SANDRINGHAM, PLATINUM, NAVY, BLACK, WHITE, FOUR OTHERS. 36-44. \$19.95.

OURS ALONE HERE, OR BY MAIL.

Trimingham's
BERMUDA



Write TRIMINGHAM'S, Hamilton, Bermuda, Dept. N-47. Add 50¢ postage per item; U. S. duty, if any, on delivery. Send for free illustrated "Treasures" catalogue. And when you come to Bermuda, a take-home treasure extraordinary: Ballantyne's opulently beaded pure cashmere evening sweater. White on light shades, grey or black. 38-42. \$74.75.



SANSABELT® Strong Man in Slacks

Strong ideas attract strong men. Knowing this, we largely address Sansabelt Slacks to the movers and shakers, the decision-makers, the men with minds of their own.

One of the secrets of Sansabelt is a new patented 4" elastic waistband designed in France. Sansabelt perpetually re-adjusts itself as you stoop, bend, walk or sit. Follows your body—never fights it.

At better men's stores, or write Jaymar-Ruby, Inc., Michigan City, Indiana for dealer nearest you.

A JAYMAR SLACK

*Licensed by Y. LeCottier and A. G. Tronassaux of France, Under U. S. Pat. No. 2,757,381.

Sansabelt Slacks are available at:
MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL. • KENNEDY'S, NEW ENGLAND • WELLS & COVERLY INC., SYRACUSE, N. Y., and other fine stores from coast to coast.

too hopelessly hypocritical. I became an average, if not an ideal, seminarian.

Then, in a letter I received from my mother around the end of October, I was told that Eleanor had entered a convent. I was more than a little surprised. It seemed odd she hadn't said anything to me about her plans. Not until a few weeks before Christmas did I get a letter from her—from Eleanor. She said I had probably heard by then where she was, and she wanted to know if I would mind writing to her. She described the convent and said she liked it but sometimes missed the old neighborhood and things. Did I remember the talk we'd had in front of the goldfish pond? She'd heard that I was going to be home for Christmas, too, so there was no point in writing a great deal now; she'd talk my ear off then. As if Eleanor had ever spoken more than twenty contiguous words.

I chose not to answer the letter. Immersed in the proper pursuit of my new life, I did not even think about the Christmas vacation itself until it arrived.

NOW, whenever I recall that first Christmas vacation, I think immediately of how it felt to ride in a car again. You wouldn't suppose that a scant four months away from vehicles could much impair your memory of that sensation, but it can. It was snowing when my father picked me up. As we drove down the long driveway toward the city street, I felt as if I were riding on the top of a stagecoach going too fast. I tried telling my dad how I felt. He looked at me and laughed. "You didn't notice it was a new car, huh?" I glanced around. Sure enough. He had bought a De Soto.

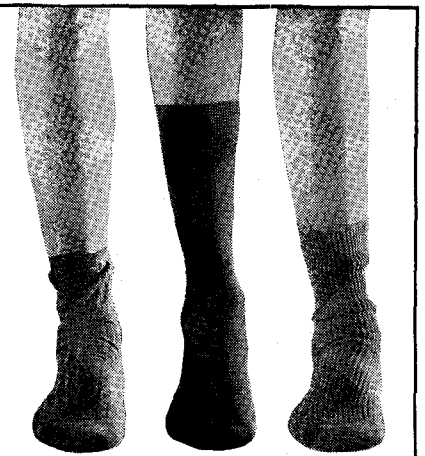
We arrived at the house a little before noon. My mother came out on the front porch. She acted as if I might have been the prodigal son. Snowflakes were coming down large as wads of cotton all around her, but there she stood, nicely dressed, waving. I was permitted, for the first time in my life, to enter by the front door with my galoshes on.

"Good heavens, Leo, what's happened to your complexion!" my mother said. This was the first thing she said. My face was all pimples; I had forgotten to mention that in my letters.

"They say it's the starchy diet," I told her, still clutching my suitcase.

"Why, that's shocking," she said. "They don't let you do anything else there—I should think they'd at least give you something decent to eat."

"It's part of the mortification," I



**WILL THE REAL
HANES PLUS 4 SOCK
PLEASE STAY UP?**

**YOU BET!
IT'S GUARANTEED
TO STAY UP**

In casual, dress and sports styles.
Money back if not satisfied.

HANES®
Red Label
Plus 4

\$1 and \$1.50



FISHING IN THE SEVEN SEAS

A client of ours and two of his friends decided to take a fishing trip around the world. They fished in 38 countries, in every ocean and sea, in innumerable lakes, rivers and streams and caught 83 varieties of fish. The biggest, a 362-pound Big-Eyed Tuna in Peru, the smallest, a 6-inch trout in Scotland.

We also have clients who golf their way around the world, who go on safaris in Africa, who visit gardens in the Far East, and who taste wines on the Continent.

But most people who travel with us do it for the sheer fun of it—travel is their hobby; art for art's sake, you might say. Which prompts us to say that we have developed pleasure travel into an art... a statement we'd like to prove to you soon.



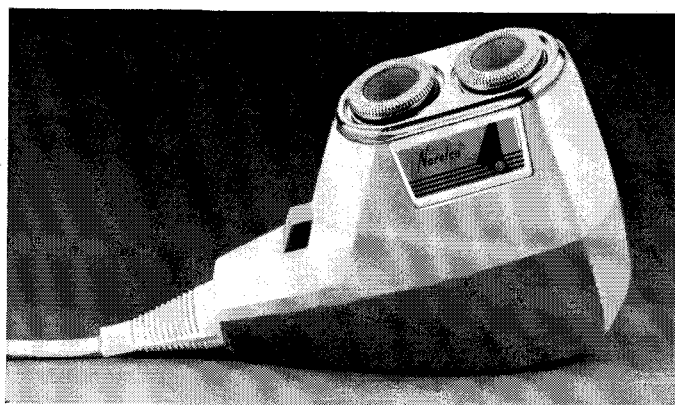
**THE
HOUSE OF TRAVEL**

17 East 49th St., N. Y. 17, N. Y. MU 8-0185



Meet the Green Bay Packers: Front Row—81 Fleming, Cochran, 74 Jordan, 47 Whittenton, 86 Dowler, 63 Thurston, 31 Taylor, 5 Hornung, 15 Starr, 82 Aldridge, Hecker, Fears. Second Row—Austin, 64 J. Kramer, 21 Jeter, 77 Kostelnik, 46 Gremminger, 66 Nitschke, 85 McGee, 58 Currie, 35 Mestnik, 70 Henry, 23 Norton. Back Row—24 Wood, Miller, 12 Bratkowski, Peppler, 89 Robinson, 75 Gregg, 60 Caffey, 25 Moore, 76 Skoronski, 67 Grimm, 78 Masters, 22 Pitts, Bengtson. Standing—26 Adderley, 79 Hanner, 87 Davis.

Why the Green Bay Packers recommend



the Norelco Comfort Shave

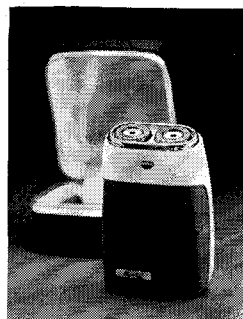
Just imagine what *your* face would feel like after a gruelling professional football game. Wouldn't you want the shaver—the *only* shaver—that gives the *Comfort Shave*? Bet your life you would.

And that shaver is today's Norelco Speedshaver with self-sharpening rotary blades. Rotary blades work on today's most advanced shaving principle. They stroke off whiskers with a *continuous* rotary motion—never "grab" the way ordinary shavers do, never cut or nick the way blades do.

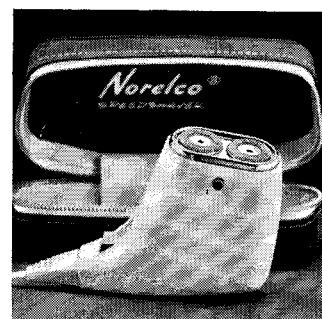
Result: a close, clean shave with nary a pinch, pull or scrape—shaving comfort no other shaving method, wet or dry, can duplicate.

You can get the Comfort Shave in three models: The new Norelco 'Floating-Head' above—self-cleaning rotary blades; heads that *swivel* to fit your face; new Norelco Cordless; or new Norelco 'Flip-Top'. All have rotary blades. All give the Comfort Shave. Just ask a Green Bay Packer—especially some Sunday afternoon.

Other Norelco Comfort Shave Products: Prelec® pre-shave lotion. Finale® after-shave lotion. Shaver Cleaner. Home Barber Kit—saves money on haircuts, great for kids. **Other Products:** Hearing Aids, Radios, Radio-Phonographs, Tape Recorders, Dictating Machines, Medical X-ray Equipment, Electronic Tubes and Devices. © 1964 North American Philips Company, Inc., 100 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York.



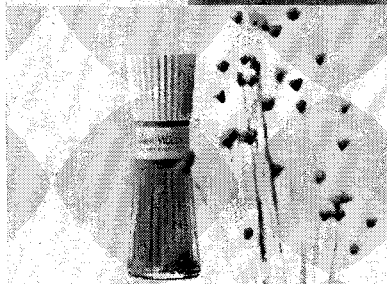
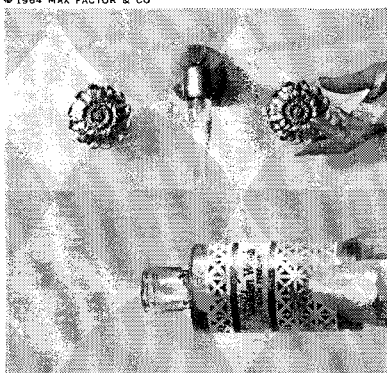
Cordless—shaves anywhere. Battery powered. Zippered case with mirror. New Norelco Cordless Speedshaver 20C.



All-new 'Flip-Top'—world's largest selling shaver model. On/off switch. Easy flip-top cleaning. Popular price. Norelco 'Flip-Top' Speedshaver® 20.

Norelco®/The Comfort Shave

© 1964 MAX FACTOR & CO



Bathe in waters soft as silk,
dappled with the fragrance
of Golden Woods Bath Oil. To make
you feel golden all over, use
Golden Woods Spray Mist Cologne
and Bath Powder.

Golden Woods
by Max Factor

said, and plunked my suitcase on the floor.

A few minutes later, Eleanor called. "It's your old girl friend," my dad said, winking at my mother as he held out the receiver.

"Is that you, Leo?" Eleanor asked as I muttered hello, still a little annoyed.

"It's me," I replied.

"Your voice has changed."

"Oh, yeah? How?"

"It's deeper," she said.

Self-conscious, I asked how she was. She was fine. The convent was also fine. Her ride home had been, like mine, precarious. Pause.

"Ask her to come over," my mother said. I looked at her. "Your fathers are old friends," my mother said. "You have to ask her."

"Just a minute, Eleanor," I said. I put my hand over the receiver and hissed at my mother, "Ma, I'm a seminary now."

My father laughed.

"Well, she's in a convent," my mother said. "It's not as if you were going to the drive-in with a high-school girl."

I grimaced. "Say, Eleanor, how would you like to come over this afternoon for—"

"We're going to decorate the tree," my mother said.

"—to help us decorate the tree." I felt very stupid.

"About two," my mother said.

"About two," I said.

"O.K.," she said, and we hung up. There was no place like home.

A little later, I tried to call my former chums, Ralph and Ace, but neither was around. I didn't ask any questions of Ralph's mother, because she was a Baptist and had always seemed a little hostile to me. Ace's mother, however, recognized my voice immediately, deep as it had got, and wanted to know everything—how I was getting along. So in exchange for the information that Ralph and Ace had gone ice-skating—was it the tone of her voice that caused me to assume they had gone skating to meet some girls?—I had to talk seriously for ten minutes.

When Eleanor came over, I was glad to see her. I felt impatient—not home a full day yet and I was half wishing I were back in the seminary. I didn't quite like the songs I heard on the radio.

"What a lovely tree," Eleanor said. "Ours is so skimpy. Daddy bought it at a gas station."

Eleanor hadn't changed outwardly in

The Woman Who Demands Individual Perfection

*chooses the Delineator,
with the incomparable
fit and matchless com-
fort for which J. Berlé
is famous. Founda-
tions, lingerie, bathing
and play suits made to
order, in the finest
Parisian fabrics.*

J. Berlé

DELINEATOR ©

15 EAST 57th STREET
BETWEEN 5th AND MADISON AVES.
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 • PL 5-6250

Bachrach

First Family of
Photographers

Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men
48 East 50th Street, New York • PLaza 5-6233

**OBI-SASHED
HAPPI-
JAMA**
\$10⁹⁵

Red
Gold
Turquoise
Oriental Blue
Fine Imported Cotton
S-M-L

Send for
Catalogue

Penthouse Gallery
15 West 55th St., New York 19, N.Y.

Do you know who services U.S. Air Force planes in Brazil? Varig Airlines.

Varig goes back a long way.

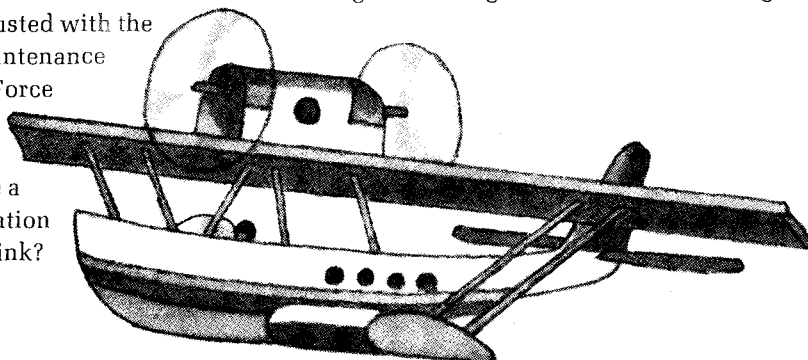
Its history parallels the history of aviation, complete with the ex-World War I "seat of the pants" flyers in the early days.

Varig was founded in the twenties in Rio Grande do Sul, the southernmost state of Brazil.

The first and only employee was a man named Ruben Berta. Berta took tickets, dispatched Varig's fleet of one plane, Postmaster General-led mail cargo, collected bills, pacified bill collectors, and every trip rowed eight or ten passengers one mile out on the Guaiba River to board the "Atlantico"—Varig's first flying boat.

Today, Ruben Berta is President of Varig. And Varig is South America's largest airline; entrusted with the care and maintenance of U.S. Air Force planes.

Quite an honor. Quite a recommendation don't you think?



Varig's first plane—A Dornier-Wal Flying Boat with two Rolls Royce engines and a speed of 130 mph. Sea water corrosion kept her and Varig grounded 60% of the time. Today Varig flies 104 planes, including giant jetliners from the U. S.

Wait till you try your first Varig meal. The food is copious, decorative, touched with the skill and imagination of grand chefs.

Varig's sommeliers, stewards and stewardesses are trained and expert in the ways of the luxury hotels.

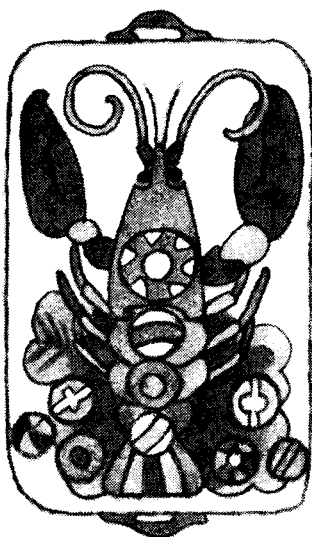
Glasses are refilled, pillows are puffed, babies are patted almost before they become empty, flat or restless.

There's also a young lady you'll meet who bears the title of "Executive Hostess."

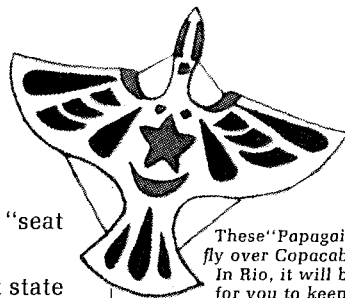
She'll speak at least four languages fluently, and she'll project a natural warmth and welcome that will keep you relaxed and feeling at home every minute of your trip.

She's not just another stewardess, incidentally. She's on board in addition to the regular flight staff to supervise all service.

Well, now you've learned something about Varig. Read on and learn where Varig will take you.



The flavor is continental, the flair is Brazilian. Don't compare Varig's food to meals you've had on other planes. That's too easy. Compare it to your favorite restaurants. You won't be disappointed.



These "Papagaios" (kites) fly over Copacabana Beach. In Rio, it will be difficult for you to keep your feet on the ground, too.

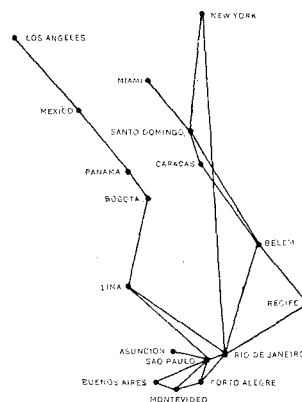
51% OF ALL AMERICANS WHO TRAVEL ABROAD ARE OVER FORTY... TILL THEY REACH RIO!

Certainly Rio must be the single most evocative, most pleasurable city of the twentieth century. And 1965 marks her 400th anniversary. Welcomes will be even warmer, food tastier, drinks fuller, beaches sunnier, sambas louder and faster.

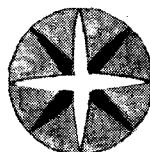
After Rio, you can go to Buenos Aires and back—almost 2500 miles—for only \$3 extra. Or, fly to Sao Paulo or Bahia—Brazil's oldest city and cultural center—for nothing.

Or, try a trip around South America. Rio, Sao Paulo, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Santiago, Lima, Bogota, Panama City, Mexico City. All for the price of your Rio ticket.

You should learn more about Varig and Brazil. See your travel agent or write Varig, Box 400, 630 3rd Ave., N.Y.C. for information.



Boeing 707's jet non-stop from New York to Rio. And take only 1½ hours more than New York to Paris. Convair 990-A's leave the Gateway Cities of Miami and Los Angeles to new and different vacations in Brazil and South America.

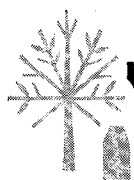


VARIG

SOUTH AMERICA'S LARGEST AIRLINE



The Wellesley coat. A coat of such gentleness, such expressive innocence, that to appear in it is to touch the heart. Full length seams shape it, with the eloquent smoothness of cream pouring from silver pitchers. Slit pockets; matching tortoise buttons. All wool, in Scotch Green, Cherry Heather, French Blue. 6 to 16. About \$50 at fine stores or write:



JOHN MEYER[®]
OF NORWICH
NORWICH, CONNECTICUT

four months, and I was a little conscious of my pimples. I was sure she noticed them, because she kept watching me. I looked elsewhere. Before my father had gone back to work after lunch, he had brought up from its place in the fruit cellar, where it was stored all year, a large box of lights and ornaments, and had left them by the tree. Now, while my mother busied herself in the kitchen making a chocolate chiffon pie, which she fancied I craved, Eleanor and I dragged the things from the box. We tested the strings of lights. I proceeded to attach them to the tree, and Eleanor sorted the broken ornaments from the unbroken. She began talking to me. Unfortunately, I have always had a tendency to become absorbed in the perfection of trivial little tasks like hanging light bulbs on trees, and I didn't take in much of what she said. Not until I'd nearly completed the job and stepped away to observe my work before attaching the star did it occur to me, rather like a clear spot in a fog that at once fills, that she had been talking more than she used to do. I listened.

"So whenever I felt blue I'd think about that," she said.

"About what, exactly?" I asked.

"Oh, just about you—sort of how you were giving up an awfully lot, too. And that helps more than comparing myself to my friends there."

"Why?"

"I think it's because I didn't grow up with them."

"What has that got to do with it?"

She looked down at a pewter Santa Claus in her hands and blushed faintly, and I supposed that my question had sounded harsh. More gently I said, "I mean I think of it as an independent selection. What does it matter what others think? You've chosen the highest way."

She fumbled with the Santa Claus and said, "I meant girls kind of like to, oh..."

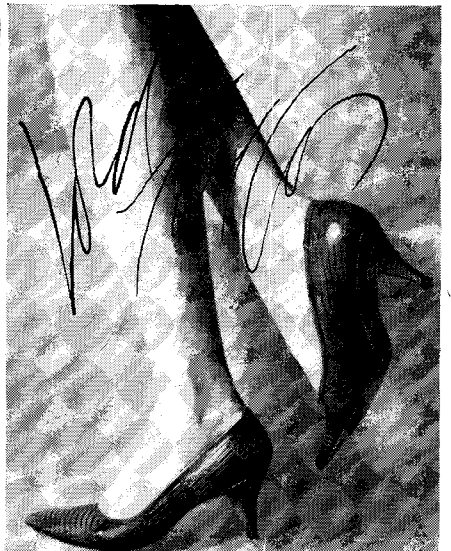
My mother walked in. She had come to look at the tree. "Are you browbeating Eleanor?" she asked.

"Oh, no, Mrs. Searle, he was just—we were just talking about things."

I stared back at my mother, angered by the imputation that I, aged fifteen and a seminarian, could be so childish as to pick on a mere girl, least of all Eleanor. But my mother laughed. "Well, how are you coming with the tree?" she asked.

"We've only got the bulbs hooked up," I said.

Eleanor sat there, still blushing, not looking at either of us, as if she had just



Hunt for reptile

at Lord & Taylor—that's where the sleek Palizzios are. Green, brown, taupe, navy and black—\$3.00. On the Fourth Floor, Lord & Taylor, New York. And all suburban stores.

What's new on the Boardwalk?

A brand-new motel wing at the DENNIS!

That's what. Connected to, and charming as the 450 room hotel itself. 100 modern air-conditioned rooms and a new pool (which makes two). And everything you could want for a banner holiday by the sea. Dennis, anyone?

On the Boardwalk
at Michigan Ave.
RESERVATIONS:
phone Atlantic City
609-344-8111
New York Tie Line
WAiker 5-3970

HOTEL/MOTEL
Dennis
ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.



After the Moving Pictures

Continuous supper performance until 1 a.m. starring Fatatateeta's Toast, The Foot Long Hot Dog, and the Frozen Hot chocolate. Stupendous!

serendipity 3
225 E. 60TH ST. TE 8-3531

Scotsmen bought over a million bottles of this great Scotch last year. Now you can find out why. For just \$5.60*

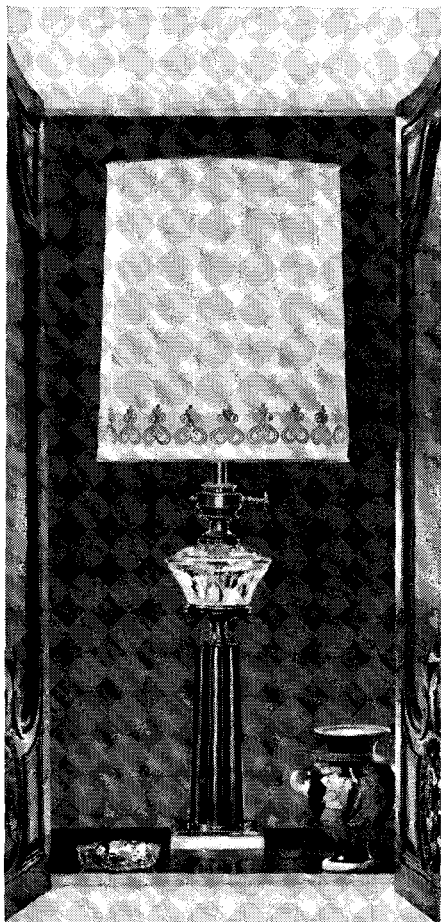
Crawford's has been one of the most popular Scotch whiskies in Scotland for over a century. Now it's here in the U.S. And at a surprisingly

modest price. A single bottle of this superb blend and you'll know why the Scots call Crawford's "one of the good things of life."



*New York price 4/5 Ot. Somewhat higher or lower in other states.

CRAWFORD'S BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 80.6 PROOF. IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK, N.Y.



CLASSIC 19TH CENTURY COAL-OIL LAMP

A proud example of American "Greek Revival," a truly great period (1815-1855) in American architecture and influence. A simple urn (oil fount) and burner mounted on a Doric shaft and plinth. The fount is hand-blown and carved heavy crystal. Classic old bronze and gold finish on metal. Lamp-shade in delicate off-white. Height 41½". \$90.00* at fine stores everywhere. For descriptive literature, address The Stiffel Company, Chicago 10.

*SLIGHTLY HIGHER SOUTH,
WEST AND CANADA

STIFFEL

confessed to an embarrassing truth about herself. Disgusted, I went on decorating the tree.

A day or two later, I was not so much surprised as disappointed to find out that Ralph and Ace were not keen on going anywhere with a friend who didn't want to meet girls. It would cramp their style, they said. I tried to explain that if I was serious about what I was doing I had no business going out with girls. Ace saw my point but agreed with Ralph that they had their own lives to consider. I saw *his* point. They went ice-skating without me. I turned, not very enthusiastically, to Eleanor.

The trouble was, I *was* interested in girls. Even from a distance, the sight of a pretty girl aroused my interest. One afternoon, a few days before New Year's, I was in Woolworth's downtown and I saw a girl with pitch-black hair whom I used to know in junior high. She saw me, too, and recognized me through my pimples. Over she came, dragging her girl friend after her, and for twenty minutes I had to face both of them. I was wringing wet before I got out of that one, for her little friend was more of a knockout than she was.

So it grieved me to have to settle for Eleanor just because she was safe. Seminarian or not, I was a male, and I would have preferred, in my male vanity, that the girl I took to a movie be attractive. But, under the circumstances, I had no choice. I could not simply go alone if I felt like seeing a film, when over there was Eleanor, also isolated from her friends and unable to go out by herself. And my mother gave me no rest. "If you're going to a movie, you ought to call Eleanor and see if she'd like to go, too," she would say.

"I was going to," I'd reply. And then all evening long I would have to deal with the squirming fear that I'd meet someone I knew while in Eleanor's company. I was glad when the vacation was over.

NOT long after I was back in the seminary, I received another letter from Eleanor. She was the kind of girl who *would* write a formal sort of thank-you for any prolonged courtesy you bestowed on her. I wrote in turn and said less formally that I had had a pleasant vacation also and hoped she found everything at the convent still as acceptable as it had been when she left. I thought that would be the end of our correspondence.

Within a month, she replied, saying yes, she felt she would probably be very

BEST & CO.

Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.



The raincoat set from France

... something special for your favorite child in a smooth Dacron® polyester and cotton with saddle stitching trim and matching hat. Exclusive in our new overseas collection and positively prestigious. Beige, blue or pink, 4-6x.

36.00 Liliputian Bazaar®

5th Floor

Mail and phone orders filled—Plaza 9-2000
New York Store Only

The fabulous fingers of Irving Fields

AND HIS TRIO



MERMAID ROOM

Dancing nightly except Sunday. No minimum. No cover. Superb Roast Beef only \$3.95.

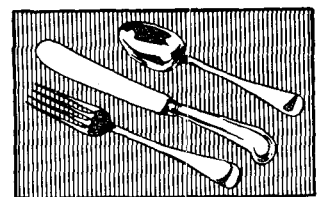
PARK SHERATON HOTEL

55th St. and 7th Ave., New York

"George III"

ENGLISH SILVER

Six Piece Service



ENSKO

INC.

682 LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y.

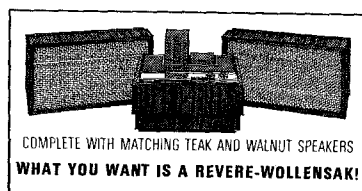
3M
 COMPANY

WHAT'S EASIER
 TO OPERATE THAN AN
 AUTOMATIC
RECORD CHANGER?

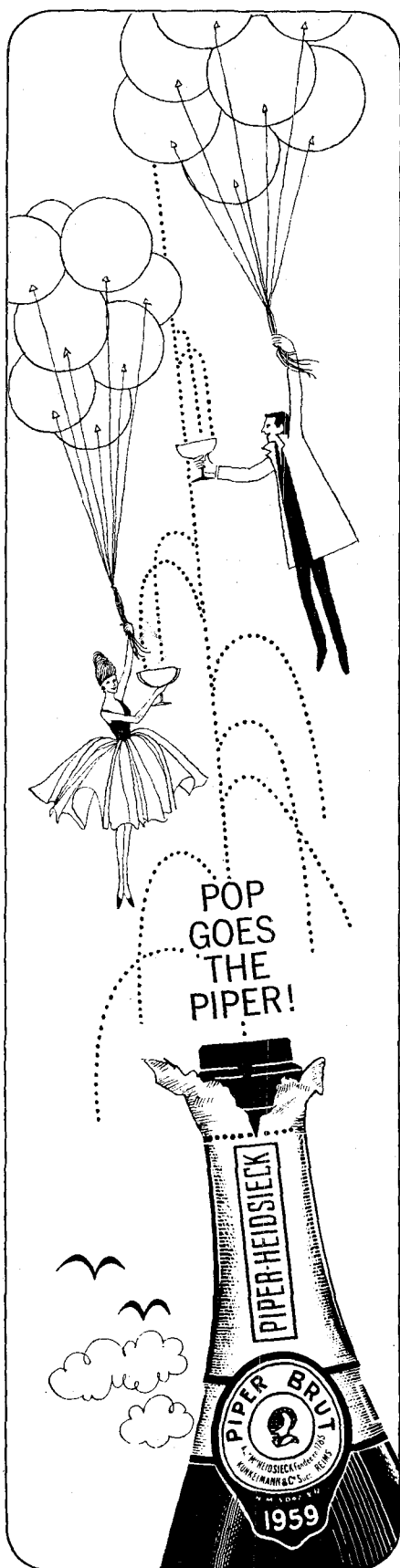


TRY REVERE-WOLLENSAK—WORLD'S ONLY SELF-CHANGING TAPE SYSTEM
MAKES STEREO RECORDINGS, TOO!

The ultimate in musical convenience? Absolutely. The new Revere-Wollensak Automatic Tape Recorder threads, plays, changes tapes completely automatically. You simply stack the unique tape cartridges and touch a button. This new idea in music does the rest—for up to 15 hours of uninterrupted stereo sound. Advantages include patented balanced tone control, 18 watts of power.



And it not only gives you the unequalled fidelity of music-on-tape... it makes recordings automatically, too. (It's FM multiplex-ready!) Or you can choose from a wide variety of the finest pre-recorded stereo tapes. There really is no other music system that can stack up against the new Revere-Wollensak Automatic. Your nearest dealer will let you be the judge. Try it yourself. Right now.



PIPER-HEIDSIECK CHAMPAGNE

PIPER BRUT 1959 VINTAGE
PIPER EXTRA DRY NON-VINTAGE
CUVEE DES AMBASSADEURS
PIPER PINK
RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.

happy as a nun; nevertheless, she was not going to take her vows until she was certain. She said we were both very young and that she had been told these were the most important years of our lives, the formative ones. "I often think," she wrote, "what an awful mistake it would be for someone, say like you just for example, to become a priest because it seems like the grandest thing one could be, and then discover he was never meant to be one, that instead he should have got married or something." She wanted to know what I thought. Thought about what? I wasn't really thinking about anything yet.

Sometime in February, I got a letter from the girl I had met in Woolworth's. She had to tell me how excited she had been to learn I was in the seminary, because now she was writing a paper for a contest on "Why I Should Seriously Consider a Religious Vocation" and would I give her any tips? The first prize was a fifty-dollar savings bond. She spelled about every fourth word wrong. I was dismayed. She had seemed to converse so well. Actually, what impressed me was just that she conversed steadily, for when you are that young it is very important in conversations not to let any pauses occur. Jeannie—that was the girl's name—wrote the way she talked. Seeing that non-stop speech on paper made you grit your teeth. Eleanor, on the other hand, was all pauses. It occurred to me that maybe that was why Eleanor wrote better. I answered Jeannie's letter, saying I didn't think I approved of such contests if a savings bond was the prize. To Eleanor I wrote another letter, complimenting her on her prose. I was a highly conceited ass for my age.

Nevertheless, I seemed still to be getting on well with my chosen life. I studied and prayed and participated moderately in sports and attracted no attention. Others were eaten up in the fire of the vice-rector's zeal, but I was only singed. Once, on a walk—we were allowed to go on group walks outside the grounds on Sunday afternoons—I became absorbed in a discussion with a companion, and we found ourselves strolling almost a block and a half behind the rest of the group when Guido happened to turn a corner in his Chevy and saw us. That evening, I was called out of the study hall, asked all sorts of questions by him in his office, and reprimanded. Years later, I realized he had merely been concerned with determining the degree of intimacy between me and my companion. That was as close as



Come in a Kimona...

The snappiest, easiest dress to wear over turtlenecks, tights or even pants when shopping, strolling or just about. In suiting weight camel cloth, self stitched, S. M. L. 30.00. Striped stretch silk and helena turtleneck in black/camel, S. M. L. 14.00. By Loomtogs. Please mail orders to 217 Pierce St., Birmingham, Mich. Add 50¢ postage. Catalog on request.

Come visit us in person at:

NEW YORK CITY, Lexington at 63rd St., PL 2-6895
Birmingham, Grosse Pointe, Saginaw, Ann Arbor, Mich.

KAY STARR

is the passion-flower in the

PERSIAN ROOM

October 7 - November 3

Performances at
9:15 & Midnight

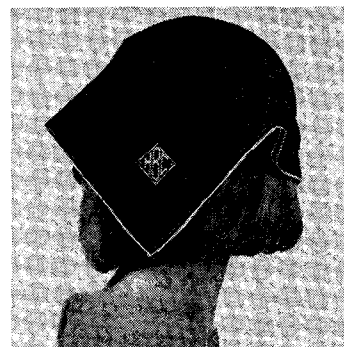
For a lovely evening, call

PL 9-3000

THE PLAZA

HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

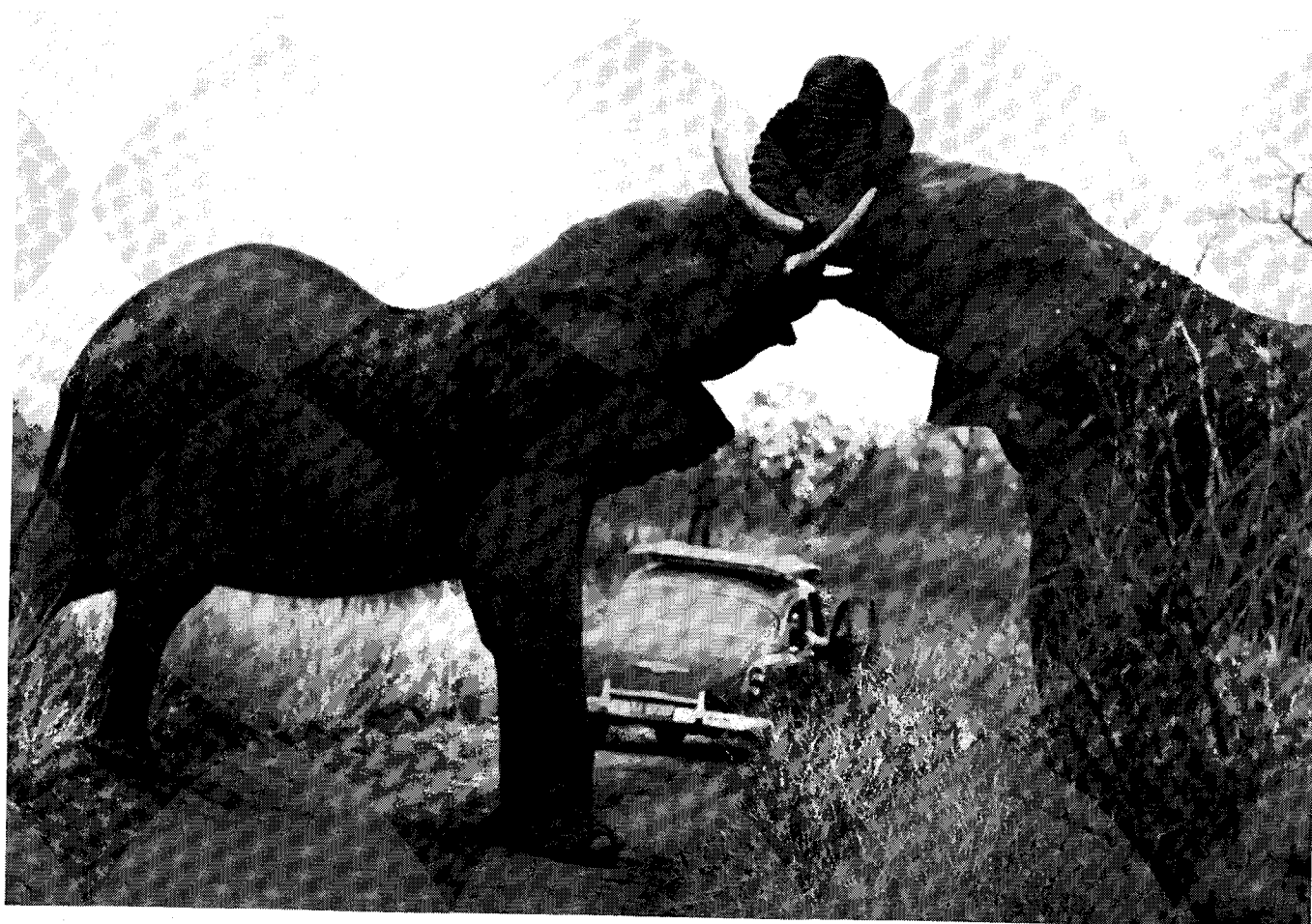
PROTECTIVE PLUMAGE



Monogrammed kerchief conceals hair in rollers, protects from wind and snow. Made of sheer cotton with white hand rolled hem and 3 letter monogram. 24" by 24". Navy, red, open blue, pink, yellow, black or beige. Underline last letter of monogram. \$3.85 ppd.

VILLARI HANDKERCHIEF COMPANY

Y 24 280 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10016



Come where the elephants, giraffes, klipspringers, and tsessebes play. There's no other playground like it.

Fly South African Airways to Johannesburg. Tour by Sarbus.

Hop on a Boeing 707 Stratojet and hold your breath. You're on your way to the breathless excitement of South Africa... To the primitive wilds of an unspoiled vacationland where you can photograph the lion, the rhino, the leopard, the elephant running free and untamed.

When you've had your fill of jungle life, head for Durban. Plop yourself down on a lazy beach. Or take in the scenic beauty of Cape Town's mountain backdrop. Or the vibrant sophistication of Johannesburg.

You'll see exotic flowers and soaring hotels. Blood-stirring tribal dances. Gold mines 11,000 feet below Johannesburg's fashionable shopping centers.

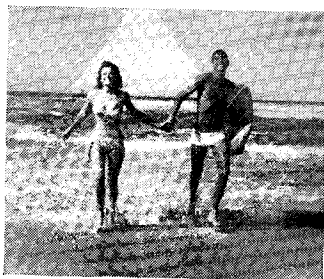
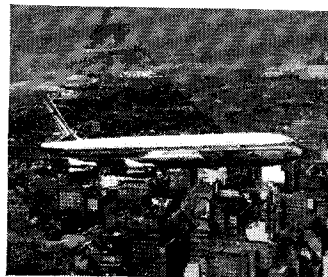
When you fly South African Airways' superb Boeing 707 Stratojets to South Africa from Europe, you pay little or no extra fare for stopovers in Europe's finest cities.

South African Railways operate a vast network of modern rail, air, and motor coach services.

And when you tour by Sarbus — South African Railways' comfortable motor coaches — you'll see this incredible land through the eyes of people who know it best. Who take great pride and pleasure in showing it off.

Talk to your Travel Agent. He'll tell you about this unique land of wealth, sun, beauty, and the fastest growing economy in the world. He'll also tell you the price of a super South African vacation for you and your family. It's much less than you think. And more fun than you ever thought.

Or write to Dept. N.Y.2, SAA/SAR in New York for more detailed information and brochures.



FLY S.A.A. AND TOUR SOUTH AFRICA BY SARBUS

SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS

655 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY 10021

S.A.A. RESERVATIONS THROUGH B.O.A.C.



One
handful
is
never
enough
!

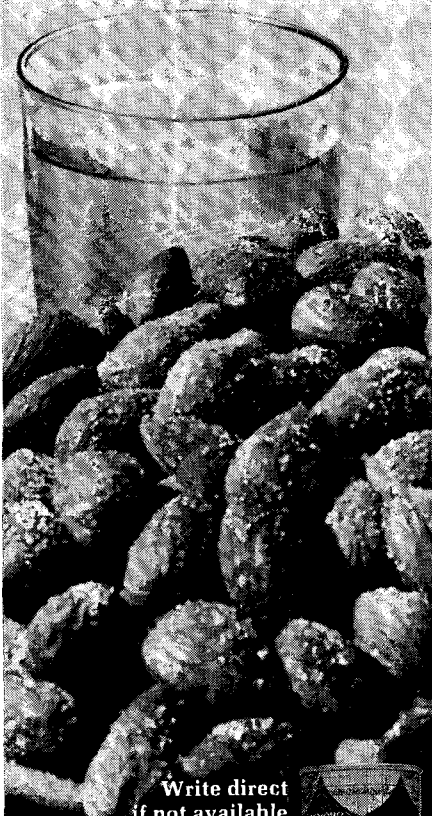
SMOKEHOUSE COCKTAIL ALMONDS

What makes these salty California almonds so irresistible? Their crispness? Their hickory-smoked flavor?

The best way to decide is to open a tin and try them for yourself.

Smokehouse Almonds are one of four kinds of almonds which you'll find at your food store packed under the Blue Diamond emblem. The other three are almond forms for cooking—toasted blanched slivered, diced roasted, and shelled whole almonds.

Remember Blue Diamond Almonds—marvelous to munch, wonderful for your gourmet recipes. And an excellent gift idea. At better food stores.



Write direct
if not available
in your area.

CALIFORNIA ALMOND
GROWERS EXCHANGE
P. O. Box 1768
Sacramento, Calif. 95808



I came in my first year to getting into difficulty with the authorities.

At Easter, I saw Eleanor again. The situation was about the same as it had been at Christmas, except that now there was virtually no opportunity to see my old friends. Their vacation had been the week before Easter; ours came the week after. Again, in Eleanor's company, I sated myself with movies.

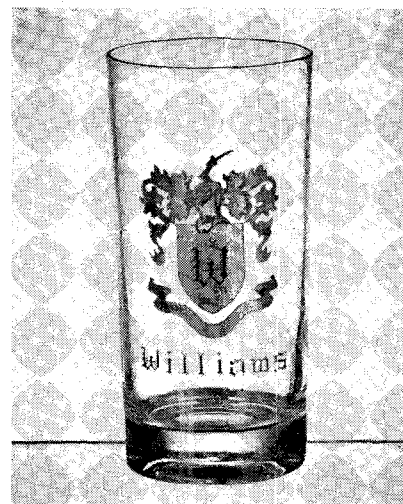
Then back again to work and to resumption of our correspondence. There being little to relate, our exchange became rather repetitious. Yet, in a kind of indifferent way, I liked receiving those modest, unabashedly spiritual, and carefully phrased letters of hers. By the end of my first year, I was sure I would become a priest.

IN June, however, my spiritual trial began. With the final grades in, the last Mass said in chapel before the student body, the last breakfast of the year (oatmeal) consumed in the refectory, I experienced an unexpected elation, such as I imagine a perjurer would feel when paroled from prison. Which made me worry: Could I get through the summer in a state of grace? As I stood on the front steps of St. Matthew's waiting for my father to arrive, watching the others depart, I thought of the temptations I would have to face over the long months—Ralph and Ace asking me to go roller-skating, girls in shorts and bathing suits, Jeannie still lurking in an alley of my mind—and my heart sank as it sent up bubbles. I did not see how I could endure sweet but homely Eleanor over that three-month period. And I reproved myself for feeling gay at my release.

This time, when I came home, my mother had the chocolate chiffon pie waiting for me. Watching me eat, she said, "Father Baegert called last week. He said he has a job lined up for you at Resurrection Cemetery if you want it."

"I hope you told him I did," I said, and felt my anxiety decline in inverse proportion to the rise of my disappointment. For while here—or, rather, there, in the Resurrection Cemetery—lay security from large temptations, the expectations of my less spiritual self were being disregarded. "Work?" it said. "I thought we were to have a vacation." And simply because it objected, I thought I'd better work.

But my job at the cemetery turned out to be no solution. Within two weeks, I was wishing I had chucked the whole business for summer school or a long retreat in the desert. The problem was rain. When it rained, the grass could



To Each His Own

Custom-made glasses for regal egos. Hand-lettered family name and initial on our 24 kt. gold crest. In sets of 8: Hiballs, 15.00. Double Old Fashioneds, 18.00.

Beyond delivery area, add 70c per set. Send for Christmas Catalog.

Plummer Mc Cutcherson

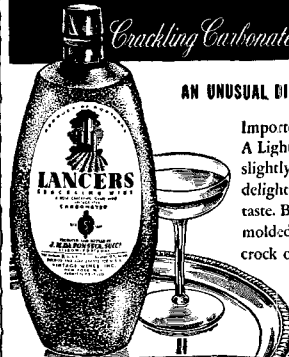
3 EAST 57TH STREET, N.Y. 22
Red Bank and at Wechsler's, Passaic

LANCERS

Crackling Carbonated Vin Rose

AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE!

Imported from Portugal.
A Light-bodied Rosé wine—
slightly effervescent—
delightfully different in
taste. Bottled in hand
molded earthenware
crock or glass jug.



SOLE IMPORTERS VINTAGE WINES, INC.
625 W. 54th St. N.Y. 19, N.Y.

DINE IN LEISURE AT THE

Casino ON THE Park

LUNCHEON • PRE-THEATRE DINNER
DINNER • SUPPER • SUNDAY BRUNCH
STEVEN WELTNER AT THE PIANO
Home of the Bombay Bicycle Club

ESSEX HOUSE

VINCENT J. COYLE, V. P. AND MNG. DIR.
TEL. CIRCLE 7-0300

160 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH

ELLA'S

latest excursion into ASCAP-land

ELLA FITZGERALD

SINGS THE
JEROME KERN SONG BOOK

Arranged And Conducted By Nelson Riddle



*The latest addition to the series devoted to
America's most distinguished song writers*

- THE COLE PORTER SONG BOOK.....V-4001-2
.....*Arranged and conducted by Buddy Bregman*
- THE RODGERS AND HART SONG BOOK.....V-4002-2
.....*Arranged and conducted by Buddy Bregman*
- THE GEORGE & IRA GERSHWIN SONG BOOK.....V/V6-29-5
.....*Arranged and conducted by Nelson Riddle*
- THE IRVING BERLIN SONG BOOK.....V/V6-4019-2
.....*Arranged and conducted by Paul Weston*
- THE DUKE ELLINGTON SONG BOOK.....V-4010-4
.....*With Duke Ellington and his orchestra*
- THE HAROLD ARLEN SONG BOOK.....V/V6-4046-2
.....*Arranged and conducted by Billy May*



Verve Records Is A Division of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Inc.



Beguilingly
brief,
wonderfully warm,
... a nightshirt
in Feathaire[®],
the feminine flannel
... treated to
embroidery and
French nylon Val lace.
"Donnie Lola"
in petal and blue.
\$8.00

Barbizon

For nearest store, write
Barbizon, 475 Fifth Ave., New York 10017

not be mowed or shrubbery planted or trees pruned. When it rained, I had no job. And it rained often enough that summer to severely test my good intentions. I tried staying in the house and reading. I couldn't read. I lacked concentration. One day, my mother came into my room without knocking and said, "There's a phone call for you," and I could tell by the impersonal tone of her voice that she was curious. I went downstairs and picked up the receiver. It was Jeannie.

"How are you?" I said.

"Just wonderful, Leo," she said. "Hey, I heard you were home, and I'm having a party Friday night. Would you like to come? A lot of the old kids from St. Gregory's will be there. You remember Fred Sikes and Elaine Delano. They're going together. And Joe Lubby and Ann McGuire. Everybody's crazy to see you."

That I didn't believe. They might have been interested in observing their former classmate gone forever celibate, but I doubted whether they would know how to behave in my company. I thought of how embarrassed I'd be if they started necking around me, and was about to decline when Jeannie jumped in. "Really, you have to come," she said. "My own date has got sick and it's *my* party. You're the only one I could ask. I mean . . ."

"I see. All right. Where and what time?"

She told me, and we said goodbye.

As I walked through the kitchen, my mother asked, "Who was that?" as casually as she could.

"There's a party Friday night. A class party, I guess. They asked me to come."

"Are you going?"

"I'll drop in."

"Wasn't Eleanor in your class?"

"Cripes," I said.

"I think she was expecting you to take her to a movie Friday night."

"Mother, for crying out loud," I said. Then I went out on the back porch and sat awhile.

I needn't have felt like a cad. I had only a fairly interesting time at the party, and there weren't any good films showing Friday night anyway. There was also no need to have feared being scandalized. The young Catholic girls at the party were even more anxious to preserve my vocation than I was. They all wanted to talk to me about spiritual values. Yet there was something beneath it. For the first time, I became aware that I had an attraction for women that I had not had before. The prettiest girl

distinctively
GUBELIN...

*The delicate,
shimmering
beauty of
dew-sprinkled
blossoms
captured in a
garland of
platinum and
diamonds.
An exquisite
bracelet cover watch,
superbly crafted.
Watch # 11-A \$6720.
Federal Tax Included*

GUBELIN

New York
3 West 57th Street at Fifth Avenue

Dining in the grand manner

REGENCY ROOM

A gracious setting...impeccable service...impressive French, Continental and American dishes created by a master chef. Vintage wines.

HOTEL CARLYLE

MADISON AVENUE & 76TH STREET • RH 4-1600

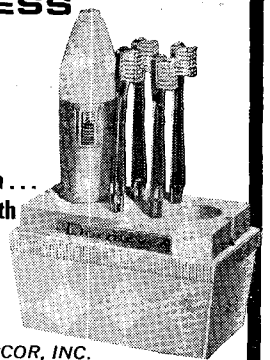
Dormeyer

CORDLESS AUTOMATIC TOOTHBRUSH

2500 strokes
per minute...
Recommended
up/down action...
For healthy teeth
and gums.

*Depend on
Dormeyer,
Millions Do.*

A division of WEBCOR, INC.



Starting October 25th

NOW AIR CANADA OFFERS 25% OFF ON FAMILY FARES EVERY DAY

(EVEN IN ECONOMY CLASS)

**NEW DAILY DISCOUNT
FAMILY PLAN ON ALL
NORTH AMERICAN ROUTES:**

- 25% off for wives and dependent children, 12-21 years
- 50% off for all children between 2 and 11
- Child under 2 travels free

Now, at last, it's easy and thrifty to make travel plans for the whole family! *AIR CANADA* offers a Family Fare Plan that's uncomplicated—and *unlimited as to flying days*. You go and return any day of the week you choose.

Father pays full fare (or Mother does, if she's shepherding the brood). The rest of the family, children between 12 and 21, go at 25% off. Except children 11 and under—they go *half-fare*. If there's a child under 2—he goes free!

The new daily discount Family Plan provides special meals and reading material for the youngsters. You make a swift, comfortable trip. And you enjoy the courteous service and thorough-going dependability of one of the free world's top ten airlines.

Plan a family holiday in Canada. Fly up for sightseeing . . . for a "foreign" shopping spree . . . to visit family or friends . . . for skiing (it comes first to Canada). Get the facts about *AIR CANADA*'s new daily discount Family Plan. See your Travel Agent. Or phone *AIR CANADA*.

AIR CANADA 
A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY

KNOTT HOTELS ARE TOPS...

Both Sides of the Atlantic!

The renown of Knott Hotels is world-wide... for gracious, deluxe hospitality, for luxurious accommodations, for the finest in food and beverage service. Specify Knott Hotels, next time you travel.

NEW YORK



INTERNATIONAL

Kennedy Airport (Idlewild)
Jamaica, N.Y. 11430 • 995-9000

NEW YORK

NEW WESTON

Madison at 50th St. • PL 3-4800

NEW YORK



BERKSHIRE

Madison at 52nd St. • PL 3-5800

NEW YORK

WESTBURY

Madison at 69th St. • LE 5-2000

TORONTO, CANADA



WESTBURY

475 Yonge Street • 924-0611

LONDON, ENGLAND

WESTBURY

Bond Street • MAYfair 7755

BRUSSELS, BELGIUM



WESTBURY

6, rue Cardinal Mercier • 13.64.80

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

ROBERT TREAT

50 Park Place • MA 2-1000

For reservations, see your
travel agent... or call:

NEW YORK.....PL 9-6100
BOSTON.....542-1112
CLEVELAND.....333-2404
CHICAGO.....FR 2-7741
DETROIT.....KE 1-4400
LOS ANGELES, Bradshaw 2-9551
MONTREAL, CAN.....844-3274
PHILADELPHIA, Enterprise 6800
SAN FRANCISCO.....EX 2-7277
SEATTLE.....MA 4-7537
WASHINGTON, D.C. 546-4040

KNOTT HOTELS CORPORATION

575 MADISON AVENUE,
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10022



in the class, who when we were in school had seemed scarcely to notice me, actually competed for my attention that evening. And when she did succeed in pulling me aside, I could not help hearing a kind of flirtatiousness in her questions. It was all silly, and I was certain none of those girls knew what they were up to, but I liked it. And I was also a little disgusted that they couldn't have behaved that way when I was in a position to respond.

What spoiled the party was my presence; it put a damper on the spontaneity of the other males. I departed early. It was only eleven when I arrived home. The lights were out; my parents had gone to bed. A single lamp on the telephone stand had been left on for me, to catch my attention. A note from my mother was propped up against the telephone. Eleanor had called. It was like my mother to give me that to go to sleep on rather than wait until morning to tell me.

I walked over to Eleanor's after breakfast, and spent the forenoon reading with her on her screened porch. I gave her an account of the party that made it seem as if everyone had been bored stiff. She said she thought parties were fun only if you were with someone you liked. The way she said it sounded strange for an instant, but I couldn't catch her eye.

The rains still came. Eleanor and I settled down to reading "Great Expectations" to each other. But I began to grow restless. I got sick of reading Charles Dickens on her screened porch, with the water dripping off the eaves and numb flies clinging miserably to the screens. She served me lemonade on the hot wet days and cocoa on the cold wet ones. I longed to be trimming the grass around gravestones.

One rainy weekday morning about the middle of July, I tried calling Ralph and Ace, figuring I would go roller-skating with them after all. But they had both found jobs by then. Ace's mother said he was saving money to buy a car.

So I called Jeannie. She was home. She was making a dress with her mother's sewing machine. I asked her what else there was to do when it was raining. Had I ever gone swimming in the rain, she wanted to know. I said I hadn't. She would take me. It didn't sound very enchanting, but I said I would go. Jeannie picked me up—she was sixteen that summer, and she could use the family car—and we drove out to Little Pine Island Lake, twenty miles away. There, at a privately owned

Sweater-Shirt

COMFORTABLE NEW PULLOVER
FROM ENGLAND. SUPERB BRITISH
WORKMANSHIP. SUPERIOR SOFT
LAMBSWOOL. BLUE HAZE, BOTTLE
GREEN OR NAVY. S, M, L. \$18.50

PLEASE ADD 70¢ PER PACKAGE FOR POSTAGE.



at

Paul Stuart

18 EAST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

enjoy the best for less...

Modified American, Family
and European Plans at
pleasing rates which
include Free Parking, Free
TV and Free BATHERAPY!

NOW—fully air-conditioned

CLARIDGE

HOTEL

Atlantic City

Area Code 609—345-1271



A cherry, a quick jerk of bitters,
one part vermouth with 5 parts
Beam's Pin-Bottle Bourbon and you
not only have a Manhattan...but the
Bronx and Staten Island, too.



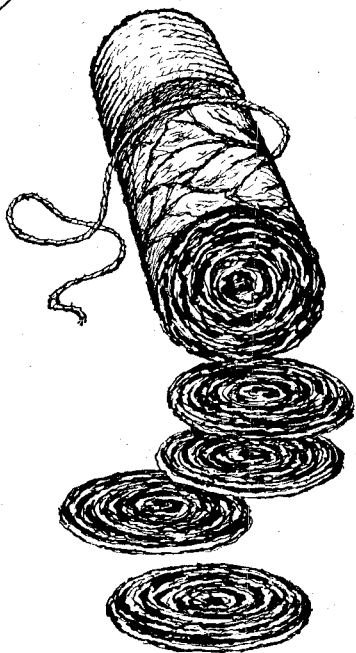
BEAM'S PIN-BOTTLE, 8 YRS. OLD, 86.8 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
JAMES B. BEAM DIST. CO., CLERMONT, KY.



His library contains 500 feet of books from Aeschylus to Zeno, and he's read them all. Now you can help him write a book of his own. Give him Parker's stimulating new fountain pen, the Parker 75. It will be available soon at \$25. PLUS TAX

To be one of the first to examine this new pen, write The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, for name of dealer nearest you.

©1964  THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, U.S.A.



Always sliced across the grain?

The blender who created Escudo pinched the idea of a sliced roll from an old English salt. The idea of using just *two* kinds of leaf was the blender's own. He chose an aristocratic Virginia and a luscious dark Perique from Louisiana. Then he laminated the leaves, rolled them and cocooned the roll tightly in string. The individual flavours mingled, became one. And then our blender sliced the roll—*across* the grain (English sailors found it stayed fresher this way). Escudo is made like this today. Same two tobaccos—and a length of string. No scent, no flavouring. Try this cool flavoury, civilised tobacco. From the best tobaccoists.

If you have any difficulty in getting Escudo, please write for the address of your nearest stockist to the importers: A. Oppenheimer & Co. Inc., 230 West Passaic Street, Maywood, New Jersey.

**ESCUDO - Cope's
very special tobacco
from England**



A GALLAHER GROUP PRODUCT

swimming beach loaded with apparatus (a thirty-foot tower, several diving boards, a tall swing, a long slide—virtually a gymnasium over water), we gambolled by ourselves. Jeannie would swim around in front of me blinking her eyes, the rain pelting her, laughing, for some reason.

Later, dried off and dressed, we drove into Rockford, the nearest town, for a hamburger. By the time we finished the hamburger, the rain had stopped, the sky was breaking up, the sun coming through, and it looked as if it might be nice the rest of the day. "I know some kids in Rockford," Jeannie said.

We drove over to their house, and it wasn't long before a beach party was proposed for the evening. After numerous phone calls, a dozen people were lined up and arrangements made for the bringing of food and firewood and refreshments, and it was decided everyone would meet near Holland Beach on Lake Michigan. The particular spot seemed to be known to everyone. I called my mother and told her I'd be back late.

I had never been to a beach party. I remembered hearing from high-school students, before I reached the high-school level, that such parties were fun. I thought everyone sat on the beach around a big fire roasting hot dogs and drinking Cokes.

That is true as far as it goes. But if you just think about it a minute, you can see that no group of sane people could go on doing those same simple things for several hours. To liven things at this party, somebody had brought along an illegally purchased case of beer. Around 10 P.M., I became lost in the dark among the sand dunes with Jeannie. I got out with my celibacy still a fact but no longer altogether a bald one. After that, I decided I'd better see Jeannie only in the daylight. Anyway, I wasn't sure my mother believed me when I told her the party had been chaperoned by one of the girls' parents.

But after that I had even more trouble reading Charles Dickens with



LUXURY-WEIGHT TERRY ROBE

Luxurious feel, masculine appeal. Stitched cuffs, accommodating pockets, long sash. Neat shawl collar. In Cannon's "luxury-weight," extra thick and thirsty terry. Sage-Green or Desert-Sand.

Small (36-38)
Medium (39-41)
Large (42-44)
X-Large (46)

\$17.95



Add 35¢ each for shipping. Send for color catalog.

THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE
AMERICUS, GA.

ZIP CODE: 10022

Doesn't say much, does it? But the code that will interest you is our code of personal service. It goes with our decor, hospitality, sensible rates. Free Parking for transient guests. Family Plan.

THE
Sheraton Gladstone

114 E. 52nd St., New York 10022

Telephone (212) PL 3-4300

Under the same Direction as
the adjacent Sheraton-East

HAROLD P. BOCK, V.P. & GEN. MGR.



... a classic by Barrie boot-makers of New Haven. Made from Imported Scotch Grain or Puritan Veal—not cowhide • full-leather-lined—not unlined • double-stitched, hand-sewn vamp—not single machine-stitched. In hand polished Antiqued Golden Grain—or Puritan Veal in Chestnut Brown, Antiqued saddle or Black.

Order by mail, state shoe size—only 19.95 postpaid! Address all orders to Barrie Booters, Dept. 10, 260 York St., New Haven, Conn.

FREE BROCHURE ON REQUEST

Barrie Ltd. Booters NEW HAVEN
HARTFORD

Is the average reader too sophisticated to send for a folder that will teach him how to buy a suit?

Before you say "yes" and turn the page ask yourself a couple of questions.

First of all, do you know where to look for hand tailoring on a suit that costs \$140?

If a salesman tells you that the armholes in your new suit are not hand basted—is this good or is this bad?

What makes the shoulders sit beautifully on some suits and skip down on others?

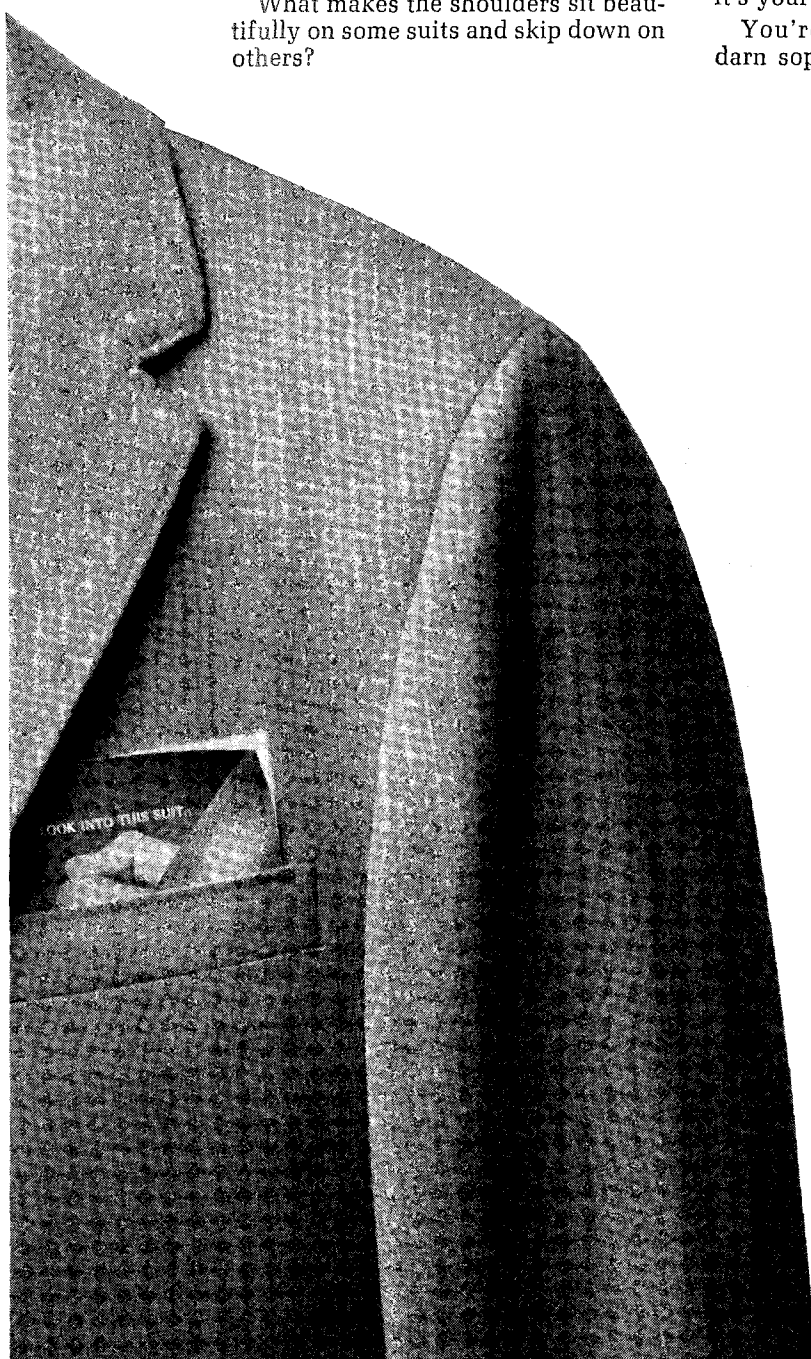
And sleeves, what is the Sussex test to see if the sleeves of a suit are perfect?

The answers to these questions and a lot of other questions are available to you free.

From now on if you don't get your money's worth when you buy a suit it's your own fault.

You're just too darn sophisticated.

Sussex



Sussex Clothes Ltd., 120 Fifth Ave., N. Y., N. Y.
Gentlemen:

I may be sophisticated but I like to get my money's worth when I buy a suit. Please send me a free folder.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Note: If you really feel too sophisticated to send away for anything, go into a good store like Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; Walker Ltd., New York; Al Berman, Phila.; Louis, Boston; and Larkey, Newark. You'll find this same free folder in the breast pocket of every Sussex suit you buy.

MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS

BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK



Rejection slip.

Recently, we got a rejection slip from a writer—Joseph L. Mankiewicz, winner of four Academy Awards and author of many notable films.

Mr. Mankiewicz, it seems, received a *BUSINESS WEEK* subscription letter. It explained that *BW* wasn't for TV stars, housewives, basketball players, or authors—just management men. He wrote:

"Unhappily, I must disqualify myself . . . In my youth I was a basketball player—I have appeared on TV—I am married to a housewife from whom I could not hide my copy of *BUSINESS WEEK*—and most disastrous of all, for almost 40 years I have earned my living as . . . an author. Please do not pity me. I have no one to blame but myself."

As for *BUSINESS WEEK*, we have no one to blame for our selective circulation policy but our editors and advertisers. Both like having an audience composed strictly of decision-level executives.

Thanks, Mr. Mankiewicz, for being so straightforward. If you ever mend your ways, let us know.

You advertise in
BUSINESS WEEK

when you want
to inform
management

A McGraw-Hill Magazine



Eleanor. I looked at her while she read, her newly acquired glasses bearing fingerprints always on the left lens. Somehow I couldn't imagine myself suggesting to Eleanor that we go swimming in the rain.

"Eleanor," I said. "Do you like sports?"

"I like badminton and volleyball," she said.

"How about swimming?"

"I can't swim."

IN August, my father rented a cottage at Gun Lake, about fifty miles to the north, for two weeks. My mother saw fit to invite Eleanor to spend the second week with us. This annoyed me, because I had thought I might invite my former classmates up on Saturday for a swimming and boating party. But I couldn't have the party and then let Eleanor arrive and learn I hadn't invited her. And at the same time I didn't see how I could have the party with Eleanor there.

"I don't see why you can't ask Eleanor," my mother said when I mentioned the hitch.

"Because it's not the same, preparing to be a nun and being a seminarian."

"It seems to me you interpret your role to suit yourself," she said.

"Face facts," I said. "Who would want her for a date? Who'd pay attention to her?"

"She could be your date," my mother said. "You could look after her so she wouldn't fall into temptation."

My mother's sarcasm aside, the prospect did not attract me. I forgot my plans and resigned myself to entertaining for a week at a lake a girl who couldn't swim.

As it turned out, she could swim a little. I found a one-man rubber raft in the attic of the cottage and patched it and inflated it and made a sail for it. In this tiny and awkward craft, I took Eleanor sailing one day. She was not at all afraid.

In a way, that became the greatest day of the summer. Something came over Eleanor—over both of us, I should say. We laughed and goofed around, trying to sail that preposterous boat. When it finally tipped over, the situation was nothing but hilarious for both of us. For a while, we seemed to forget who we were and what we wanted to be and our relationships to the world and things, and were just out there floundering in the middle of the lake, laughing ourselves weak trying to get back into the raft. After removing the sail, we at last got the boat upright,

FURRY, FRIENDLY,
PLAYFUL PILLOW2 BY



lazy
back

BRONZE ELEPHANT



BLUE HIPPO



RED CAT

What a pleasant way to please a child, charm a friend or just make yourself happy.

WHITE DUCK

Of washable plush acrylic fiber. \$5.95

Include 25¢ per pillow for postage.
Add sales tax where applicable. No C.O.D.'s.

nettle creek shops

New York: 4 East 53 Street • Philadelphia: 1623 Walnut Street
Detroit: 1420 Washington Blvd • Memphis: 430 Perkins Ext.

FIFE & DRUM

MARBLEHEAD

MASSACHUSETTS

TRADITIONAL AUSTRIAN
SCHOOLGIRL JACKET.

GREY FLANNEL

PIPED IN GREEN.

PEWTER CLASPS.

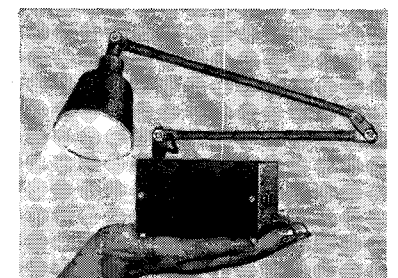
SIZES 3 TO 8 \$10.95

FOREST GREEN

FLANNEL PANTS

TO MATCH \$4.50

Catalogue on request



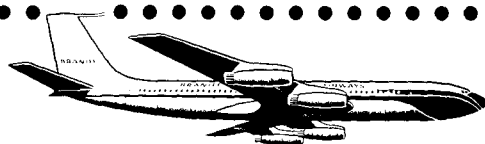
HIGH INTENSITY LAMP. Tensor-Lite turns 360°; adjusts up, down, High-Low switch. Folded, 10x2½x2½" Light beige. 17.50

Hammacher Schlemmer
145 East 57th Street, New York, N.Y.



**Wouldn't your wife like to join you
on a Braniff/Eastern
daily Super-Jet to South America?**

Business first, of course — and Braniff/Eastern is the businesslike way to far more of South America. But why not declare a family bonus, and enjoy luxurious Braniff international jet service together? Fast, dependable jet schedules . . . friendly, attentive service . . . lavish menu and wine-cellar offerings . . . and a memory-making, daytime crossing of the Andes! Charge your trip on American Express or other major credit cards, and enjoy low-cost time payment if you like. Won't you both join us on a Braniff/Eastern Super-Jet to South America . . . convenient afternoon or early evening departures, daily from Kennedy International Airport.

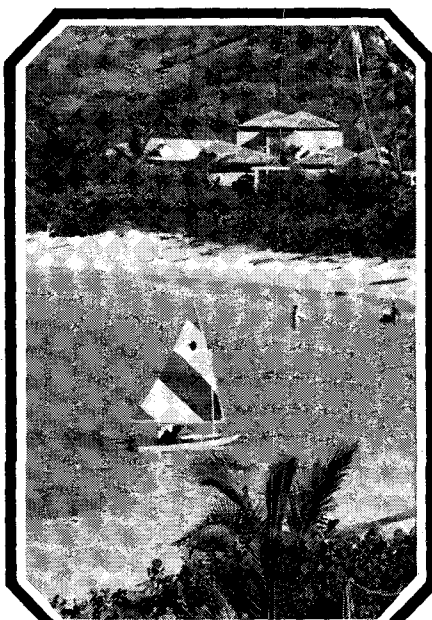


Call your Travel Agent, Braniff or Eastern

BRANIFF / EASTERN
INTERNATIONAL AIRWAYS AIR LINES

New York Reservations: MU 7-8200

New York Reservations: YU 6-5000



Autumn is different on a Virgin Isle

It's like summer, here at Little Dix Bay. Come enjoy Autumn at this lovely resort in the British Virgins. Beaches are big and warm. Swimming, riding, fishing, sailing, and exploring know no season here. Off-season rates to Dec. 20 from \$20 per person, double, including three delicious meals. See travel agent or write for new color brochure N-1.

New York Reservation Office:
30 Rockefeller Plaza W., CI 5-8055
Boston 423-4888 • Chicago 922-4139
Dallas RI 7-0932 • Wash. 347-4951



LITTLE DIX BAY
VIRGIN GORDA
BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS



only to find that we had no paddles but our hands. Even this brought on new paroxysms of amusement, because, no matter how closely we tried to co-ordinate our movements, that crazy raft just spun around and around. The situation ended with Eleanor lying in the boat laughing while I swam, pulling it toward shore. That day, I felt quite fond of her.

Needless to say, though, when the summer was finished I was in nowhere near the same state of mind I'd been in in June. I called Ralph and Ace to say goodbye, although I had seen them infrequently and could not have been missed. Surprisingly, they both had the same thing to say: "You're going back, huh?" The question was asked idly; they no longer felt themselves to be my close friends. When I called Jeannie, she said, "Oh, wonderful! I was a little afraid we might have spoiled you." And as I said goodbye she added, "All the luck in the world, Leo."

All the luck in the world, my eye. From the feeling that I was somewhat snobbishly renouncing my potentially best friends for the sake of my vocation, I advanced, within a day of my departure, to the more realistic view that I meant nearly nothing to these people. Why *should* they care what I did? I made no more phone calls. I went over to see Eleanor. She was sitting on the porch.

"What's the matter, Leo?" she asked.

"Nothing much."

"Something's bothering you. Don't you want to go back?"

"Sure. I have no reason to want to stay." As I stared through the holes in the porch screen, I knew she was watching me furtively.

"Is that the right attitude?" she asked.

"You're going back. What's *your* motive?" I asked meanly.

She hesitated. "I don't know," she said, sitting there with her hands lying still in her lap.

Eleanor, I thought then, why couldn't you be beautiful? Why couldn't you even just be plain, so somebody could make you pretty? "We had a good time at the lake, didn't we?" I said.

"Oh, that was delightful, Leo," she said. "That funny boat."

BACK in the seminary, I continued to write to Eleanor. I told her—she *was* the one person with whom I could be candid about such things—that I found the atmosphere not so congenial



Golden hoops

For pierced or unpierced ears, bewitching, beguiling earrings of 14 karat gold. Altman fine jewelry, main floor, Fifth Avenue and at suburban stores.

15.00 price plus 10% Federal tax



CHANDLER'S 49E49STNYC

NEW YORK'S PRIME STEAK HOUSE... SUPERLATIVE STEAKS, CHOPS, ROAST BEEF AND LUSCIOUS LIVE LOBSTER... ALL SERVED SEVEN DAYS A WEEK AT THE CONVENTIONAL HOURS AND AFTER-THREATRE, TOO. FOR RESERVATIONS, PHONE PL 1-1960.

for business and pleasure
candid photography

3 1/4 oz.
MINOX
camera

Brochure? Write:

MINOX CORP.
Forest Hills 15, N.Y.

a famous camera from camera-famous West Germany

(Advertisement)



I've always been fascinated by the workings of the Electoral College. Are they in the Ivy League?



The Electoral College is what we're going to vote for November third. I thought we were going to vote for President.



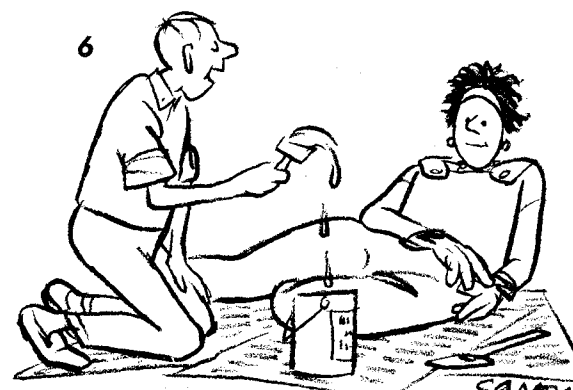
We are, but indirectly. When we vote for a candidate, we really vote for a slate of electors. If a majority of our man's electors get elected, our man will be President. My, that's interesting.



Five weeks after election day, the Electoral College meets to actually name the President. How can we be sure they'll name the same man the newspapers did?



Since Rutherford B. Hayes, the outcome has been an absolutely sure thing. Sometimes I wish I could be sure of how things will be five weeks in advance.



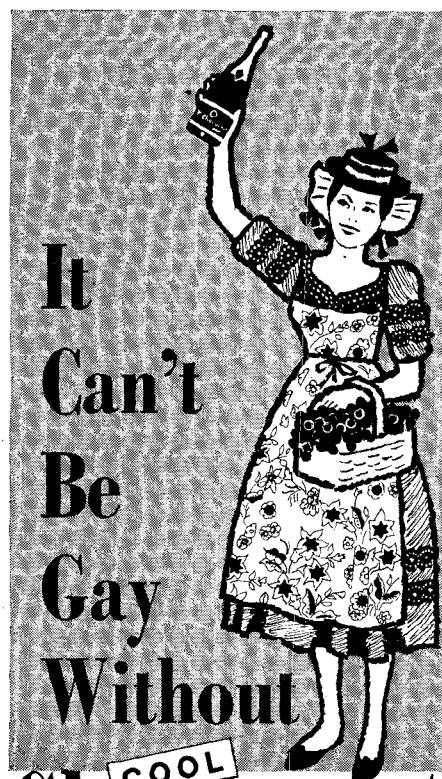
One thing you can be sure of for a long time in advance is money, if I'm not here. You'd get wads of it from my Equitable Living Insurance policies. It would pay off the mortgage, see the kids through college and help to take care of you. Do you need good marks to get into the Electoral College?



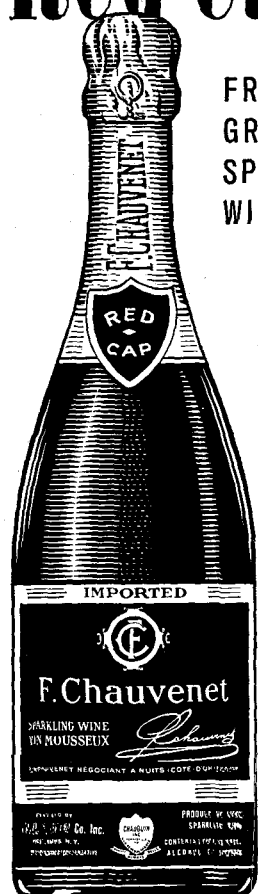
Look ahead with Living Insurance

The EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of the United States

Home Office: 1285 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019 © 1964



Chauvenet Red Cap®



FRANCE'S
GREAT RED
SPARKLING
WINE

N. B.
Also remember the
same "Chauvenet"
for Beaujolais,
Pommard,
Pouilly Fuisse
and many others—
all of
superb quality.

©1963 SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS
AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC., N. Y., N. Y.

anymore. She tried to encourage me. She said there were bound to be times when we'd be assailed by doubt. We had to have faith in God's guidance and in ourselves. "Do you remember that day on the lake?" she wrote. "Do you know why I wasn't afraid, even though I couldn't swim? Because I had confidence in your ability to rescue me. In like manner, you must have confidence in God's wisdom." I thought she'd been reading too many pamphlets, but I didn't say so.

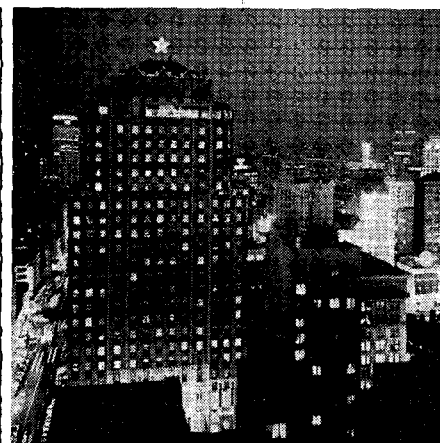
I also got one letter from Jeannie between September and Christmas, and, astonishingly, at Thanksgiving a letter from Ace. Jeannie's letter was short. She chatted about what she and some of her friends had done since I'd left: their high school had won the city championship in football; they were having a formal dance in the Black and Silver Room of the Civic Auditorium on December 18th. It all seemed a little remote. Ace said it was too bad we hadn't got together more often during the summer.

Then I got into trouble with, of all people, the Monsignor Rector himself. On a Saturday afternoon, I was wandering along the second-floor corridor where the classrooms were—I think I was on my way to see Father Thomas, the spiritual adviser, about my uncertainties—when I heard music coming from behind the closed door of one of the empty rooms. I'm sure it was only the state of my mind, but that music seemed like the best sounds I'd ever heard. I opened the door and peered in. Five students looked up; all were upper-classmen. A portable record-player rested on the desk at the front of the room. One of the students shook his head at me as I went in and shut the door. I thought it was the interruption he objected to. I couldn't blame him.

"What is that?" I whispered to one of them as I sank behind a desk.

"Sh-h-h! Beethoven's Seventh."

My parents were both tone deaf, so we'd never had any complicated music around the house, unless you'd care to call Khachaturian's "Sword Dance" complicated. Like most boys of my social class, I'd grown up thinking a corny name like Beethoven could only mean corny music. Now, dumfounded, uncomprehending, I sat staring at the blackboard. I felt vaguely sinful. Clearly this was an indulgence of the senses. Yet because only one sense was involved, and that one was accustomed to receiving temptations in verbal form, I had not enough will—could not will



These are Western International Hotels

UNITED STATES

ANCHORAGE . . . Anchorage-Westward
BELLINGHAM . . . Leopold
BILLINGS . . . Northern
BOISE . . . Boise, Owyhee Motor Inn
BUTTE . . . Finlen Motor Inn
CAREFREE (Scottsdale) . . . Carefree Inn
CHICAGO . . . Continental Plaza
DENVER . . . Cosmopolitan
GREAT FALLS . . . Rainbow
HONOLULU . . . Colony Surf
JUNEAU . . . Baranof
LOS ANGELES . . . Century Plaza (1965)
NEW YORK . . . Savoy Plaza
PALM SPRINGS . . . Oasis
PHOENIX . . . Caravan Inn
POCATELLO . . . Bannock Motor Inn
PORTLAND . . . Benson, Multnomah
SAN DIEGO (Coronado) . . . Del Coronado
SAN FRANCISCO . . . St. Francis,
Sir Francis Drake, Maurice
SEATTLE . . . Olympic, Benjamin Franklin
Space Needle Restaurant
SPOKANE . . . Davenport

CANADA

CALGARY . . . Calgary Inn
VANCOUVER . . . Bayshore Inn, Georgia
VICTORIA . . . Imperial Inn

MEXICO

ACAPULCO . . . Caleta, El Mirador
CIUDAD JUAREZ . . . Camino Real
Motor Inn (Spring, 1965)
CULIACAN . . . Los Tres Rios Motor Hotel
MEXICO CITY . . . Alameda, Francis,
Majestic, Ritz
MORELIA . . . Virrey de Mendoza
SALTILLO . . . Camino Real
(Fall, 1964)
TAMPICO . . . Camino Real

GUATEMALA

GUATEMALA CITY . . . Biltmore

JAPAN

HAKONE . . . Kowaki-en
KYOTO . . . International
NAGOYA . . . International
TOKYO . . . Kokusai-Kanko

FOR CERTIFIED RESERVATIONS, SEE YOUR WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS CERTIFIED TRAVEL AGENT, OR CALL THE WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTEL NEAREST YOU. RESERVATION OFFICES ALSO LOCATED IN THE FOLLOWING CITIES:

Boston	Hartford	Philadelphia
Cincinnati	Kansas City	Sacramento
Dallas	Los Angeles	St. Paul
Detroit	Milwaukee	Toronto
Edmonton	Minneapolis	Washington, D. C.
	Montreal	

LOS ANGELES IN 1965--THE CENTURY PLAZA
NOW IN NEW YORK--THE SAVOY PLAZA
NOW IN CHICAGO--THE CONTINENTAL PLAZA



WESTERN
INTERNATIONAL
HOTELS

Edward E. Carlson, President
Executive Offices: The Olympic, Seattle
682-9400



The star-topped SIR FRANCIS DRAKE HOTEL at Sutter and Powell, home of the famed Starlight Roof

TONIGHT IN SAN FRANCISCO...

It's a starlight-starbright kind of a place.

It's a Bagdad-by-the-Bay, anchors aweigh,

Kind of a place.

It's a sophisticated, syncopated, elevated

"Between the stars and the cable cars,"

Kind of a place.

A sit-tall-in, have-a-ball-in kind of a place.

A quiet lair, a want-to-be-there, a welcome face

Kind of a place.

It's a tall-one-all-tinkly, a smile-all-wrinkly.

It's a wonderful food, wonderful mood,

Kind of a place.

It's excitement and fun, adventure begun, a

Candlelight and spotlight

Kind of a place.

WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS

Owning and managing fine hotels throughout the Western World





Consider the unique practicality of a white coat.*

Because basic white is remarkably compatible with color you will never have to reupholster your sportscar.

Nor redecorate your hunting lodge. Nor switch from blondes to brunettes. (Or vice versa.)

White is inordinately adaptable to all surroundings.

For instance, smashing red plaid. Which is why Zero King lined it that way. When you think about it, a white coat is a blue chip.

Especially this one.

ZERO KING

The Huddle Coat in wool melton by Zero King, also in *Black, Navy, Red and Camel, about \$50, available at fine stores, or write B. W. Harris Manufacturing Company, Park Square, St. Paul 1, Minnesota.

PRICE SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

myself—to rise and leave. But this music, these enthralling sounds—and this was the most horribly fascinating part of the experience—usurped the function of the spirit. I found myself moved as I had formerly imagined I should only be moved in solitary and extemporaneous prayer, in communion with God himself. With the mixed emotions of a Christian hermit finally face to face with the Antichrist, I listened, doubting, tense, unable to run, and perversely overjoyed.

Suddenly the door opened. There stood the rector, all black and red. He looked us over, his presence shattering the music into meaninglessness, and crooked his finger at me. I followed him out, worrying again.

"What's the idea?" He had turned on me. He was a big man.

"Pardon me, Father?"

"Who told you you could go in there?"

"Nobody, Father, I—"

"That," he said, jerking his head toward the music that was soaring on without us, "is a privilege, not a right. You know perfectly well you don't take privileges here without permission." His huge, square face hung about six inches away. "What?" he said.

"... only music," I was saying. "I didn't realize—"

"Don't lie to me."

I believe I colored. Being called a liar startled me. Then I recalled how I had felt listening. "I didn't think about it, Father," I lied.

"You'd better start thinking," he said. "All right," he added, meaning I could go.

I went back down the hallway feeling puzzled and ashamed. And also, strangely, bitter; I felt I would never hear music that way again.

WHEN I went home for Christmas that year, I was in a very poor mood. The confidence I'd felt in my future had washed away, leaving behind only eroded gullies of dried-out thought. I didn't want to see anybody or do anything. I sat around the house looking through old magazines, reading the ads for toothpaste and refrigerators and women's underwear, thinking about my declining aspirations and trying not to panic. Eleanor called, but I didn't feel like decorating any tree, and I told her I had a sore throat. I didn't see her until midnight Mass at St. Gregory's. She was with her mother and father, who invited my parents and several other parishioners to come over to their house for a snack. I didn't want

Lochlana[®]

BY HATHAWAY

Feels like Cashmere—wears like wool

Sport Shirts

A sumptuous new fabric of wool and cotton*. Luxuriously soft and smooth.

Will never mat, fade or shrink

Authentic tartans, \$19.95

Solid shades of verdant green; flame red; autumn gold; beige; burgundy; olive; cornflower blue; navy; winter white

\$15.95

Sizes: S. M. L. ExL

MAY BE ORDERED BY MAIL

*50-50



F. R. TRIPLER & CO.

Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes · Established 1886

MADISON AVENUE AT 46TH STREET

NEW YORK 17

We fluted it just because it's pretty.

There's a special feeling here.

As if every day has a bit of party to it.

5 piece place setting \$12.95.

Arzberg Athena from the Lauffer collection of fine china, flatware and carvingware.

Lauffer



WE'D LOVE TO SEND YOU OUR BROCHURE FOR JUST A DIME SO THAT WE MAY SHOW YOU THE COMPLETE LAUFFER COLLECTION... OR FOR THE STORE NEAREST YOU WRITE TO: H. E. LAUFFER CO., 11 EAST 26 STREET, NEW YORK 10.



M. Robert Audelan *Executive Chef Emeritus of The Essex House, New York, and President of Les Amis d'Escoffier Foundation.*

Escoffier® Sauce Diable is the personal choice of the most distinguished chefs

"If I were to make Escoffier Sauce Diable according to the instructions in the classic Escoffier Cook Book, it would take about three days. You can imagine, then, how delighted I am that the prepared Sauce Diable is completely faithful to the original recipe. I use it directly from the bottle in some of my finest dishes, and, also, serve it gently warmed with equal parts of melted butter. It is an incomparable addition to steaks, chops, and all grilled meats."

Escoffier Sauce Diable, and its companion, Escoffier Sauce Robert, are available at your favorite food stores.

ESCOFFIER, LTD., DIVISION OF
HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.,
LONDON, ENGLAND



to go, but my parents did. It would have been a long walk home by myself, so I went.

Eleanor and I sat on the steps that led from the kitchen to the basement. She drank a Coke and I drank a beer. I also smoked a cigarette, for perhaps the third or fourth time in my life.

"What's the matter with you, Leo?" she asked. "Why don't you tell me?"

"I'm just discouraged is all," I said. I couldn't tell her what I felt about our sitting there talking—that it made no sense, because we no longer shared the same attitudes.

"You know what I've thought?" she said. "Thinking about what you said in your letters?"

"What?"

"You said you weren't sure anymore that you were worthy?"

I remembered having searched for a thought that would express in unselfish terms what I had felt. "Yes," I said.

"Since then, I've wondered if the priesthood isn't the wrong vocation for you."

I forgot the cigarette I was smoking and looked at her. She was watching my shoes.

"Maybe you should go to a monastery instead," she said.

When I considered, later, that my immediate reaction to her suggestion was despair, I knew I had no religious vocation at all.

The day after Christmas, I made a speech to my father. At the outset, he seemed astonished, but after he understood that I had made a decision and wasn't asking for advice he relaxed and nodded his head. "I've thought of the possibility," he said. "What would you like to do now?"

"I think I should at least return until the end of the semester," I told him.

"Maybe till the end of the year. Only, I don't feel like coming back here."

"You mean go to a Catholic high school? I see." He peered into the bowl of his pipe. "Suppose I arrange for you to enter a preparatory school somewhere?"

"That would be all right. I'd kind of like to start over with new friends."

"I'll see what I can do," he said, and lit his pipe.

My mother said, when she learned I'd changed my mind, "You'd better tell Eleanor, so she won't think she's still going out with a seminarian."

"Never mind that," I said. "I haven't quit yet."

In fact, I saw more of Eleanor through the remainder of that vacation than I had in any other. In some subtle

CLOCKS
BY
Ridgeway

Add a decorator's touch with the classic look of floor clocks — turn a house into a home with the serene sounds of time!

Send 25¢ for colorful brochure and other material.
Ridgeway/Division of
Gravely Furniture Co., Inc.
Dept. NYO1, Martinsville, Va.

HU-KWA
THE SMOKY
TEA

For those who enjoy the satisfying flavor of smoky Lapsang Souchong Tea — there's nothing finer. \$4.00 per pound — ½ pound \$2.25. Send check or M.O. Please add 25¢ per item if more than 350 miles from Boston.

Gift orders filled promptly.
MARK T. WENDELL, Importer
156 State St., Boston, Mass. 02109
ALSO SOLD AT FINE FOOD STORES.

FRENCH MELTER SET
in copper and brass

Right out of a French chef's kitchen... 5 copper pans with gleaming brass handles. Comes in graduating sizes from 1½ oz. for melting butter or heating brandy, to the large 8 oz. size for warming up an individual serving of food. Complete with brass bar to hang in your kitchen. A wonderful Christmas gift!

\$17.95 ppd. *Bazar Français* EST 1877

No C.O.D.'s, please! write for complete catalog. 666 SIXTH AVE. NEW YORK 10, N.Y.

You'd like my lead
story but it's all
Greek to you

I recognize a good story
in any language



Its thorough foreign news coverage is one of the reasons why every United States Senator, 93% of the members of the House, and 95% of key government executives read The Washington Post regularly . . . and why, when they have time for only one newspaper, it is The Washington Post by a ratio of nearly 3 to 1.

The Washington Post's editors draw upon the dispatches of its own 10 foreign correspondents, the Los Angeles Times-Washington Post News Service and 10 other worldwide news services for a breadth and caliber of foreign news coverage equalled by few other newspapers anywhere.

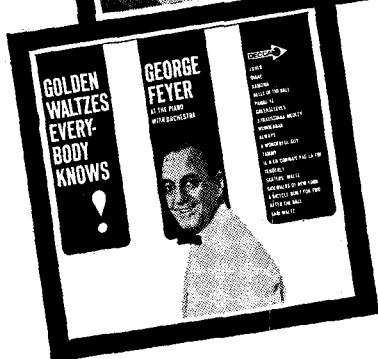
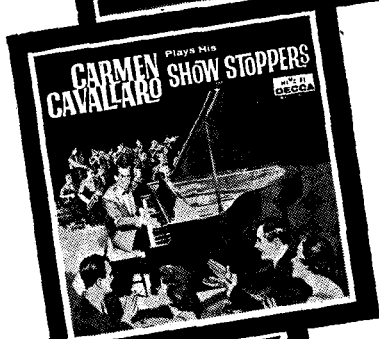
Government leaders rely upon

The Washington Post . . . as do nearly two-thirds of all the families in the Washington area.

The Washington Post

Quoted . . . Consulted . . . Honored

That Singular Touch...



INVITATION • PETER DUCHIN • Darn That Dream • The Good Life • I Wish You Love, and others. DL 4471(M) • DL 74471(S)

CARMEN CAVALLARO PLAYS HIS SHOW STOPPERS • Begin The Beguine • My Funny Valentine • Warsaw Concerto • Serenata • Jalousie • Intermezzo, and others. DL 4018(M) • DL 74018(S)

GOLDEN WALTZES EVERYBODY KNOWS • GEORGE FEYER • Lover • Straussiana Medley • Tenderly, and others. DL 4455(M) • DL 74455(S)

A perfect pleasure in piano listening, with three inimitable keyboard stylists, each at their individual best!



(M) Monaural (S) Stereo

way, I felt I had betrayed her. I didn't try to figure out why this was so. I simply tried to be nice to her. I took her ice-skating. I drank a few gallons of cocoa with her. I learned that the city's Little Symphony was giving a concert; although they weren't about to play Beethoven's Seventh, the program indicated they would attempt Rachmaninoff's Third Piano Concerto, which I thought was sure to be better than bebop (popular at the time), and I took Eleanor to that, too. (It was better.) I don't know how many wretched movies we saw. Once, we even drove all the way up to a ski resort to see a race, because she said she had never seen any real skiing.

On the final evening of our vacation, our parents held a going-away party for us. It was a depressing affair, attended entirely by adults. I suspect it was one of my mother's jokes. Eleanor and I sat by ourselves again, this time in my parents' kitchen, and there was a delicate moment when I told Eleanor she was the pleasantest girl I had ever known, and she blushed as I'd never seen anyone blush, and later had a coughing fit over her Coke.

Then, for the last time, I returned to the seminary.

HAVING reached a decision, I should be relaxed enough, I thought, to stick everything out until June. Accordingly, I mentioned my plans to no one and carefully conformed to the life. Although I had acquired a taste for Chesterfields over the holidays, I found it not impossible to forgo them. For that matter, anything that I had not done before seemed no more difficult not to do now. No doubt what served to upset my plans was largely this acceptant state of mind. It tended to make me cheerful and, in one unfortunate instance, careless.

Not that I wish to deemphasize the effect Eleanor's letters had upon me. To read them was to dislike myself. Her enthusiasm for the religious life had flourished while mine atrophied, and in those letters I continued to see old snapshots of what I had lost. It seemed beautiful. She spoke as though we were to be uniquely united in an elegant white-and-gold kingdom of the distant future. I understood her. I sympathized with her, because I had myself only recently been able to eschew, although ineffectually, the world's enticements in preference for that vision.

Then, one afternoon, the sacristan—a fellow named Pritchard, two classes above me—had to quit a game of chess

PRIZE CATCH!



NATURAL AMERICAN WOLF FUR PARKA

Ultimate luxury for ski country or sports car wear. Superb black-brown-grey-tan shaded timber wolf. Two-way zipper front and drawstring waist. Lapels trimmed with natural northern muskrat. Zip-off hood is faced with Siberian wolverine. Bright red nylon quilted lining. For men and women. Send jacket or dress size. \$297.00 postpd., tax included.

Satisfaction assured

CATALOGUE ON REQUEST

Carroll Reed
SKI SHOPS

NORTH CONWAY 18, NEW HAMPSHIRE

MID-MANHATTAN at its Luxurious Best

Regally spacious guest rooms . . . suites with butler's pantry and refrigerator. HOTEL DORSET is noted for its quiet elegance; adjacent to Rockefeller Center, theatres, shops, art and business centers. Two excellent restaurants. Banquet and meeting rooms accommodate 10 to 175.

HOTEL Dorset

30 West 54th St.
Just off New York's Fifth Ave.
A Bing & Bing Hotel



Anybody can snap your child's picture.

Ten years from now you'll be glad it was

Josef Schneider CO 5-1223
119 W. 57TH ST., N. Y. C.

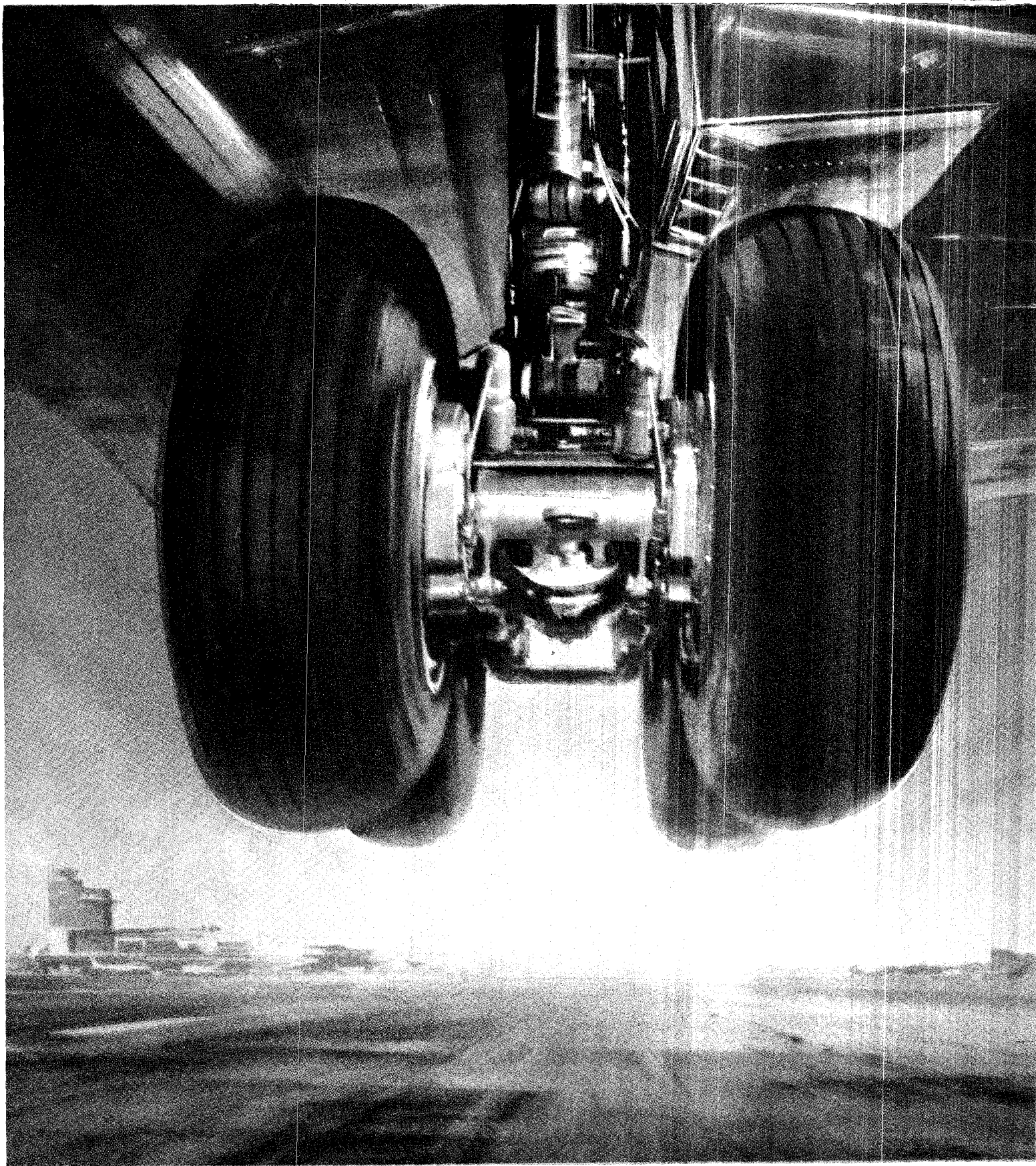
This is the Lincoln Continental for 1965: America's most distinguished motorcar.
It is the luxury automobile that stands apart from all other cars.
It distinguishes you among fine car owners.



You will notice refinements in styling for 1965. Yet you will also recognize this luxury motorcar as unmistakably Continental. Unique in its classic look. Singular in its luxury and comfort. Unequaled in its ride. Lasting in its investment value. Built only to the world's highest standards. Available in a deliberately limited edition of models: the classic four-door sedan and America's only four-door convertible. Among luxury cars, there continues to be only one Lincoln Continental. What does your car say about you?



America's most distinguished motorcar.



PIA—right on time 88% of the time

During 1963 PIA's punctuality record averaged 88%, which is among the highest in the industry—and PIA have seventy seven scheduled departures every day. A record like this doesn't just happen. It results from the high standards which this modern and vigorous airline sets itself in an industry of high standards. This explains why last year PIA—a consistently profitable airline—carried over 14% more passengers, and why seasoned travelers say PIA are great people to fly with.

LONDON FRANKFURT MOSCOW GENEVA
ROME BEIRUT TEHRAN KARACHI DACCA CANTON SHANGHAI



**PAKISTAN
INTERNATIONAL
AIRLINES**

**GREAT PEOPLE
TO FLY WITH**

608 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 20, NEW YORK
323 GEARY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we were playing because he had some tasks to attend to. I offered to help him. We entered the chapel, went directly to the sacristy, swept and cleaned and laid things out, and were finished an hour before dinner.

"How about a smoke?" Pritchard asked me.

"Here?" I said. "Are you serious?"

"Not here. Up there."

I looked up. In the wall just below the high ceiling I detected the outline of a short, narrow door.

"Not many people know about that," Pritchard said. "It leads to the platform that goes around under the skylight above the altar."

"Above the altar?"

"There's nothing sacrilegious about it," he said.

I wasn't sure there wasn't.

"Come on," he said, "I'll show you."

He took a stepladder from a closet and opened it beside the wall. At the foot of it he placed a pail of water and a sponge. Then he climbed up. I followed him. He opened the door and crawled in, and I crawled in after him. The platform we were on was only a couple of feet wide and very dusty. Below us we could see the altar and the sanctuary, and, by peering outward, most of the nave. The rays of the sun, diffused through the frosted glass of the skylight, brightly illuminated a small gold-painted cabinet in one corner. Pritchard told me to close the door behind me, which I did. As I sat there in the dust, facing him and feeling juvenile, he opened a drawer of the cabinet and took out a pack of Lucky Strikes, a book of matches, and a bottle of white altar wine. He placed them on the platform between us and opened the skylight an inch. "Cripes," I said. "How long have you been doing this?"

"I don't do it very often," he said. He shook the pack, offering me a cigarette. I took one. "You have to do something," he said, lighting our cigarettes. "You go out of your mind. I wasn't raised in a vacuum tube, were you?"

"No," I said. But I didn't care for his talk. "Is the wine drinkable?" I asked him.

"It's some I got from Father Thomas's supply. He never misses it. But he likes dry wine. It might be a little sour now."

I tried it. It was almost vinegar. I was handing it back to Pritchard when we heard the chapel door open. We raised our cigarettes and held them out the crack in the opening of the skylight. The door closed, echoing, and my heart jumped as I heard the leather heels of



Caribbean Toiletries are for men who know the difference

The difference between the real thing and scented imitations. Caribbean Toiletries are made with real lime oil and real bay oil, not synthetic essences. **Caribbean Extract of Limes AFTER SHAVE** and **Caribbean Spice and Lime COLOGNE** are blended and bottled in England. 4 oz. sizes (in hand woven wicker) at \$4.00. 8 oz. sizes (in hand braided raffia) at \$6.00. **British West Indies BAY RUM** is made in Jamaica, West Indies 10 oz. size (in hand braided khus-khus) at \$3.00. All are double sealed for air travel. All plus 10% fed. tax.

At the very finest stores the world over, or write:

ROBINSON BISHOP INC. 1341 F Street, nw Washington D.C. 20004

United Kingdom Distributors (London): Welch Margetson & Co., Ltd. • George Spencer Ltd.

Canadian Distributor: O. A. Gaudier & Associates Ltd., St. Markham, Ontario

One Button
singularly handsome

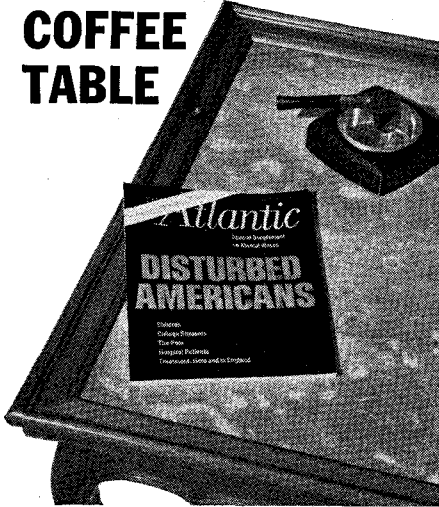
proud possession

WITTY BROTHERS

at fine stores coast to coast

WITTY BROTHERS, ROCKEFELLER CENTER, 1290 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

THIS ONE LOOKS GOOD ON YOUR COFFEE TABLE



... but you won't let it rest there for long, because it reads even better than it looks

You won't find The Atlantic on too many coffee tables . . . since it's edited for a select group of very choosy people . . . cultivated people . . . interested and interesting people . . . people with discriminating tastes and pursuits.

The best writers, and great thinkers and doers of our time make it America's most fascinating periodical.

RECENT CONTRIBUTORS INCLUDE:

Catherine Drinker Bowen
Peter Ustinov • George F. Kennan
Martha Gellhorn
Barbara Ward • Walter Lippmann
Adm. Samuel Eliot Morison
Katherine Anne Porter • Barbara Tuchman
Edwin O'Connor
Vance Packard • Mark Schorer
Edward Crankshaw
A. H. Raskin • Alfred Kazin • John Ciardi
Ralph McGill • Sean O'Faolain

See for yourself how much genuine pleasure you can get from The Atlantic, on or off the coffee table. Enjoy The Atlantic for the next 8 months at a spectacularly low introductory price: 8 issues — \$2.84 — half the regular price. Usual subscription is \$8.50 a year.

The ATLANTIC, Dept. Z-22
8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116

Please enter my half-price trial subscription to The ATLANTIC for 8 months and bill me for \$2.84.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ Remittance Enclosed ☐ Bill me later

the vice-rector click down the aisle. In a moment, we could see him. He was on his way to the sacristy for something. He came on deliberately, his nose well ahead of the rest of him, up to the communion rail and through the gate. I thought things might be all right, that he would enter, take what he'd come for, and leave. But at the entrance to the sacristy he stopped. He looked behind him and lifted his nose, sniffing. He returned to the center of the sanctuary, stopping directly beneath us, and peered into the darkness at the back of the chapel, where the confessional stood. He looked all around. Everywhere but up. Finally, he went on into the sacristy, and we couldn't see him anymore. I looked at Pritchard. Sweat stood out on his upper lip.

I continued watching Pritchard's eyes as I heard the vice-rector opening and closing closet doors in the sacristy. His leather heels smacked over the oak floor from one end of the room to the other and back. The pail scraped across the floor. Then there was the softer sound of shoe soles rubbing on the wood steps of a ladder. Pritchard and I glanced at one another's cigarettes and stared at the door.

The door opened and we gazed into triumphant eyes.

By eight o'clock that evening, I was standing at the front steps of St. Matthew's waiting for my father to pick me up. The rector waited with me. In the cold winter semi-darkness, our exhaled breaths lingered above us several seconds before disappearing with a swirl. Snow fell, without melting, on the driveway. He said, "Your grades have been good enough. We'll give you credit for the semester and send the report on to you."

I thanked him. His breath sailed away. I felt immeasurably grateful to him for not explaining to me what a fool I was.

When my father arrived, the rector shook hands with him, detailed matter-of-factly the nature of my offense—my father glanced at me with lifted brows—and said that for the sake of discipline, of course, they couldn't allow me to remain. My father nodded. I was sitting in the car already, my trunk and suitcase shoved in back. My father got in, and as he put the car in gear the rector leaned toward my window. "I'm sure you'll make a good citizen, Leo," he said. Because of that minor insincerity, I have never quite been able to dislike that man.

After three weeks of constant snow, silence on my mother's part, preoccu-



TAHITIAN TERRY ROBE Our lounge dress in a South Sea bouquet of brilliant colors—orange, aqua, pink, avocado, yellow, gold. Hidden elastic waistband, brushed gold buttons. One print as shown. Small, Medium, Large. **\$10.95**

In solid Turquoise or Yellow. S-M-L **\$9.95**
Add 35¢ each for shipping. Send for color catalog.

THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE
AMERICUS, GA.

Tiles for the Bath

Authentic reproductions of honest sketches by Matisse, Dufy, Picasso, etc. are available at small cost. Plexiglass tiles are white with sketches in black. Moisture proof, ready to affix to the wall. 9x6" each. Send 25¢ for folder showing subjects available. **\$3.50** each including postage.



Edith Chapman

ROUTE 303 • DEPT. 24
ROCKLAND COUNTY, BLAUVELT, N. Y.

EUROPE BY CAR

PLEASE WRITE FOR 36 PAGE FULL COLOR 'EUROPE BY CAR' CATALOGUE. NO CHARGE. SAVINGS ON CAR RENTAL AND PURCHASE

VOLKSWAGEN HILLMAN
MERCEDES JAGUAR
CITROEN PEUGEOT
RENAULT MG, ETC.



EUROPE BY CAR

630 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., N. Y. LT 1-3040
CAR (S) _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ NE-24

A Culligan automatic water softener is like
having a full-time maid in your home*



**But we don't provide the cap and apron*

Of course we are exaggerating just a bit. A Culligan doesn't dust the furniture or vacuum your rugs. But. Every single personal grooming and homemaking function involving water will be revolutionized. And that's a promise. Pure, filtered rain-soft water (flowing in unlimited supply at a turn of any faucet) is better for your skin and complexion. Clothes wash cleaner, wear longer. Dishes dry to a spot-free sparkle without wiping. Shampoos give lustrous hair. Bathing is luxurious and refreshing. Even shaving is faster and smoother. To see for yourself, simply call and say, "Hey Culligan Man!" Our butler will drive your maid right over.



Automatic Models. You can buy them, and we rent them. Portable Exchange Service. No investment, popular rates.

Culligan...THE WORLD-WIDE WATER CONDITIONING PEOPLE

Culligan Inc. and franchised dealers in United States, Canada, Europe, Latin America, Asia • Home Office: Northbrook, Illinois • Franchises available.

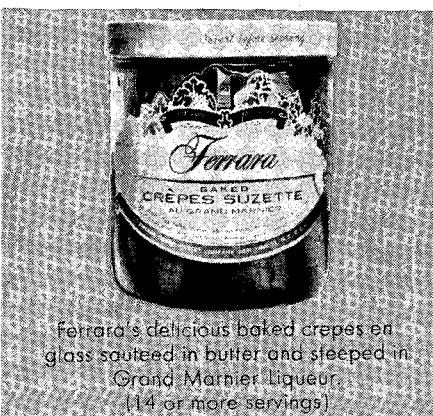


PETIT RHUM BA BA

Little butter cakes bathed in Jamaica rum. Packed in jars of 12 and 24 servings. No refrigeration. Keep indefinitely after opened. Delicious plain, with ice cream or with whipped cream.



Boxed 18's, 6's and bars. Crisp roasted almonds in a nougat of fresh eggs and honey. Assorted flavors, soft, delicious.



Ferrara's delicious baked crepes on glass sautéed in butter and steeped in Grand Marnier Liqueur. (14 or more servings)



FERRARA'S WILD CHERRY JUBILEE

Delicious
Cherries Anglaise
in rum
for
tasty desserts.

Try our Panettone (Italian Coffee Cake), Panforte Siena style, Marron au rhum, Imported Apricots and Figs in cordials and Rum Nesselrode. WRITE FOR OUR COMPLETE CATALOG.

Ferrara
ESTABLISHED 1892
PASTRY AND CONTINENTAL
COFFEE SHOP
195 GRAND STREET, NEW YORK 13, N.Y.

pied sympathy on my father's part, and plain bewildered listlessness on my part, I boarded a train for Ohio to attend a private, non-parochial school.

I received one more letter from Eleanor, forwarded from St. Matthew's two months after I'd left. Apparently, for a while no one told her what had happened. From my mother, eventually, I learned that Eleanor's parents had sold their brick house and moved to the city. But of Eleanor, for some reason, she said nothing. It was as though, having got her fill of pestering me about the girl, she had decided to annoy me by never speaking of her again. I responded by asking no questions.

And, in time, I recovered from the humiliation of my expulsion. After the rigors of St. Matthew's, prep school could scarcely have been for me a traumatic experience, though I did meet with some difficulty in accommodating myself to the less serious atmosphere. When June came, I found a summer job as an assistant councillor in a boys' camp. I rarely thought about Eleanor. She grew to be another character in that memory of a year and a half of a life and environment and state of mind that the new reality told me could not have happened. If I was able occasionally to imagine her as a nun, the image was always blurred. There would be the smudged eyeglasses, the crooked nose, the gray marble eyes (now, at least, blending with her clothes), but her voice would have calmed somewhat; I could not hear it, and I could not imagine her hair under the cream-colored habit. Nevertheless, as years passed and I advanced through college, I came to accept implicitly the idea of her as a Carmelite.

Consequently, I was surprised to hear, on coming home from college one spring vacation, that Eleanor had recently married.

"Why, I thought she became a nun," I said to my mother.

"Heavens, no," my mother replied, whipping egg whites for a chocolate chiffon pie. "She left the convent years ago. Not long after you left the seminary. Only with her it was strep throat." My mother paused, then got back in rhythm with the egg beater. "She came home for her illness. And didn't go back."

"Who's this guy she married?"

"Some boy who works for the Telephone Company."

I went out for a walk around the back yard, pausing to look at the water lilies in the goldfish pond. And I felt dreary, recalling, suddenly, part of

TURNBULL ELEVATOR Stairclimber



**The easy way
to get upstairs**

and you'll be surprised how little it costs



FOR INFORMATION, CONTACT SALES DEPARTMENT
TURNBULL ELEVATOR
P.O. BOX No. 174, TIMES SQUARE STATION,
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036 PL 7-3030
In Canada: 126 John Street, Toronto 2-B

5

BAMER HOTEL mexico city

**service
beyond
comparison**

Ask your travel agent

U.S. Representatives:

Robert F. Warner Inc.

New York, N.Y.

Tel: JUDson

6-4500

Chicago, Ill.

Tel: RAndolph

6-0624

CAFE RENAISSANCE 49

338 EAST 49TH ST.

PL 1-3160

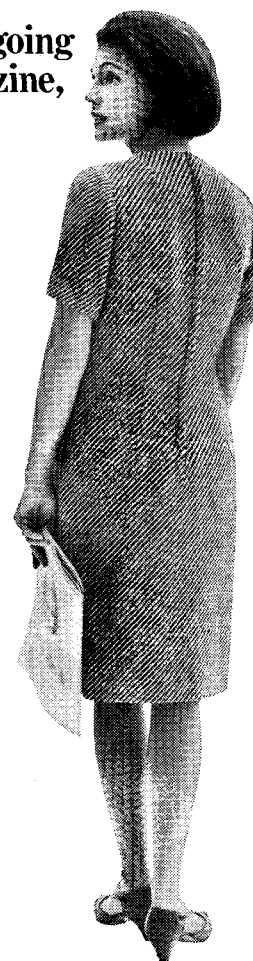
CAFE RENAISSANCE 48

15 EAST 48TH ST.

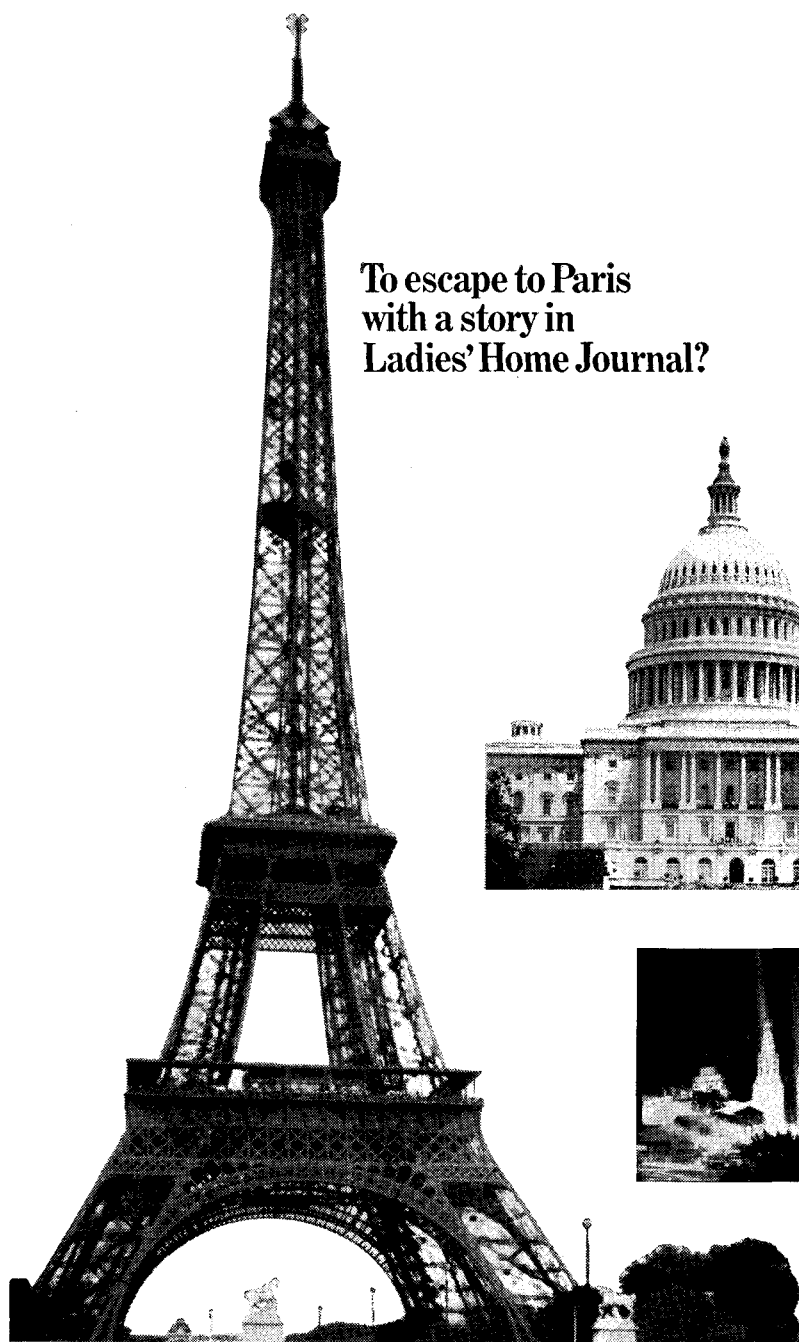
HA 1-3448

The Family Circle, Inc.—a subsidiary of Cowles Magazines and Broadcasting, Inc.

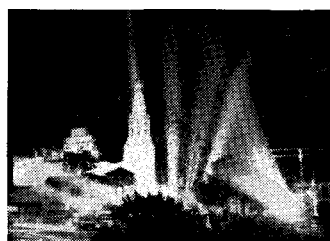
**Where are you going
with that magazine,
Mary Roland?**



**To escape to Paris
with a story in
Ladies' Home Journal?**



**To get inside Washington
with the latest
gossip in McCall's?**



**To dream of Hollywood
with a movie star's story
in Good Housekeeping?**

**or to
140 Pleasant Place
with Family Circle?**



All nice places to "visit." But to a homemaker, there's no place like home. That's why she buys Family Circle. That's where she reads it. (According to Simmons, Family

Circle delivers the most in-home women readers per dollar in the crucial 18-49 age group.) How come? Family Circle is strictly service. No distractions. Want a lift home?

Family Circle. A magazine only a homemaker could love.

A small world of circulation guarantees: McCall's 8,400,000; Family Circle 7,500,000; Ladies' Home Journal 6,500,000; Good Housekeeping 5,150,000.

CASUAL CORNER STORES IN: ABILENE • ARLINGTON • ATLANTA • BALTIMORE • CORPUS CHRISTI • DECATUR • FORT WORTH • HOUSTON • LANCASTER • LITTLE ROCK • NASHVILLE • MILWAUKEE • MEMPHIS • PROVIDENCE • ROCHESTER • SILVER SPRING • SPRINGFIELD • SYRACUSE • WAQO • WASHINGTON • WEST HARTFORD • WORCESTER



DRESS SHIRT

A perfectionist's dream of a shirt... ruffle front, long sleeves, button down collar... in silky white Kodel polyester and cotton blend; by Country Shirt in sizes 8-16, \$8.00. Please add 50¢ for postage from Casual Corner, 566 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York.

CASUAL CORNER



Your choice of today's foremost portrait painters and sculptors

PORTRAITS, INC.
PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA

136 EAST 57th STREET

NEW YORK

Eleanor's last letter to me, the one that reached me after I left the seminary, the one I suppose I'll never entirely forget.

"It used to seem wrong to me," she wrote, "that my own vocation seemed contingent upon yours. Do you remember how you once scolded me? You said the decision ought to be private and objective. But if it hadn't been for you I know I would never have come here. Even when we were children, I guess I sort of indirectly depended on you to tell me, or not tell me really, but give me an idea of what I wanted to do. So it seemed natural. And lately I've started thinking about how perhaps that was the way God wanted it. It's possible, isn't it, that we're meant to be guides to one another?"

"Only now you say you're confused and the trouble is that it confuses me. I don't know what to say to you exactly, I'm so used to imagining you as a priest someday, and sometimes I feel like it's my fault. I'm always taking things for granted.

"Anyway, what I've been thinking is: maybe what we ought to do is not necessarily what is natural for us to do. Finding one's vocation may be like saving one's soul. At least it seems to me to be that way sometimes, when you think of how other things are. By nature, lilies don't bloom at Easter. So, too, perhaps, our souls, if they are to blossom to the Lord's appointment, must be specially nurtured and given much light and forced to hurry toward the loveliness for which they were intended." —JAMES G. MCCLURE

LOST—vicinity Little Neck. Small wired dog. Black tan markings face, neck, paws. Name Sam. Reward. BA 5-8337.—*Adv. in the Long Island Star-Journal.*

Stereo Sam, they call him.

DEAR CUSTOMER:

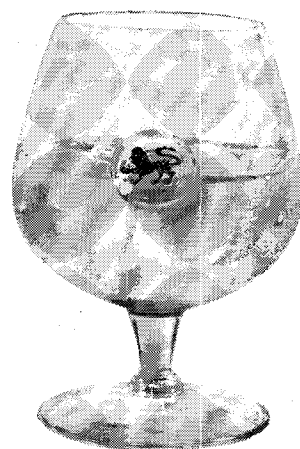
Did you ever reach a point in your life where by making a change you could considerably better yourself?—*Letter from a firm in Birmingham, Ala.*

Yes. Reached such a point just a second ago. Hit the basket, too.

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[From an article by David Binder in the Times]

CAIRO, Oct. 6—Premier Moise Tshombe of the Congo was held incommunicado today by Egyptian security forces. He announced that he would leave Cairo tomorrow morning.



What's a nice gin like Booth's doing in a glass like this?

It's the new way to drink Booth's House of Lords Imported Gin on-the-rocks.

In brandy sniffers.

For five dollars, we'll send you four (designed with our famous Red Lion crest no less). Actual size: 3 3/4" x 5 1/2". Mail check or money order to Made In England Co., 1197 McCarter Highway, Newark 4, N. J.

And don't you dare use them for brandy!

WORLD FAMOUS AND NO WONDER

Luchow's
RESTAURANT

THE GOURMETS' RENDEZVOUS

Since 1882

110-112 EAST 14th STREET
GR-7-4860

We park your car
at dinner

IRELAND OF THE WELCOMES... a magazine for those who cannot be in Erin, but yearn to know how it is. It's crammed with articles, stories, poems, photographs and drawings on events, crafts, traditions; on history, architecture and the arts; on sports and fascinating places to visit. Here's the full scope of Ireland, as seen through the perceptive, witty or scholarly eyes of Ireland's leading writers. IRELAND OF THE WELCOMES comes to you six times a year. Two-year subscription, \$3.00, postpaid. Send your name, address and cheque or money order for \$3.00 to WELCOMES, Irish Tourist Office, Dept. NY-1024, 33 East 50th Street, New York, New York 10022.

JAPANESE RESTAURANT

Saito

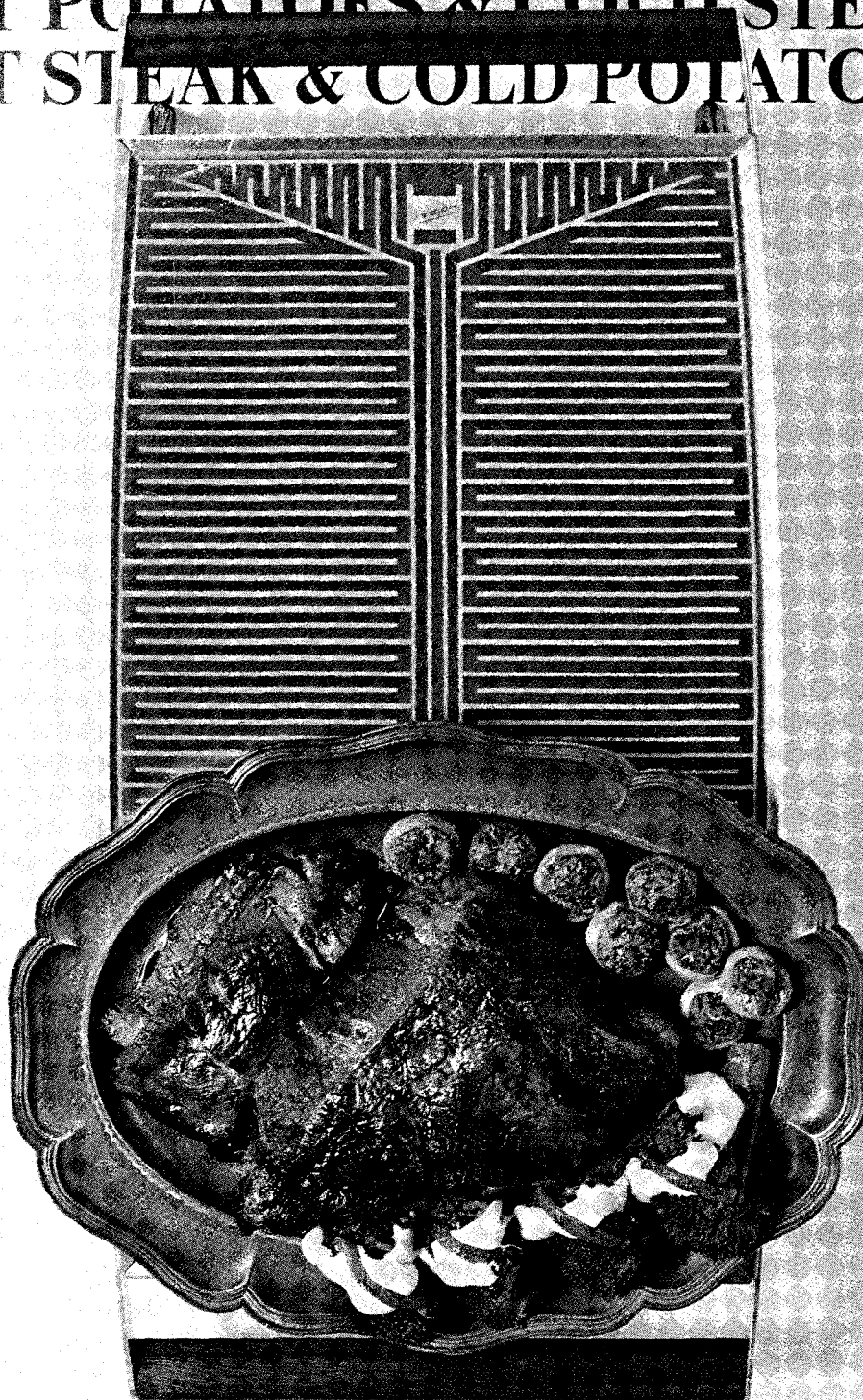


TEMPURA BAR • TATAMI ROOMS

Cocktail Lounge • Private Banquet Rooms

131 W. 52 St., Bet. 6th & 7th Aves. JU 2-7809

**DOES YOUR HUSBAND
CRITICIZE YOU FOR
THESE THINGS:
HOT EGGS & COLD BACON,
HOT BACON & COLD EGGS,
HOT POTATOES & COLD STEAK,
HOT STEAK & COLD POTATOES?**



**YOUR HUSBAND'S RIGHT. GET HOTRAY®
AND STOP RUNNING HOT AND COLD.**

With Hotray everything comes to the table in exactly the same condition
that it came off the stove or out of the oven. And, stays that way for hours.

SALTON HOTRAY

Shown, the "Patio Master", \$27.50. For Hotray recipe booklet write to Salton, Inc., 511A East 72 Street, N. Y. 21. Hotray electric food warmers from \$5.95 to \$59.50. At these
and other fine stores, in U.S.A. and Canada: Hammacher Schlemmer, N. Y.; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; Neusteter's, Denver; I. Magnin, California.

HOTRAY IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK AND INDICATES THAT SALTON INC., IS THE SOLE MANUFACTURER.

**LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED**

DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. 86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY AND BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A. FOR W.A. TAYLOR & CO., N.Y.

PROTEST



AGAINST



THE RISING

TIDE

CONFORMITY



Serve Booth's House of Lords, the non-conformist gin from England.



MUSICAL EVENTS

Delayed Début

AT last, quite belatedly, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, the great Marschallin of the past decade, arrived on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House in "Der Rosenkavalier" on Tuesday night of last week. Perhaps, as some say, her voice is past its prime, but it is obviously so little past, and the prime was so remarkable, that her performance was still fresh and as polished as a pearl, and it was really impressive as a job of acting. A few weeks ago, in San Francisco, I had heard her in the role, and with some admiration, but this time—maybe because of the excitement attending a Metropolitan debut—she outdid herself. She looked handsome, her voice seemed clear and vibrant, and the famous moment in the first act when the Marschallin realizes that she is growing older was projected in a manner that brought tears to the eyes, and it took on added pathos because of the high spirits that had gone before. Compared to the greatest of all Marschallins, Lotte Lehmann, hers was a youthful, exuberant one. At only one point did I remember Mme. Lehmann's interpretation to be vastly superior, and that was during the last-act entrance, in which the older singer had a majesty that nobody who heard her can ever forget. Miss Schwarzkopf did not reach this plane of nobility, but she was very good, for all that.

The Octavian was Lisa Della Casa. She was attractive in her white suit, and her acting was intelligent and, where comedy was called for, comic, but, like most sopranos who assume this role, she turned out to be a trifle thin vocally, especially in the earlier acts. Miss Della Casa is an admirable artist, but I prefer my Octavians to be mezzos or contraltos—singers who can, as they say in politics, provide a choice rather than an echo. Most of the rest of the cast was familiar, with Otto Edelmann providing his gravelly and somewhat heedless but nevertheless effective Ochs, and Anneliese Rothenberger her nearly perfect Sophie. Norman Mittelmann and Mignon Dunn were particularly good as von Faninal and Annina. Thomas Schippers' conducting far outshone most of the other conducting that takes place nowadays at the Met, though he introduced a completely untraditional note of bathos into the simple



quartet that accompanies the Marschallin's examination of the silver rose. Dino Yannopoulos' stage direction, on the other hand, broke a number of traditions quite happily. A duplicate maid (the real one) was introduced into the first act, to complicate Octavian's masquerade and provide a little extra horseplay, and at the point in the second act where Valzacchi and Annina tear the young lovers apart, Valzacchi grabbed Octavian's sword and held him at bay with it—a logical piece of business, since one always wonders why the presumably healthy Octavian does not throw this decrepit and underfed schemer over his shoulder.

The season had opened on the previous night, with all the customary fanfare but with a good deal less excitement from the stage and the orchestra pit. The opera was "Lucia di Lammermoor," and the management had gone out of its way to provide a display of conspicuous consumption, which seemed to me in slightly bad taste. The dear old Donizetti opus was virtually swamped in a series of colossal vine-covered Gothic sets by Attilio Colonnello, and the bespangled costumes he designed to go with them made the principals look like caricatures of old-fashioned opera singers, the total effect suggesting that Mr. Colonnello considers "Lucia" a humorous opera. Among the singers, who included Sándor Kónya, Robert Merrill, and Bonaldo Giaiotti—all artists of highly respectable stature—only Joan Sutherland, as Lucia, managed to compete with, and take one's mind off, the scenery, and even her mad-scene entrance was less dramatic than heretofore, since she had to sneak in from the wings instead of descending the grand staircase that occupied a prominent place in the old set. Miss Sutherland's singing, though, made up for all this. One can find fault with her enunciation but with scarcely anything else. She remains a warm, technically immaculate, and imaginative Lucia—by far the finest I have ever heard.

"Samson et Dalila," on Saturday evening, provided an instance of the transformation of an extraordinarily dull academic opera into something of a thriller by means of a magnificent production (in this instance justified)



Every facet on this page is cut by hand with love in Waterford, Ireland. Sugar & Creamer, \$9. Waterford signs every piece. For your complimentary brochure, write to Waterford Crystal, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Neiman-Marcus
Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth



Busy Apron...

our own pale blue cotton smock by Westway; edged and back-tied in red; multi-color piped pockets hold comb, horn mirror, doll/bottle, surprise ball clown, eraser figure. S.M.L in 3-6x sizes 5.00
With embroidered first name 6.00

Mail orders to Dallas add 45c mailing;
Xmas gift wrap 65c; allow 2 wks. delivery



It's our biggest yet. Over 150 pages. 1,000 toys. Many exclusive imports, or created in our workrooms. This year, there are delightful things for children to wear.

F. A. O. SCHWARZ NY-1
745 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10022
Please send me your free catalog.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

and the ministrations of a really first-rate maestro. The maestro was Georges Prêtre, and he squeezed every drop of glamour there was out of the old Saint-Saëns score. Vocally, except for the chorus and some of the lesser roles (John Macurdy as the Old Hebrew, Justino Díaz as Abimelech, and a newcomer, Gabriel Bacquier, as the High Priest), this was not a performance of great distinction. Neither Rita Gorr, who was the Dalila, nor Jess Thomas, who was the Samson, sang with any particular polish. The ballets, however, were gorgeous, the scenery was magnificent, and the temple crumbled splendidly. Better see this one soon if you want to see it at all. There is nothing more boring than a "Samson" that has faded.

LAST Thursday evening, in Philharmonic Hall, the New York Philharmonic began its Bruckner cycle, which is to include several of the less often played symphonies as well as the more familiar Eighth and Ninth. I am particularly delighted to note that there is to be a revival of the Sixth, one of the most beautiful of the lot, and one that, apart from a single performance of the slow movement by Erich Leinsdorf with the N.B.C. Orchestra in 1942, has not been done in this city since before the First World War. At least, the Bruckner Society, which follows these things closely, has no record of a New York performance in all that time. The other symphonies to be performed are a little more familiar than that, including the Third, which was done the other night under Josef Krips' baton.

For a long time, musical historians, attracted by the sophomoric theory of the *Zeitgeist*, tended to "periodize" music, claiming that what is expressed in the music of any era resembles the expression in the other arts of that era, and even that one should listen only to the music of one's own time. Recently, this point of view—which has always seemed to me absurd—has been attacked, and one of its attackers, Professor John H. Mueller, of the University of Indiana, has argued his case quite effectively in a paper on baroque music, noting that the idea of periodizing descends from Georg Friedrich Hegel, and that that prominent Hegelian Karl Marx (no aesthete, obviously), who couldn't understand why the Europeans of his time liked Greek sculpture, eventually concluded that their pleasure in it must be "reminiscent" rather than genuine. One of Professor Mueller's most obvious examples of wrong-headed periodization is the

Droste®
OF HOLLAND
CHOCOLATE
APPLE

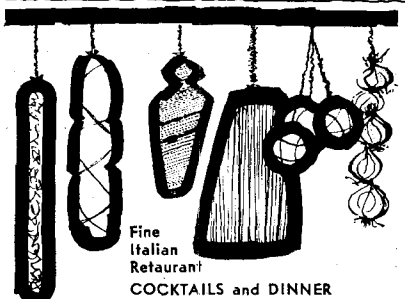
...delights
the eye



...tempts
the taste
...tap it... see it
fall into
twenty tasty
slices

Two
flavors—
semi-sweet or
milk chocolate.
Novel party surprise.
unusual gift. Wherever fine
foods and confections are sold.

H. Hamstra & Co. • Importers • Clifton, N. J.



Fine
Italian
Restaurant
COCKTAILS and DINNER

LA "GROCERIA"
WEST 4th STREET and 6th AVENUE • CH 2-3200

Herend - The Porcelain of Royalty

"Queen Victoria"
Pattern. Hand
painted butterflies
and flower sprays
on a century-famed
HEREND dinner
service.



1304 Wisconsin Ave. Washington 7, D. C.
"COLORCARDS" available write Dept. N 3

A perfume
other women would
rather you
didn't know about

Un Air Embaumé by Rigaud

equating of baroque architecture, which is massive, monumental, extravagant, and awe-inspiring, with baroque music, which is delicate, lacy, intricate, and intimate.

I am dragging all this in because, to my mind, Bruckner is the composer whom the word "baroque" most closely fits. He lived all his life in the midst of baroque architecture; he came at the end of a towering period of symphonic composition; and his symphonies all have the quality of grandeur, plus extravagant ornament, that is associated with his surroundings. One can even detect in them, here and there, the musical equivalent of those delightful sculptured sunbursts that are such a feature of the Austrian baroque—things constructed at least two hundred years before Bruckner's time yet omnipresent in Bruckner's world. He spent his life writing baroque musical cathedrals, so to speak—a point that I think explains both the hostility of critics and the enormous enthusiasm of audiences toward his work.

The Third Symphony is one of these cathedrals. I am not going to attempt to analyze it here. Its materials are simple and its structure is immensely complex. My favorite movement is the scherzo—one of the first true scherzos written after Beethoven's—but the whole work has a nobility of the sort that one finds only in the greatest music. Except for some inexcusable mistakes in the horn parts the other night—at least two or three burbles and one false entrance—the performance was flawless. Mr. Krips showed himself to be the ideal Bruckner conductor—a rare species nowadays. His interpretation of the score was grand in conception yet extremely clear in matters of detail. It was also given masterly pace and proportion (the most difficult task of the Bruckner interpreter), and it reached its conclusion in just the right mood of jubilation. Before this performance, Yehudi Menuhin played the solo parts of the two Bach concertos for violin and orchestra, giving them a violinistic interpretation (with expression), rather than a stylish modern one (without expression). Aside from a few slips in intonation, his performances, I thought, were topnotch.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[From the National Review]

For those who want the story straight, our publisher reveals, for the first time, the prehistoric activity that launched the candidacy of Senator Goldwater.



Don't put the Chartreuse too close to the milk

(someone might pour it on the cornflakes!)

But then why not? Chilled Chartreuse goes with lots of things...grapefruit, ice cream, desserts...and, naturally, on the rocks or as a highball. The main point is: *chill* Chartreuse before you serve it. For that's the new way to add finesse to Chartreuse's 350-year-old flavor. A most venerable and versatile liqueur. For an idea-ful booklet on drinking and cooking with Chartreuse, write Schieffelin & Co., 30 Cooper Sq., New York, N. Y., Department F.

CHARTREUSE

(have the genius to chill it)

GREEN, 110 PROOF—YELLOW, 86 PROOF

Gourmet's friend...through thick or thin



Smooth, uniform slices of almost any food tumble quickly from this easily adjustable, home-sized electric food slicer. Efficient, beautiful in any kitchen. Solid, ever-bright stainless steel at every point where food meets metal makes it easy to keep sanitary. Wipe with a damp sponge and this slicer is ready for the next job.



(Only the ENDURO® Stainless Steel is produced by Republic Steel: The food slicer manufacturer's name and address will be supplied on request to Republic Steel Corporation, Dept. NY-9209, 1441 Republic Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio 44101.)

Stainless Steel

BY REPUBLIC STEEL CORPORATION

Sales Offices and Representatives in Principal Cities

THE SPORTING SCENE

I~THE SERIES

TWO STRIKES ON THE IMAGE

AS we all know, when the typical American business executive turns out his bedside light he devotes his next-to-last thought of the day to his corporate image—that elusive and essential ideal vision of his company which shimmers, or *should* shimmer, in the minds of consumers. Do they like us, he wonders. Do we look respectable? Honest? Lovable? Hmm. He sighs, stretches out, and tries to find sleep by once again striking out the entire batting order of the New York Yankees. As he works the count to three and two on Tom Tresh, it may suddenly occur to this well-paid insomniac that baseball itself has the most enviable corporate image in the world. Its evocations, overtones, and loyalties, firmly planted in the mind of every American male during childhood and nurtured thereafter by millions of words of free newspaper publicity, appear to be unassailable. It is the national pastime. It is youth, springtime, a trip to the country, part of our past. It is the roaring excitement of huge urban crowds and the sleepy green afternoon silences of mid-summer. Without effort, it engenders and thrives on heroes, legends, self-identification, and home-town pride. For six months of the year, it intrudes cheerfully into every American home, then frequently rises to a point of nearly insupportable tension and absorption, and concludes in the happy explosion of the country's favorite sporting spectacle, the World Series. Given these ancient and self-sustaining attributes, it would seem impossible that the executives of such a business could injure it to any profound degree through their own carelessness and greed, yet this is exactly what has happened to baseball in the past ten years. The season that just ended in two improbably close pennant races and in the victory of the Cardinals over the Yankees in a memorable seven-game World Series was also the most shameful and destructive year the game has experienced since the Black Sox scandal of 1919.

The fervent loyalties of baseball are almost, but not quite, indestructible.



I know a New York lawyer, now in his seventies, whose heart slowly bleeds through the summer over the misadventures of the Cleveland Indians, a team representing the home town he left in 1919. With immense difficulty, I have sustained something of that affection for the San Francisco Giants, once my New York team, but I know that my attachment will not survive the eventual departure of Willie Mays. Since 1953, six teams have changed their homes and four entirely new teams have been born, so exactly half of the twenty major-league teams must count on a loyalty that is less than a dozen years old. At this writing, it seems entirely possible that faltering attendance will cause three more franchises—Cleveland, Kansas City, and Milwaukee—to shift to new cities within the next two seasons. Another team, the Angels, will conclude its brief tenancy in Los Angeles at the end of next year; starting in 1966, it will represent Anaheim, California, which is the home of Disneyland.

The irritation and dismay that I share with most baseball fans over this queasy state of affairs is not caused entirely by the appearance in our ball parks of so many semi-anonymous ball-players with unfamiliar insignia on their shirtfronts, or by the inept play of so many of the new teams, or even by the ridiculously expanded new schedules, which now require the majors to play 1,620 games, as against the old 1,232, before they can determine two winners. Grudgingly, I can accept the fact that it was sensible for baseball to enlarge

itself and to spread toward new centers of a growing population. What I cannot forgive, what no baseball fan has been able to forget, is the manner in which the expansion was handled. In 1957, Walter O'Malley, the owner of the Brooklyn Dodgers, abruptly removed his team to Los Angeles after making a series of impossible demands upon the City of New York for the instantaneous construction of a new ball park. He was followed at once by Horace

Stoneham, who took his Giants to San Francisco while piously denying that he had any understanding with O'Malley, although every schoolboy knew that National League schedules required the presence of two teams on the West Coast. Within a few days, the largest and most vociferously involved baseball audience in the country was deprived of its two oldest franchises and left with the new knowledge that baseball's executives cared only for the profits inherent in novelty and new audiences, and sensed no obligation whatever—not even the obligation of candor—to the fans who had built their business.

The subsequent operations of Mr. O'Malley, the other owners of big-league teams, the league presidents, and Commissioner Ford Frick have been watched by knowing fans with growing cynicism. In 1961, O'Malley, supported by Frick, permitted the establishment of a rival team in Los Angeles only after imposing such punitive conditions and rental fees that the Angels could not possibly succeed. The result, of course, is Anaheim. In the 1962 draft creating two new teams, the National League owners, ignoring the much fairer system inaugurated by the American League the previous year, protected their player investments so carefully that the squads were manned entirely by a miserable collection of culls and aging castoffs, and the two teams—the Houston Colt .45s and the Mets—have been a disgrace to baseball. The perverse loyalty of the Met fans—the New Breed—is at least partly engendered by a hatred for the kind of cold-blooded

success typified by Mr. O'Malley and by the owners of the New York Yankees.

In the past few years, baseball has staged such unedifying spectacles as the loud public wrangle carried on by Charles O. Finley, the owner of the Athletics, in his attempt to secure more favorable stadium-rental terms from the municipal government of Kansas City. At various times since he purchased the club in 1960, Mr. Finley has threatened to move to Oakland, to Atlanta, or to almost any other city or hamlet that promised him a ballfield and the kind of profits he considers his due. Last winter, his negotiations with Louisville reached the point where the American League had to threaten him with expulsion before he accepted terms and signed a new lease for the Kansas City park. Mr. Finley, it should be added, is the man who clothes his players in horrendous green-and-gold uniforms and who had to be restrained by the baseball Rules Committee from enlivening the national pastime with orange baseballs and green-and-gold bats. His notion that baseball owes him a free, or almost free, municipal ball park and the right to move wherever and whenever he chooses is neither eccentric nor atypical. Consider, for example, the fact that the Braves, who have been established in Milwaukee only since 1953, are now casting hungry eyes on Atlanta. This team—penant winners in 1957 and 1958, and formidable contenders from 1952 through 1960—enjoyed four consecutive years in which their attendance topped two million, and in 1957 they established a league gate record of 2,215,404, so there can be no doubt about Milwaukee's enthusiasm for the sport. But now that the team is old and attendance is down, the chance to move on to new audiences, in the pattern established by O'Malley, may prove to be more tempting than the hard work involved in staying put and rebuilding the club. There is a powerful rumor that Milwaukee will move to Atlanta next year or the year after; in that case, Kansas City may become Milwaukee. Cleveland has just postponed, for the time being, a jump to Seattle, Oakland, or Dallas, but a move is clearly in the wind. If these shuttlings ever do take place, big-league baseball will have established itself once and for all as a fly-by-night tent-show entertainment, and several million more fans will understand at last that baseball's executives view them as dim-witted louts who will automatically attach their at-

THERE ISN'T ANOTHER SUIT LIKE THIS IN THE ENTIRE WORLD

THERE COULDN'T BE BECAUSE THERE ISN'T ANOTHER MAN EXACTLY LIKE YOU IN THE WORLD. A FENN-FEINSTEIN CUSTOM-MADE SUIT IS YOURS *PERSONALLY*. It's shaped, seamed and tailored on your body by tailors with the hands of sculptors. Styled just the way you want it in your choice of extraordinary fabric. Hand-personalized down to the smallest, seemingly insignificant detail. Every detail in our custom-made suits is significant—especially the ones you can't see. For each one plays its part in creating the totally individual look. If you have never enjoyed the experience of wearing a completely custom-made suit, we suggest you come to Fenn-Feinstein at Frank Brothers. You may as well start with the best.

**FRANK BROTHERS
FENN-FEINSTEIN**

9 East 57th Street, New York
Chicago □ New Haven □ Palm Beach



The pipe tobacco with an air of chivalry



BLACK KNIGHT to the rescue. Just as faint heart ne'er won fair lady, an ordinary tobacco won't impress her, either. But **BLACK KNIGHT** is no ordinary tobacco. It's nobly blended, masculine... made for a man's taste and a lady's approval. Be chivalrous... ask for **BLACK KNIGHT**. At better tobacconists everywhere. 2 oz. — 90¢ to 1 lb. — \$6.

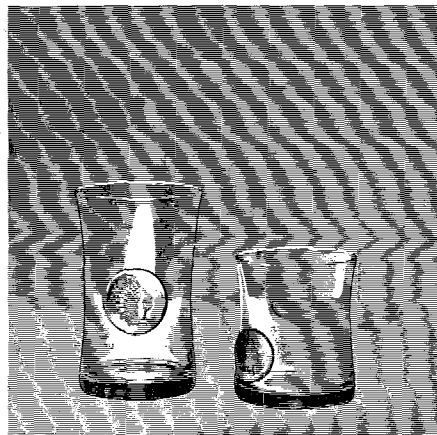
LANE LTD., 419 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016
Creators of MEDAL OF HONOR, HOUSE OF LORDS, BLEND 0122, MOUNTBATTEN AND ORIENTA

“BRING HER HERE. SHE’LL LOVE THE T-BONE.”

Gas Lights • Private Booths • Mohair Settees • Old R.R. Dining Car • The Parlours Of Madame Moustache • Six Kinds Of Steak • Sing-Along with Bill Farrell at the piano in the Saloon • Six Gun (6 oz.) Cocktails • Free Chuck Wagon Hors d'Oeuvres • Doorman • All Credit Cards • Open Daily Incl. Sun. From Lunch To 2 AM • Reservations MO 1-1200



LARRY ELLMAN, PROP.
THE CATTLEMAN
THE ADULT WESTERN RESTAURANT
5 E. 45th ST. NEW YORK 17 • MO 1-1200



Drinking glasses for Indian fighters (OR THEIR DESCENDANTS)

We doubt you will have seen anything so completely unusual as these sparkling bar glasses from the oldest house in America still hand-blowing and hand-cutting fine lead crystal. Each bears an amber glass seal (no two exactly alike) with the imprint of an Indian head pressed in. No attempt has been made to counterfeit old pennies, but if you rub your finger over the Indian's head before you take a drink, it will bring you good luck—we think. See these Amerindic classics at your favorite store or write to Bryce for the name of your nearest dealer. 13-ounce high-ball, 10-ounce old-fashioned about \$2.00 each.

Bryce Brothers Company
MT. PLEASANT, PENNSYLVANIA
Fine Hand-Blown, Hand-Cut, Lead Crystal
Since 1841

tention and loyalty to the most recent second-rate team that happens to wear the home uniform.

THE most meaningful event of the 1964 baseball season was neither the Cardinals' breathless, last-day capture of the National League flag nor the same team's victory in the long gladiatorial bloodletting of the Series. It was, of course, the news on August 13th that the Columbia Broadcasting Company had bought control (eighty per cent) of the New York Yankees for the sum of \$11,200,000. The shabby and by now typical manner of the maneuver was as dismaying as its significance. Charles Finley, of Kansas City, and Arthur Allyn, president of the Chicago White Sox, were both informed of the deal in telephone calls from the American League president, Joe Cronin, who in one breath told them that league rules required them to vote on the transaction and in the next that their vote was meaningless, since he already had the three-quarters majority necessary for it to pass. This call came only two days after the annual major-league executive meetings in Chicago, during which the deal was never mentioned to Finley, Allyn, or the public. Finley's and Allyn's subsequent shouts of rage and the astonished editorial protests of the press were so piercing that Cronin convened a league meeting in Boston to consider the possible antitrust violations implicit in the sale. The meeting turned into a whitewash, in which various proposals for reconsideration were ruled out of order or brushed aside and a tentative change of heart by the Baltimore owners (which could have killed the sale) was ruthlessly muscled down. A few facts about the inner councils of baseball may explain how this was possible. Dan Topping and Del Webb, the former owners and continuing managing executives of the Yankees, are as powerful in their league as Walter O'Malley is in his. Topping and O'Malley are both members of the majors' Executive Council, along with the two league presidents and Commissioner Frick. American League President Cronin is a brother-in-law of Calvin R. Griffith, the president of the Minnesota Twins. The Cleveland Indians are anxious to move their franchise, and would need the approval of the Yankees and other clubs in order to make the shift. Lee MacPhail, the president of the Baltimore Orioles, is the brother of Bill MacPhail, director of sports for C.B.S. Several American League executives

“Exuberantly Funny Musical!”

—NORMAN NADEL, WORLD-TELE

CAROL BURNETT
In The Musical Comedy Hit
**FADE OUT
FADE IN**
also starring **JACK CASSIDY**
and **LOU JACOBI**

Mail Orders Filled. Evs.: \$9.90, 8.45, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 4.00. Wed. Mat.: \$5.75, 4.80, 4.00, 3.50, 3.00. Sat. Mat.: \$6.25, 5.75, 4.80, 4.00, 3.50.
MARK HELLINGER, 51 St. W. of B'way. PL 7-7064

“CAUSE FOR CELEBRATION!”

—HOWARD TAUBMAN, TIMES

Beatrice Lillie
Tammy Grimes
Edward Woodward
“High Spirits”

“SEASON'S BEST MUSICAL COMEDY!”

Directed by **Noël Coward**

Mail Orders Filled. Evs.: \$9.60, 8.60, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.95. Wed. Mat.: \$5.75, 5.00, 4.30, 3.60, 3.00. Sat. Mat.: \$6.25, 5.75, 4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 3.00.
ALVIN THEATER, 52nd St. W. of B'way. CI 5-5226

“DELIGHTFULLY WHACKY COMEDY!”

—Time Magazine

SANDY DENNIS **DON PORTER** in
The New Smash Comedy Hit!
ANY Wednesday

with **ROSEMARY MURPHY**
GENE HACKMAN

PRICES: Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. \$6.90; Balc. \$5.75, 4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3.00. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. \$7.50; Balc. \$6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 4.20, 3.60. Wed. Mat.: Orch. \$4.80; Balc. \$4.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40. Sat. Mat.: Orch. \$5.40; Balc. \$4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3.00. Air Cond.
MUSIC BOX THEA. 239 W. 45 St. Cir 6-4636

NATIONAL COMPANY ON TOUR

Now thru Dec. 19—Studebaker—Chicago

UNANIMOUSLY ACCLAIMED MUSICAL HIT!

HELLO DOLLY!

MAIL ORDERS FILLED

EVGS.: \$9.60, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60. WED. & SAT. MATS.: \$5.50, 4.80, 4.30, 3.80, 3.00.
ST. JAMES THEA. 246 W. 44th ST., N. Y. C.

SINGING SPREE
NIGHTLY ★
SHOW TUNES ★
OPERA
Superb Italian Cuisine
Steaks & Chops
Closed Sundays

BIANCHI AND MARGHERITA

186 W. 4th St. • Bet. 6th & 7th Aves.
CH 2-2756 • OR 5-9852

own blocks of C.B.S. stock; the owners of the Los Angeles Angels, who also needed league approval for *their* franchise move, operate C.B.S. affiliates in California, and John Fetzer, president of the Detroit Tigers, operates C.B.S.-affiliated stations in the Middle West.

It is always possible, of course, that the eight club owners who voted for the sale of the Yankees to C.B.S. believed that the deal was simply a straightforward business transaction, possibly good for baseball. If so, they understand neither the business of baseball nor the subtler structure of the sport. Television now exerts the most intense pressure on all aspects of baseball. Since the war, its total exposure of major-league games has destroyed most of the minor leagues. The widely varying amounts of TV revenue enjoyed by the big-league clubs have made the rich teams richer and do much to explain why so many poorer clubs want to shift franchises. The potentialities of pay television, first attempted in California this year, are as yet unknown, but this new device may vastly increase the revenue of baseball, while causing further financial disruption in less populated baseball territories. Many hard-pressed ball clubs have put their hopes in a plan, tentatively scheduled for next year, for a weekly Monday-night "baseball spectacular" on coast-to-coast television, from which all teams would draw an equal share of the profits, now estimated at better than six million dollars. The Yankees, of course, already derive considerable money from their own telecasts and broadcasts—\$1,200,000 from local stations, plus an additional \$600,000 from C.B.S. itself for their part in the nationwide "Game of the Week" telecasts. To drop C.B.S. into the middle of this rich, untidy gumbo as the *owner* of baseball's No. 1 attraction is more than an engraved invitation for congressional antitrust investigations; it is a pure and terrifying death wish.

For decades, baseball has been teetering above the sword edge of antitrust legislation because of its minor-league chains, its buying and selling of athletes, and its rigidly controlled franchise rights. It has escaped so far by pleading that it is not engaged in interstate commerce, and by relying on the tolerance of legislators and high-court justices who love baseball and understand that if baseball were to operate in a free market, like all other businesses, the sport as we know it would be destroyed. It is sadly apparent to me that baseball has long since exhausted this indulgence

RESERVED SEATS NOW AT BOX-OFFICE OR BY MAIL!

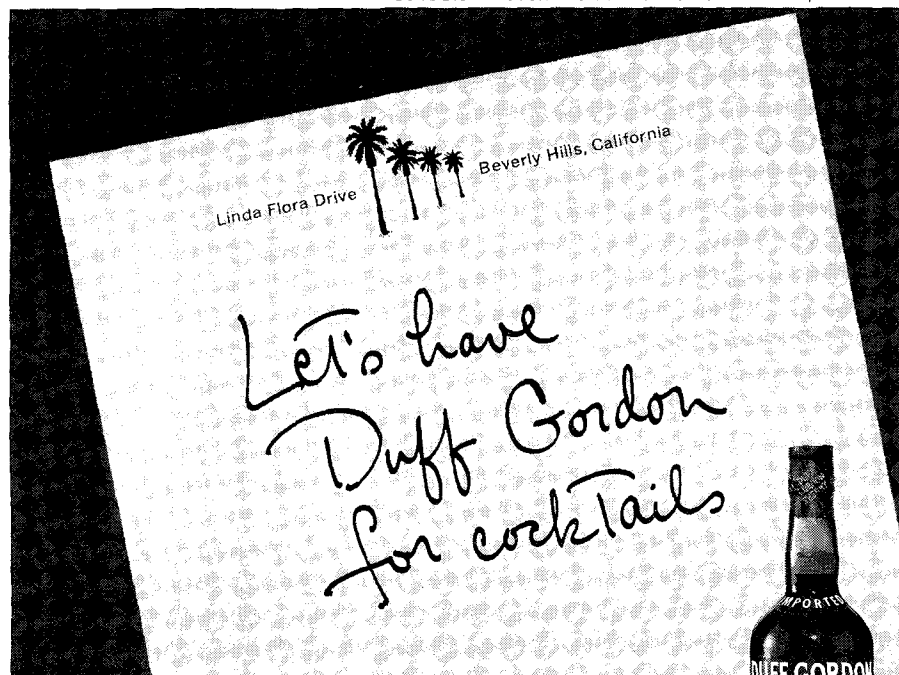


EXCLUSIVE ENGAGEMENT!
CRITERION Theatre
B'way & 45th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036 • JU 2-1795-1796

STARRING **AUDREY HEPBURN • REX HARRISON** CO-STARRING **STANLEY HOLLOWAY WILFRID HYDE-WHITE**
GLADYS COOPER JEREMY BRETT
FROM THE PLAY BY **THEODORE BIKEL • BERNARD SHAW** PRODUCTION & COSTUMES BY **CECIL BEATON** CHOREOGRAPHY BY **HERMES PAN** MUSIC SUPERVISED BY **ANDRÉ PREVIN**
BASED UPON THE PLAY "MY FAIR LADY" BY **ALAN JAY LERNER** LYRICS BY **FREDERICK LOEWE**
DIRECTED BY **ALAN JAY LERNER • JACK L. WARNER • GEORGE CUKOR** **TECHNICOLOR® • SUPER PANAVISION® 70** FROM WARNER BROS.

NO MAIL ORDERS ACCEPTED FOR OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER
LIMITED NUMBER OF SEATS FOR OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER AVAILABLE AT BOX-OFFICE ONLY!
SEATS AVAILABLE BY MAIL FOR DECEMBER AND THEREAFTER THRU 1965
CRITERION THEATRE, B'way & 45th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036 • JU 2-1795-1796
EVES: 8:30 (Sun. 8:00 P.M.) MATS. SAT., SUN. & HOLS. 2:30 (WED. 2:00 P.M.)
Prices, tax included
EVES. (Mon. thru Thurs.), 1st 6 rows Orch. \$3.00; Orch. & Mezz. \$4.50; Loge \$5.50
EVES. (Fri., Sat., Sun., Hols. & Xmas Week) 1st 6 rows Orch. \$3.80; Orch. & Mezz. \$4.80; Loge \$5.50
MATS. (Sat., Sun., Hols. & Xmas Week) 1st 6 rows Orch. \$3.00; Orch. & Mezz. \$3.80; Loge \$4.80
MATS. (Wed.), 1st 6 rows Orch. \$2.50; Orch. & Mezz. \$3.00; Loge \$4.00
Additional Hol. Mats. at Hol. Prices: Nov. 3, 11, 26, (Xmas Week Dec. 24 thru Jan. 3)
2 SHOWS NEW YEAR'S EVE: 8 & 12 P.M. \$4.50, \$5.50, \$6.50
Please list 3 alternate dates • Enclose check or money order (no stamps) payable to CRITERION Theatre, addressed to Box-Office with a stamped self-addressed envelope
BOX-OFFICE OPENS 10 A.M. DAILY — 12 NOON SUNDAY

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR U. S. A.: MUNSON G. SHAW CO., NEW YORK



DUFF GORDON SHERRY



The very best Sherry you can buy.
The very best people drink it.
Particularly at cocktail time
because it makes dinner taste better.



Imported from Spain, of course. True Sherry is.

**It's A Smart, Smart, Smart,
Smart World With Milton's
Go Everywhere Jackets!**

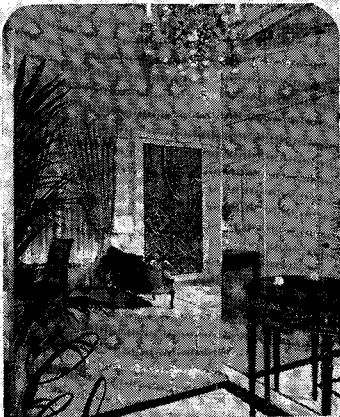


Milton imports his own Tulloch sport coat fabrics from Lerwick, Scotland, bringing you one of the finest shetland woollens on the world market. These are tailored to our exacting specifications, bringing you our own finer Old School natural shoulder fit in basic three button model with hook vent and lap seams. Smart basic 1/2" heringbone medley including many of our own original colourings — black/white, brown/black, light gray/gold, exciting beige/white, coffee/tan, gray/white, olive/tan, char gray/black, beige/tan, irresistible olive drab/white, gray/blue heather \$57.50 Sizes 36-42 short; 36-44 regular; 38-46 long.

Swatches of tonings on request
Mail orders filled in 3 days—add \$.60 for mailing and insurance
Free on request: New 1965 gift booklet for men & women, 32 pages.

Milton's
Clothing Cupboard

163 E. Franklin St., Chapel Hill, N. C. 27514
Charlottetown Mall, Charlotte, N. C. 28204
798 Peachtree St. N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30308
Lenox Square, Atlanta Ga. 30326
1707 Main St., Dallas, Texas 75201



Elegance
for those who
appreciate it most.

Humboldt Courtwrights
Beverly Wilshire
HOTEL

9500 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD
Beverly Hills, California

Call for immediate reservations:

NEW YORK	CHICAGO
LT 1-7163	726-4756
SAN FRANCISCO	LOS ANGELES
EX 7-1979	CR 5-4282

and now deserves whatever it may get from Washington; congressmen cannot now do more damage to the sport than its owners have done already.

IT is a deep breath of fresh air to emerge from those noisome back rooms and to report, if far too briefly, on the World Series just past. That Series and the two or three weeks of the season that preceded it constituted the happiest kind of miracle, for they demonstrated the vitality, unpredictability, and joyous accomplishments of the game itself. This was the year in which a few dozen baseball players barely—just barely—saved their sport from the indoor thinkers. As everyone but the most obdurate recluse must know by now, the Yankees, after stumbling futilely for most of the season, came on to win thirty out of their last forty games, making up a six-and-a-half-game deficit and climbing past the White Sox and the Orioles to win the American League pennant on the next-to-last day of the season. (This race, breathtaking as it was, would have been even more dramatic if the league had not drawn up a ridiculous schedule that left no games whatever between the Yankees and the two other contenders after the middle of August.) Meanwhile, in the other league, the Phillies, a young, underprivileged team of have-nots, had painstakingly compiled a six-and-a-half-game lead of their own that looked absolutely unassailable with two weeks of the season remaining. They then fell apart like a dropped tray of dishes, losing ten straight, and first the Cincinnati Reds and then the St. Louis Cardinals drew even, with the Giants hanging on by their fingernails just behind. On the last Saturday of the season, the first four-way tie in the history of baseball was entirely possible. That afternoon, though, the Giants lost and dropped out of it, leaving the Phillies-Reds and Cardinals-Mets games to settle matters on the last day. The Phils, loose and angry now, took the Reds apart, 10-0, leaving it all for the Cards, who had only to beat the most popular losers in history. For a few innings, a magnificent comic-opera ending seemed possible, for the Mets, who had won the two previous games from the Cards by scores of 1-0 and 15-5, were leading, 3-2, as late as the fifth inning, thus sustaining baseball's tradition of autumn embarrassments inflicted by last-place clubs upon their betters. Class finally told, however, when three three-run outbursts won the game, 11-5, and brought the Cards their first pennant

*Feels Like
Cashmere—
Wears Like Wool!*

**AMAZING,
NEW
LOCHLANA®
HOSE**



You put your best foot forward every time you wear these dangerously luxurious, incomparably fashionable Hose. The remarkable work of Master European Craftsmen, Cashmere-like Lochlana is an equal blend of choice Cotton and Wool "tops"—the Mink of the Wool world. Yet soft and pampered as these Hose are, they are machine washable. They absolutely refuse to shrink, fade or mat. So indulge your feet to your heart's content in Lochlana Hose.

Reg. Ankle \$1.75 pr.
or Extra Long

Mail Orders: Please add 4% Sales Tax and 15¢ per pr., 50¢ for six, Postage

ROBERT KIRK Ltd.

San Francisco's Great British Goods Store

NO. 1, POST STREET

IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

dine with the
best at



Barling



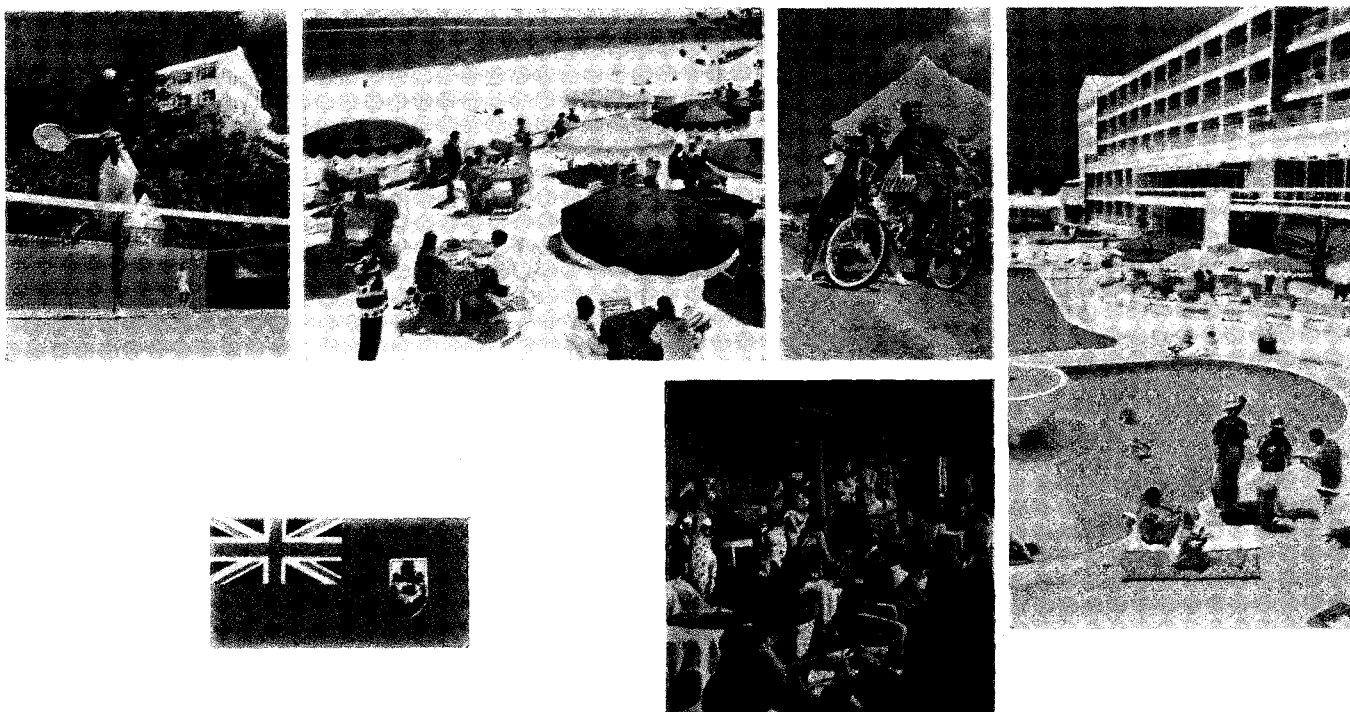
Since 1812—the first name in
London made pipes

FALCON INTERNATIONAL • CHICAGO 60641

OLD WORLD ATMOSPHERE

LITTLE HARRY'S

FAMOUS DETROIT RESTAURANT



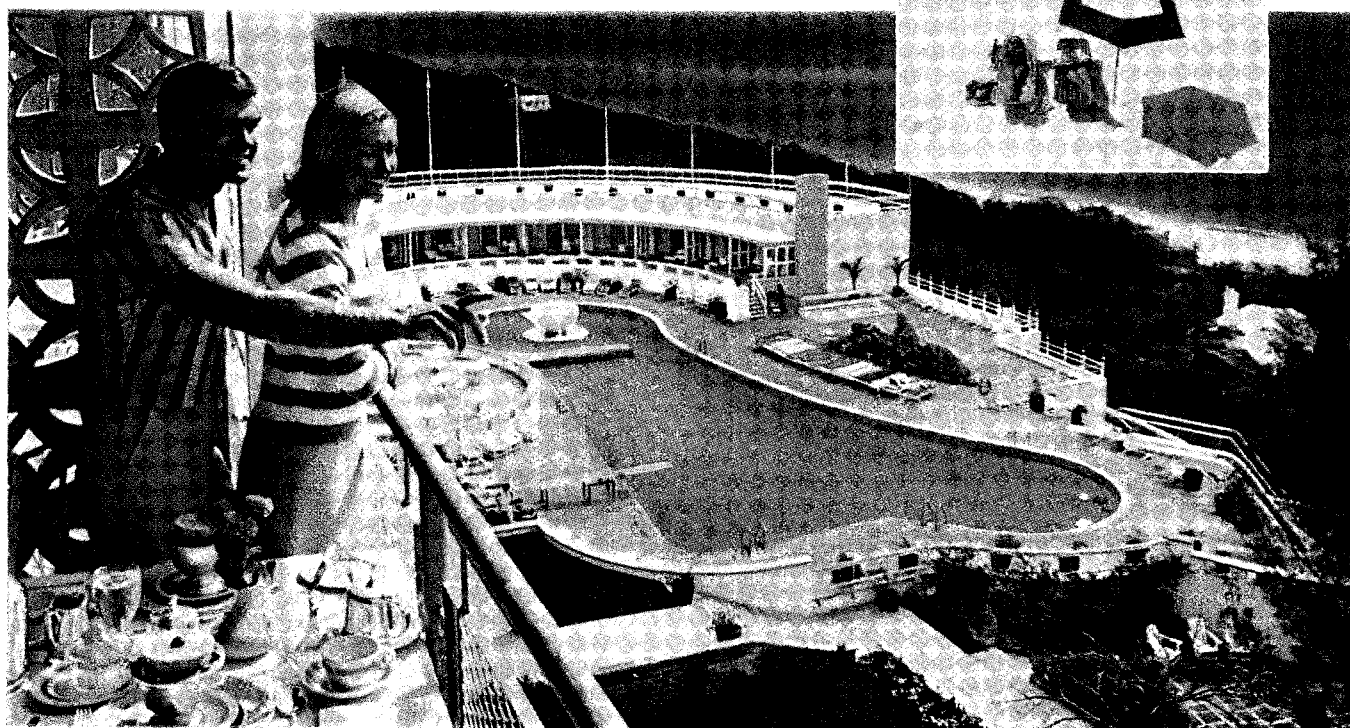
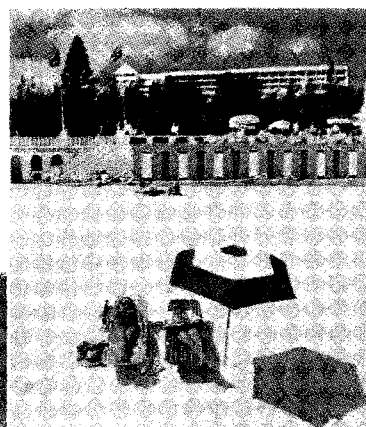
ELBOW BEACH is for SUN People • moon people...BEACH People •
pool people...THIN People • plump people...PARTY People • sporty people...ACTIVE
People • sleepy people...BIG People • little people...MALE People • female people...
Hurrah for ELBOW... the people's CHOICE!

Elbow Beach Surf Club

BERMUDA'S FAMOUS OCEANSIDE HOTEL

Cy Elkins, General Manager.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR ROBERT F. WARNER, INC.
IN NEW YORK/BOSTON/WASHINGTON/CHICAGO/MIAMI/TORONTO





Hotnew!

**Dodge at a
new lower price.
Coronet '65.
Bigger? Than the both
of them: Chevelle and
Fairlane. In wheelbase. In power.**

**Inside.
Buckets.
Bomb.
Bonus.**

**Check the price.
Surprise again. Right
down with the little ones.
It figures. It comes from
Dodge.
And Dodge comes on big
for 1965.**

'65 Dodge Coronet

DODGE COMES ON BIG FOR '65 • DART • CORONET • POLARA • CUSTOM 880 • MONACO

DODGE DIVISION



CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION

since 1946. The deep "Whew!" emitted by the nation's fans sounded familiar; since 1946 the National League has staged four pennant races that ended in a dead tie, four that were determined on the final day, and six more that were settled only in the final week of the season.

That last afternoon, I discovered that I was being torn in three. Part of me wanted the Phillies to win, because of their long, teeth-gritting stand against superior forces. Part of me was pulling for the Reds, if only because their admirable manager, Freddie Hutchinson, is suffering from lung cancer and deserved the present of another pennant. In the end, however, I was delighted about the Cardinals, because St. Louis is perhaps the most dedicated baseball town in the country, and eighteen years is too long for such worthy fans to wait for their reward. I must confess, too, to another, less noble feeling of joy: the Cardinals' pennant—and now their championship—is solid puck in the eye for contemporary baseball ownership and management. Over the years, the Cardinal organization has been a model of modest, intelligent planning and direction. Before the league expansion, theirs was the westernmost and southernmost franchise, and they drew swarms of players and fans from the vast stretches of baseball's heartland. Even in lean summers, their home attendance rarely fell below the million mark, although their park seats only thirty-odd thousand. Three or four years ago, Vaughn P. (Bing) Devine, the club's vice-president and general manager, began the moves that resulted in this year's flag. He installed Johnny Keane, a veteran member of the Cardinal chain, as manager; he put in Eddie Stanky as director of player development; and he negotiated a number of trades of such astuteness that he was named 1963's Major League Executive of the Year. Meanwhile, however, August A. Busch, Jr., the St. Louis brewer who purchased the Cards in 1953, was growing impatient. Two years ago, irritated by the club's sixth-place finish, Busch hired Branch Rickey, the octogenarian Grand Pandrum of baseball, as "special consultant" to the club—a famously disruptive title in any business organization. Rickey arrived, heavily retinued, and began rumbling forebodings. He opposed Devine's pending Gotay-for-Groat trade with Pittsburgh—a deal, ultimately clinched, that nailed the Cardinals' infield together once and for all. The Mahatma was unappeased. As one

I like it because it's Riegel

Stella Fagin puts
enchantment in loungewear
with Riegel's Rue Nouvelle™
the 100% Estron® Acetate fabric
with a silky luxurious look and
feel. In strawberry, blue and
ginger; full length about \$23*—
short about \$18*; sizes: P, S, M, L.
At Bonwit Teller, New York;
J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles;
Joseph Magnin, San Francisco
or write Riegel Textile Corp.,
Department A,
260 Madison Avenue,
New York 10016.

You'll
like
Riegel®
fabrics



*SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES

Where Loafing Is A Virtue...

The only people on Miami Beach who do any work are the natives. (A small price to pay for a lifetime in the sun.) For visitors, loafing is obligatory. In fact, the harder you loaf, the better we like it. The biggest loafers are obviously the happiest ones. Come to Miami Beach and start loafing. You'll love it. (And if you can only stay a few days, come anyway. Remember, half a loaf is better than none!)

MIAMI BEACH VACATIONLAND USA

Just fill out the coupon and send it in to us. We'll tell you all about it. This is a little work, but very little. And it's all you have to do. After this you loaf. We work.

Miami Beach Information Center • P.O. Box 1511 N.1
Miami Beach, Florida 33139

☐ Hotel ☐ Motel ☐ Apartment (Check preference)

Name.....

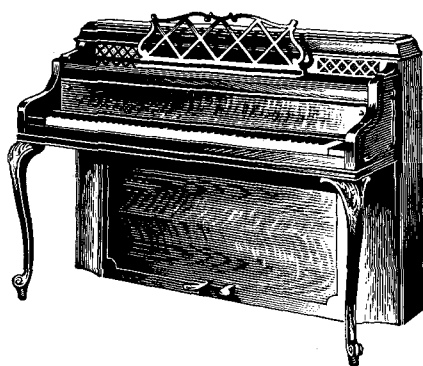
Address.....

City.....State.....

won the first game, 9-5, putting away Whitey Ford in the sixth inning and taking advantage of a startling number of Yankee errors and oversights. The Cards happily jumped on the Yanks' relief pitching, scoring seven runs in the last three innings—a procedure that the visitors reversed the next afternoon, when their seven hits and six runs in the last three innings broke up what had been a pitchers' game and brought them an 8-3 victory. What struck me during those two windy, cool, exuberant afternoons was not just the similarity of the games but the almost mirrorlike resemblance between the teams themselves. I cannot remember two Series opponents that were more closely matched in strength, weaknesses, and combative optimism.

To begin with, of course, there were the Boyer brothers, Ken and Cleve, at third base. Then, both clubs had to play a substitute infielder—Phil Linz for the Yankees and Dal Maxvill for the Cards—through the entire Series. While the Cards' infield was far more threatening at the plate than that of the Yankees (361 runs batted in during the season, as against 263), the balance was redressed by the Yankee outfield power (289 R.B.I.s, as against 200). The Yankees counted on the home run; the Cards were faster on the bases. Both clubs, it turned out, had no consistent relief pitching; by the end of the Series, the arrival of a fireman on the mound caused enemy partisans to grin with expectant relish. And, most remarkable of all, each team had won its pennant because of the performance of a pitcher straight out of the legends of baseball. Barney Schultz, a heavy-bodied thirty-eight-year-old veteran who had spent twenty years in the bushy environs of Terre Haute, Wilmington, Macon, Hagerstown, and Schenectady, joined the Cardinals at the beginning of August and then saved eleven games for the team with his knuckle ball. At approximately the same time, Mel Stottlemyre, a cool, skinny-necked rookie pitcher with remarkable control, was called up from Richmond; he won nine key games for the Yankees in their stretch drive. Both of them, being creations of Ring Lardner, were a trifle unreal.

As it turned out, Schultz's only happy moments in the Series came in the first game, when he held the Yanks to four hits and a single run and saved the win for Ray Sadecki. Stottlemyre was the Yanks' starter in the second game, and he gave Bob Gibson, the Cardinals' ace, a rare lesson in pitching. Gibson started out like a Redstone



The Steinway is a thing of beauty

Its tasteful lines belong with any decor, and outlive fickle style changes. But Steinway beauty isn't skin deep, there is an inner glory. Steinway tone in vertical pianos is created with the same craft and care as in the famous Steinway Grands. This is the quality that inspires great artists to perform consistently on the Instrument of the Immortals.

Please send for our color catalog

STEINWAY & SONS 111 W. 57TH ST. NEW YORK



"Fitzgerald"
Burro. 7" high,
\$30. in the
Cybis finest stores,
collector's
catalogue \$1.

Cybis Porcelain Art, Trenton 8, N. J.

On Exhibit - World's Fair - Pavilion American Interiors

Two thoroughbred fillies from Lady Canterbury

Style #2851 — Hand-made saddlemaker belt of full-grain plump leather hides, with all the fat marks, barb marks, even fly bites that create a mellow patina. Brass tack motifs. ¾" width, Waxed Black, Navy, Chestnut. \$3.95, \$4.50.

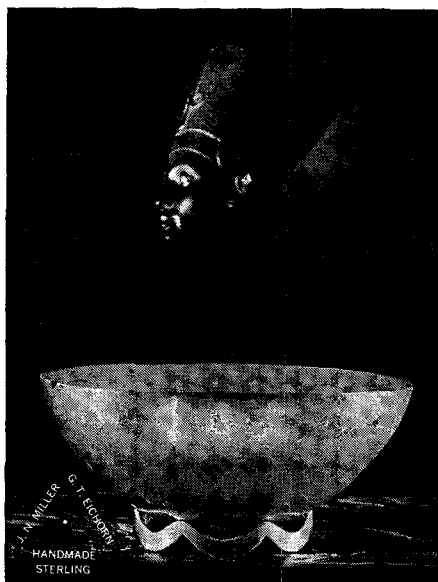
Style #1270—Oil-stained harness leather with harness horse rig connecting rings. 1¼" width, Black, Chukka Brown, Moss, Natural. \$3.95. Both belts with solid brass buckles, sizes 22-28.

At better stores everywhere or write to: Canterbury Belts Ltd., 36 E. 31 St., N.Y.C.

#2851

#1270

Canterbury Belts Ltd.



Hand hammered today, as in centuries past by craftsmen, knowledgeable in the Art of the Silversmith—WHERE QUALITY NOT VOLUME IS TRADITIONAL. Proudly displayed by quality retailers and grateful recipients—

—600.00

Available at The America House & Goldwaters.

J. N. Miller • G. T. Eichorn • Silversmiths
The Island • Wisconsin Rapids • Wisconsin



Are you woman enough to buy a **man's** mustard?

Mister Mustard. Men eat it up. It's got heart. It spreads joy onto a sandwich no ordinary mustard can match. And you'll like the way its Dijon flavor tangs up a dressing. Mister Mustard. In the open refrigerator section of your food store, or on the condiment shelf.

THE FRANK TEA & SPICE CO., CINTL., O. 45202



keep me cold and I'll stay hot!

ALL THAT IS NEW ORLEANS!

Commander's Palace

FRENCH AND CREOLE CUISINE

SINCE 1880

Washington at Coliseum Sts., New Orleans, La.

missile, striking out eight men in four innings, and then ran out of fuel and was aborted. Stottlemire, content merely to get men out on grounders, kept the ball low and concentrated on the tough hitters; he gave up exactly one hit to the top five men in the Cards' order and easily pitched his way out of three or four nasty jams while waiting for his team to put him ahead for good. He will be at home in New York for years—perhaps decades—to come.

The third game, at Yankee Stadium, was the only classic. For eight innings, Curt Simmons and Jim Bouton pitched marvellously—Simmons, the veteran, with a selection of soft, in-and-out sliders, curves, and other junk, and Bouton with a rearing fast ball delivered with such energy that his cap flew off on every second or third pitch. Yankee errors kept Bouton in trouble and cost him a run, but it was still 1-1 at the top of the eighth, when Simmons departed for a pinch-hitter. Barney Schultz walked in from the bullpen in the ninth and threw one pitch, which Mickey Mantle hit into the top right-field deck, instantaneously reconverting to Yankeeism several thousand of the 67,101 spectators, who had been rooting almost equally for the two teams.

What pleased me most at the three Stadium games was the fact that the fans in attendance, whatever their loyalties, *were* fans. During that lovely three-day holiday weekend, there were, for some reason, conspicuously fewer of the overdressed, uncomprehending autumn *arrivistes* who usually make up the World Series audience in New York; in their place were hundreds of children—boys with their fathers, teenagers in windbreakers—who screamed over every pitch, every foul. On Sunday, one of these, a youngster named Adam, made so much noise right behind me that his father tried to restrain him in the second inning. "Take it easy, Adam," he said. "You'll never make it through the game."

"I can't help it," Adam said proudly. "I'm tense. Listen to me—I'm hoarse already."

All his shouts couldn't help the Yankees, who started off in the first inning with five straight hits and three runs and then were able to manage only one more hit for the rest of the afternoon. They pitched Al Downing in place of Whitey Ford, whose sore arm had finished him for the Series. The Cards won it in the sixth, on Ken Boyer's grand slam, which had been set up by Bobby Richardson's error. Roger Craig pitched admirably in relief and

Choice of the discriminating...
... now moderately priced!



Herring-bone pattern in home designed by Gerald Jerome A.I.D.

TRULY ELEGANT! GENUINE IMPORTED
THAI-TEAK
PARQUETRY FLOORING

NOW! You can install genuine Thai-Teak ("Tectona Grandis") from Thailand at a price that actually competes with domestic flooring! Enjoy the lustrous, lasting sheen... the durable, rot-resistant toughness of this truly distinctive flooring... and benefit from the amazingly low price! Your decorator can show you a wide assortment of beautifully, decor-correct patterns and designs! Warehouse stock available for immediate installation.

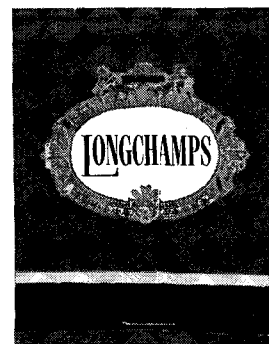
Write now for illustrated folder

BANGKOK INDUSTRIES, Inc.
Sole Agents for Thai-Teak Flooring in Strip & Parquetry
1545 W. Passyunk Ave.
Phila. 45, Pa.
DEALER-INQUIRIES INVITED



AT THE WORLD'S FAIR
(in the House of Good Taste)

Nine of New York's
great restaurants
are named



STRAPARAMA®

The authority on Fine leather watchstraps. Made exclusively for us in Switzerland. All widths and lengths; all colors. Attached in one minute; for men and women. 2.50 to 10.00.

Have you looked at your watchstrap lately?

TIME MART • 425 MADISON AVE.
Bet. 48 & 49 Sts. New York 17, N. Y.

THANKSGIVING CRANBERRIES? TRY

SPRING SONG
ORGANICALLY GROWN

No poisonous sprays or chemicals used
5 lb. Gift Pkg. \$3.30 Prepaid

GRAZING FIELDS CRANBERRY BOGS
BUZZARDS BAY, MASSACHUSETTS 02532

got the 4-3 win, thereby easing some of the years of torment he had experienced as a blood sacrifice for the Mets.

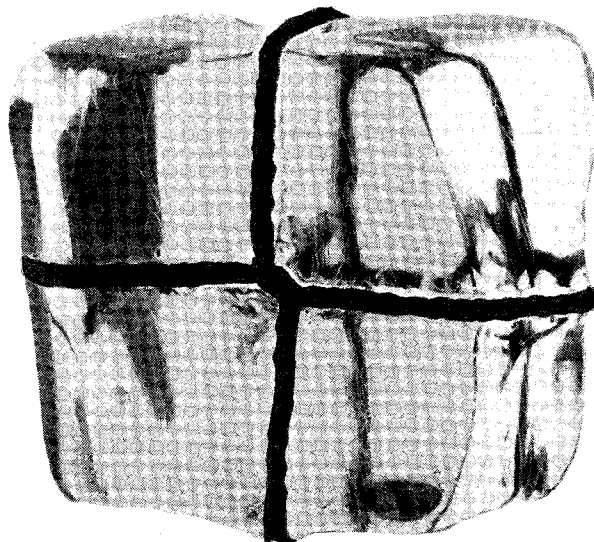
Adam was absent the next afternoon—gargling at home, no doubt—which was just as well; I don't think he could have stood it. Gibson and Stottlemyre had at each other again, and this time Gibson remembered not to throw *all* strikes. Stottlemyre looked as icily effective as ever, but another error by Richardson led to two Cardinal runs in the fifth, and Stottlemyre was removed for a pinch-hitter in the seventh. In the ninth, a couple of outs away from a shutout, Gibson was nailed on the hip by Pepitone's line drive; the ball caromed toward third, but Gibson, a former member of the Harlem Globetrotters, leaped after it and made a looping, fallaway basketball peg to first to nip Pepitone. It saved the game, because Tom Tresh then hit a two-run homer that tied it up. In the tenth, Tim McCarver hit a three-run homer after some further butterfingering work by the Yankee infield, and Gibson, who had struck out thirteen batters, had the victory he deserved.

The final two games, at Busch Stadium (which I witnessed on television), scarcely stand rational examination, for the starting pitchers for both clubs were so weary and the relief pitchers so ineffectual that the games were determined by sheer stamina. Simmons tired before Bouton on Wednesday, and Pepitone's bases-loaded homer scored the runs that reliever Schultz had put on base, the Yankees thereby tying the Series for the last time; the score was 8-3. On the final afternoon, Yogi Berra waited too long to remove the exhausted Stottlemyre, who was finally allowed to sit down after the fourth, when he trailed 3-0. Yogi's unwillingness to act became understandable at once, for Al Downing, the next Yankee pitcher, was bombed for a homer, a single, and a double on his first four pitches. Manager Keane, who has learned the virtues of patience this year, was thus able to stay with his own panting marathoner, Gibson, even after Mantle hit a three-run homer in the sixth. By the ninth, Gibson was ahead 7-3, but he was so tired that he could only throw his pitches right down the middle. Clete Boyer and Phil Linz each hit one of these into the left-field stands, but they were the last, dying salutes of this extraordinary season. Bobby Richardson popped up to end it all, and five or ten thousand Cardinal fans tried to throw themselves into the home-team dugout in their ecstasy. I was sorry for the

If you can figure out a way to freezeth it, the man from Mead will cometh up with a way to package it. We've packaged a lot of cool customers in our time—from pizza to lobster newburg. With dramatic results. Not all good ideas come from Mead. But you'd be amazed how many do.

MEAD
packaging

The package-man cometh



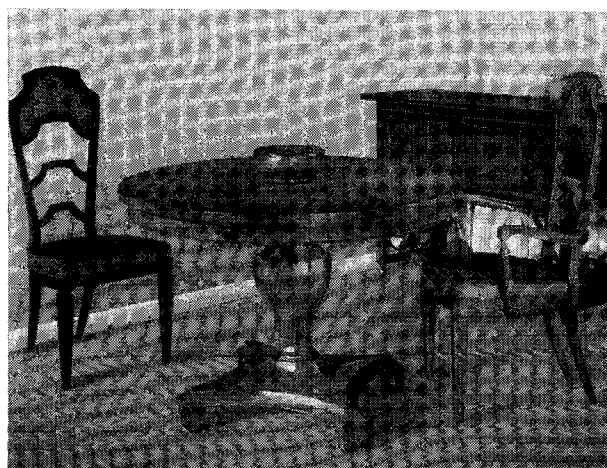
Mead Packaging, a division of The Mead Corporation Dayton, Ohio

ROMWEBER

FURNITURE OF TIMELESS BEAUTY

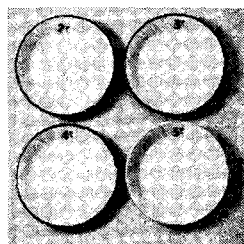
WRITE FOR FREE
BROCHURE: ROMWEBER,
BATESVILLE, INDIANA

305 E. 63 ST.
NEW YORK 21, N.Y.



SHOWROOMS: NEW YORK — CHICAGO — DALLAS — LOS ANGELES — ST. LOUIS — BATESVILLE

LA CUISINIÈRE, INC.



Yellow, red, blue, green borders.

Set of 4 \$6.50 pp.

Write for Free Catalogue of Finest
Modern & Traditional Kitchenware
903 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 21, N.Y.
(Between 72nd & 73rd Streets)

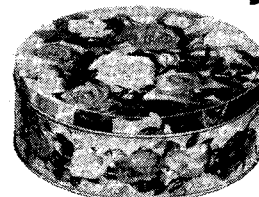
Franc Fun
from France
PORCELAIN

CAFE SAUCERS

Use them for hors
d'oeuvres or ash
trays, or drink
coasters. Franc
marked to arouse
nostalgia for Paris
des autres temps.



GRACIOUS!



Peek
Frean's

English Biscuits are as delightfully
gracious as a British "High Tea." A
most pleasing gift — a most tempt-
ing treat. At finer food and depart-
ment stores.

Peek Frean's Famous English Biscuits
A. GOLDMARK & SONS, NEW YORK, N.Y.

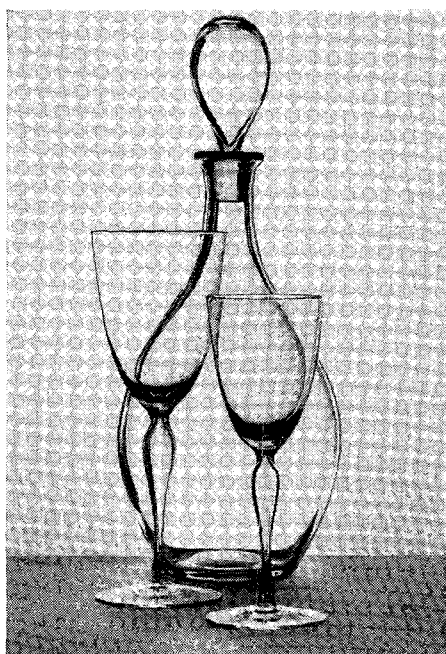
Rue CHAPELLE



Authentic French secretary from our large collection of traditional and contemporary Solid Wood furniture. Also available in Solid Walnut.

FREE BROCHURE
ON REQUEST
WRITE DEPT. C-4.

Davis
CABINET
COMPANY
NASHVILLE 6, TENNESSEE



ORREFORS

Renowned Swedish Crystal... Pattern 1826

Decanter holds one quart \$15.00
Claret, Goblet, Champagne \$4.50 ea.
Cocktail, Sherry, Liqueur \$3.75 ea.

BONNIERS

605 Madison Avenue (at 57th Street), New York 22
Mail order outside Metro.N.Y.C.: add 75¢ first item. 10¢
each additional item. N.Y.C. delivery: add 4% Sales Tax.
New BONNIERS catalogue upon request.

Yankees, pleased for St. Louis, delighted for Johnny Keane, and glad it was over. Another couple of innings of such attrition and somebody would have tried pitching underhand.

THE day after the Series ended, as the paragraphs above were being written, Johnny Keane announced his resignation as manager of the Cards and Yogi Berra was summarily dismissed as manager of the Yankees. Keane's decision is a magnificent defi-

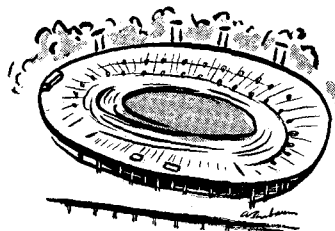
ance of the kind of impatient, meddling greed typified by his own front office. Berra, the last of the old Yankee demigods, was cast aside at the end of his first year at the helm for failing, after a hundred and sixty-nine games, by exactly three runs. The supporters of two baseball capitals have been deprived of their much admired field leaders, and the pleasures of this World Series are obliterated. The baseball wreckers, the image smashers, are busy again.

—ROGER ANGELL

II—THE OLYMPICS

REPERCUSSIONS

WHEN the three-man Soviet spaceship orbited the earth the other day—and, passing over Japan, beamed comradely regards to all of us here—its accomplishment was supposed to be tonic for the Olympic athletes from the Communist nations. Tamara Fedosova, of Russia, who finished fifth in women's springboard diving that day, said that the latest cosmonautical exploit would "spur our team to greater efforts." (Athletes are always seeking external stimuli



to improve their performances. A Viennese doctor in Tokyo who has been studying the effect of narcotics on the breed has found that athletes respond to lozenges containing no drugs at all, just because they think they're being hopped up. Most nations frown on doping athletes; the Viennese doctor is trying to have hypnosis frowned on, too, on the ground that it turns a competitor into a "mere muscle reflex machine.") It is hard to divorce athletics from politics. When Ingrid Krämer Engel won the springboard diving event—she is a rather vain and strutting type, and there were few tears shed when Lesley Bush, of New Jersey, later defeated her in the ten-metre platform diving—she announced that her triumph was "for the honor of East Germany." Accordingly, many people here now believe that the downfall of Premier Khrushchev is quite likely to spur his country's team to lesser efforts. One of Nikita Sergeyevich's last official pronouncements was a message to all the athletes here, in which he said, among other things, that it stands to reason that athletes of all countries are interested in the prevention of a fresh world war, and that they can play a big part in the active struggle against

war and for world peace and security. It was distributed ten days ago, during a Soviet press conference in the Olympic Village, and Khrushchev's popularity at that moment can be gauged by the fact that the mention of his name evoked as much applause among his sports-minded compatriots as the introduction in person of their blond and graceful gymnastic star Larisa Latynina.

At the press conference, a Soviet official, upon being asked how he thought his team would do here, said that he expected it to fare at least as well as it fared in Rome four years ago, when it collected forty-three gold medals. Upon being asked how he thought the Japanese would do this time around, he said that he imagined the host country had some surprises in store for the guests. Moscow's pulling off the biggest surprise of all has had everyone here giving the Russian team an even closer scrutiny than this powerful aggregation normally attracts. The Khrushchev news broke in the morning, when the qualifying round of the women's javelin throw was already under way, and the Russian Galina Gorchakova broke the world record previously held by her teammate Elvira Ozolina. In the final that afternoon, with the struggle for peace almost as much on everyone's mind as the javelin championship, both Russian women performed far below their best, and a Rumanian won. Miss Ozolina, who wore her hair long, thereupon set a record of sorts by going sacrificially to the Olympic Village beauty parlor and having her tresses shorn practically to the scalp. It was a new *women's* record of sorts, anyway; in 1960, the entire Japanese men's wrestling squad treated itself to shaved heads after failing to come up to expectations in Rome.

Even before the shakeup in Moscow, the Russians hadn't been doing anything like as well as they had been expected to. As of this morning, with the games more than half over and some of the contestants already on their way home, the Russians have only eleven golden eggs in their victory basket. And not until yesterday was their flag raised and their anthem played at the National Stadium to celebrate their first track-and-field triumph, gained for them in the women's pentathlon by the redoubtable Irina Press, who with her sister Tamara constitutes what is probably the greatest Olympic sister act since the days of the Amazons. Last night, on two of the scattered battlefields, or venues, that keep the fans hopping from one part of this city to another, a highly touted Russian women's team lost to Hungary in fencing and an equally well-thought-of Russian men's team lost to Yugoslavia in water polo. The satellites have been getting in their licks. Some of the Japanese, whose concentration on the Olympics hasn't swerved even though the Chinese atomic-bomb explosion has made them blink, are saying, not altogether in jest, that Khrushchev probably got his come-uppance because his team here has been faltering. No one has suggested, however, that if the Soviet fortunes here take a turn for the better in the six remaining days, Khrushchev will be reinstated. As a matter of fact, it wouldn't surprise the Japanese, or anyone else in Tokyo, if before the week was out there were a number of Communist defections to the free world. So far, the only known case is that of a man only peripherally connected with the Olympics—a Russian seaman attached to the crew of a Soviet ship berthed here as a floating hotel for some of the foreign spectators. Before he was whisked off, at his request, to West Germany, the Japanese sheltered him in a detention center for defectors they had forehandedly set up. They haven't disclosed where it is or how many transients it can accommodate.

As for the Japanese, while they demonstrate anew every day what consummate organizers of games they are, they have proved to be something less than flawless contestants. As far back as 1960, they set their goal for 1964 at fifteen gold medals, and to date they are eleven short of fulfilling their ambition. The enthusiasm of the local fans for their native Olympic heroes nevertheless continues unabated. The Japanese are still coming out to all events in droves and raising the rafters (or the

TAYLOR the American vermouths created for American tastes



**What's more American than a Martini?
Or a Manhattan?**

EXTRA DRY FOR MARTINIS
SWEET FOR MANHATTANS

**In fact, the cocktail—tantalizingly dry and icy as a glacier—
is an American idea. And to suit American tastes
it needs a well-behaved American vermouth.**

Like Taylor.

Try it. (For a starter, why not buy a half-bottle size?)

**The difference is delightful. And sure to please your guests.
And you.**

Serve it on the rocks too. Um-m-m-m.

Now that's really an American idea.

© The Taylor Wine Company, Inc., Hammondsport, New York—producers of Wines, Champagnes, Vermouths

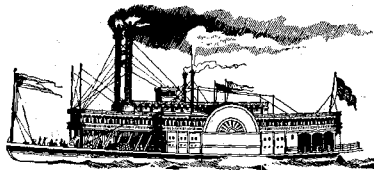


Her old beau gave Royal Worcester

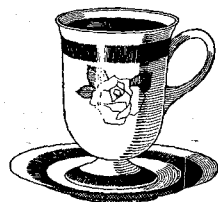
Lest young acquaintance be forgot he gave her Durham. Etched in gold, just one of the most beautiful, whitest bone china patterns England sends to America. \$49.50 the place setting. Others start at \$14.75.

Are you the kind of girl they give Royal Worcester® to? Yes ☐ No ☐
If yes, send 10¢ for color pattern pamphlet to Royal Worcester, 11 E. 26th Street, N. Y. 10.

All the flavor of New Orleans



in a cup...

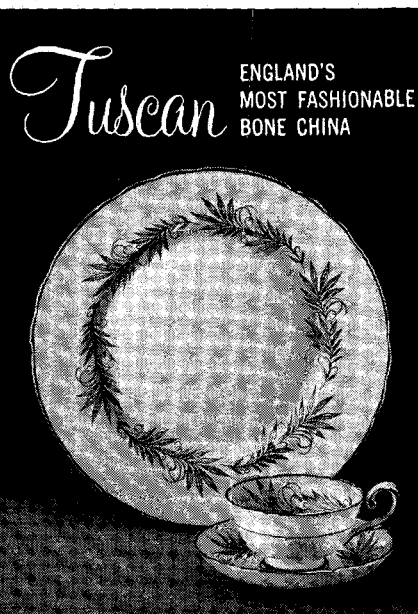


French Market COFFEE & CHICORY

Now available Coast-to-Coast. Gracious coffees, selected from choice imports, are carefully blended and roasted to ultimate flavor. Then we add the vital stimulus of chicory. Serve it "half and half" (café au lait)—or demitasse, black as sin. For name of nearest supplier and "Conversation Coffee Recipes", write us.



Blended, roasted and packed since 1890 by
American Coffee Company, Inc.
Box 52018, New Orleans, La.



REGENCY — 5 piece place setting about \$33. Send 25¢ for complete Tuscan pattern color brochure to:

EBELING & REUSS CO.
23rd and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. 19103 (Dept. NY)

Marble Arch Gallery JEAN DUFY

FIRST COMMEMORATIVE SHOW
135 E. 79th St. YU 8-1890

skies, if they're outdoors) for anyone wearing their colors who manages so much as not to come in last in a qualifying heat. (The only people whose interest in the Games seems something less than consuming are Japanese tennis players. There are a dozen or more public courts just a lob away from the National Stadium, and, regardless of what may be taking place in that central arena, the courts are jammed throughout the daylight hours and probably would be after dark if, like the Stadium, they were lighted. But tennis players are single-minded and perverse everywhere.) Of a total of two million one hundred and ten thousand tickets to twenty sports in a dozen venues that the Japanese Olympic officials made available to their countrymen, five hundred and seventy thousand were distributed to schoolchildren through lotteries conducted by their schools, and the lucky winners are the envy of their age group. (The prices they paid are the envy of every age group. The younger children's tickets cost them less than thirty cents apiece, and the older students' only twice as much.) The kids generally turn up at the various events in chartered buses and march to their seats behind banners; in many cases, they wear matching hats, so they can be readily identified by their chaperons. Their reactions—and those of the adult Japanese as well—are interesting. The other afternoon, for instance, I went to the Prince Chichibu Memorial Football Field to watch Iran and Mexico play soccer, a game relatively unfamiliar in Japan, yet nearly all the spectators were Japanese, except for a handful of Mexicans and Iranians, and the locals thought it was hilarious when the referee, a giant Ghanaian who towered over the players, now and then spun a miscreant competitor around, so that he could see the number on the back of the man's uniform and, as is the practice of soccer referees, make a note of his infraction of the rules. On the other hand, the Japanese were simply puzzled by what happened one day at the National Gymnasium, where the swimming and diving events are taking place. The National Gymnasium, by the way, is the architectural sensation of these Olympics: the Japanese describe it as being formed of metagnathous curves, whatever they are, and one American water-sports official has described it as what swimmers and divers hope to find when they reach Heaven. Anyway, a Japanese diver tried to shave the springboard too close on a reverse

GOING PLACES GOING GOING PLACES PLACES GOING GOING GOING PLACES PLACES PLACES

When going up the ladder means going to another city—and buying a house in a strange community—you have problems. Unless some guardian angel tips you off to call Homerica. Then you're quickly in business. Tell us exactly what you want... and relax. Finding you the right house—in the right spot, at the right price—is duck soup for Homerica. At no charge to you: we screen desirable houses, act as your deputy, and protect your interests until you're safely ensconced.



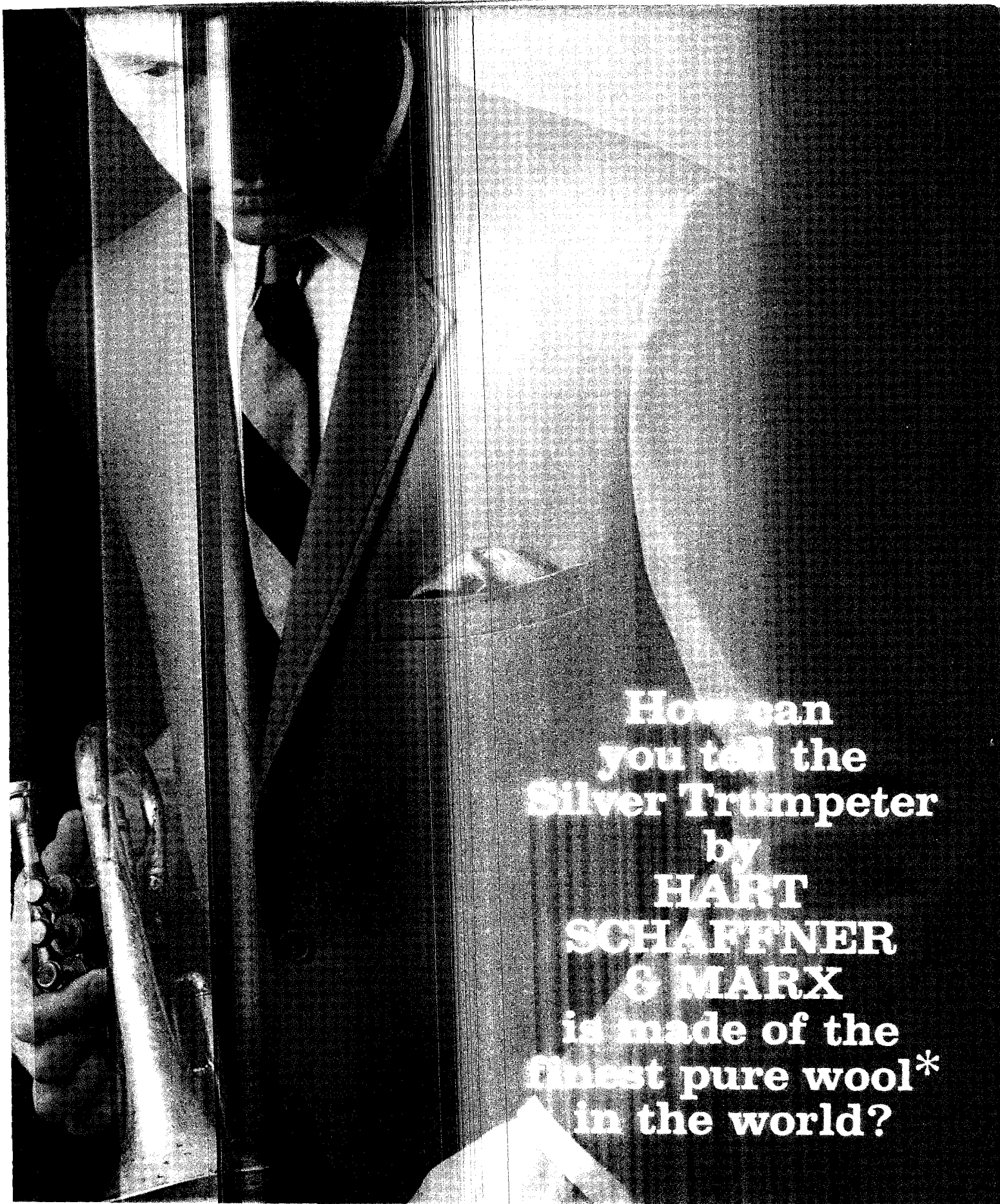
New York: 200 Park Avenue, 661-3111
Chicago: Marina City, 6023 East Tower, 527-3111
Los Angeles: 3460 Wilshire Blvd., 387-3111

Bobby Short
at
Le Caprice
from 10:30 PM on
10 East 52nd St.
PL 1-0845

Le Restaurant
Par Excellence
QUO VADIS
LUNCHEON - COCKTAILS
DINNER - OPEN SUNDAY
26 EAST 63rd ST. at MADISON AVE., N.Y.C. • TE 8-0590

RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
PIER-THEATRE DINNER
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
13 E. 55TH, N.Y.C. PL 3-7296
CONTINENTAL
CUISINE OF
DISTINCTION
FOR LUNCHEON
AND DINNER
OPEN SUNDAYS

The finest in
Italian Food
ITALIAN
24 W. 55TH, N.Y.C.
daily
except
Sunday
luncheon
cocktails
dinner
PAVILION
JU 6-5950



How can
you tell the
Silver Trumpeter
by
**HART
SCHAFFNER
& MARX**
is made of the
finest pure wool*
in the world?

Hart Schaffner & Marx knows how to tailor a suit. You can feel it the moment you slip into the coat. The enjoyment of a Silver Trumpeter, for instance, comes from outward appearance and inner comfort. From its youthful lines and the richness of pure wool worsted fabric.

Enjoy one. Soon as you can. About \$130. Hart Schaffner & Marx whose standards of excellence are without peer, is proud to wear the mark that assures you of the finest pure wool worsted fabrics... and assures you of the luxury and performance only pure wool will give you in a suit.

*



This mark was created by The Wool Bureau, Inc. It is awarded to quality products made of the world's best pure wool.

The Wool Bureau, Inc., 360 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Here, the Santa Mariana moves majestically through the Miraflores Locks of the Panama Canal.

Take a Caribbean cruise to the Pacific

**Only Grace Line takes you through the Panama Canal on
a two-ocean cruise from New York...and all in 26 days!**

FOUR exciting new Grace Line "Santas" add an inviting new touch to Caribbean cruising, a trip through the historic Panama Canal and visits to Pacific ports in Colombia and Ecuador en route to Peru, land of Inca ruins.

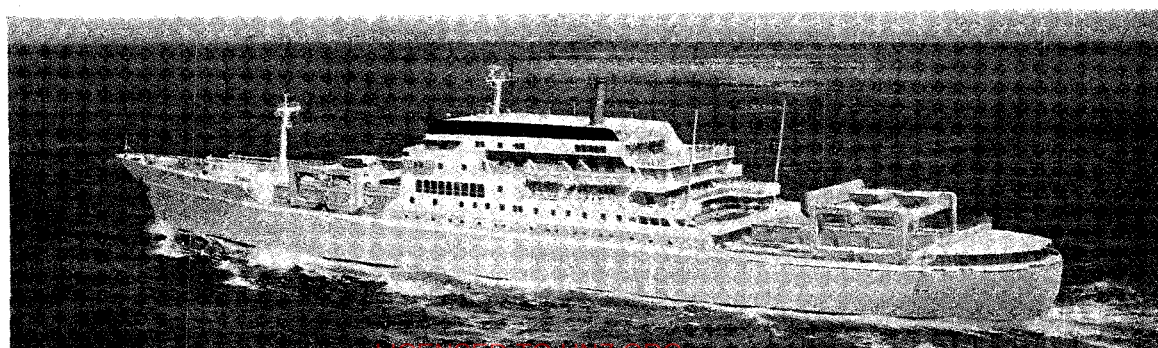
Spectacular geography is just the beginning. The *Santa Magdalena*, *Santa Mariana*, *Santa Maria*, and *Santa Mercedes* are no ordinary cruise liners. These 20,000-ton beauties are unique. Lofty patio decks overlook a tiled outdoor pool. A "flying bridge" observation deck offers a view that you'll never forget. Completely air-conditioned and fin-stabilized, each "Santa" caters to just 117 guests on a voyage. The atmosphere is

easygoing, accommodations are strictly first class. A sailing from Port of New York every Saturday.

This is the Golden Jubilee Year of the Panama Canal. Over the years this marvel of engineering has lost none of its fascination for travelers. It takes from 12 to 14 hours for the giant locks to lift and lower your "Santa" on her journey from one ocean to another, and it's an unforgettable experience. See a Travel Agent. Grace Line, 3 Hanover Square, New York 4, Digby 4-6000.

GRACE LINE

U.S.-FLAG SHIPS SERVING THE AMERICAS EXCLUSIVELY



somersault, hit his head, and tumbled into the water. Bobbing to the surface, dazed and bleeding, he swam gamely toward the edge of the pool as his rivals leaped in to assist him. The foreign spectators burst into applause at the injured man's pluckiness, but most of the Japanese just sat there, confused; they could not understand why anyone should clap for a man who had merely miscalculated and thereby hurt himself. Japanese spectators are incredibly patient. The other day, there was a two-and-a-half-hour gap between the morning and afternoon activities at the Stadium, but because the gate tenders, for some reason, would not permit ticket holders to come back in once they'd gone out, around fifty thousand people remained unprotestingly in their seats during the long, inactive interval.

FOR all their misadventures, the Japanese athletes are doing a good deal better than many of the ninety-three other nations that are represented here. On the eve of the Games, I spent some time with a Peruvian, who told me that his country's best chance of copping a gold medal lay in clay-pigeon shooting, an event in which, as it happened, a cousin of his was entered. I haven't been around to a shooting range yet, but I checked a list of results yesterday and saw that my friend's cousin had come in forty-third among fifty-three contestants. As I write, poor Peru hasn't even one solitary bronze medal. The United States, by contrast, has been doing almost embarrassingly well. It is the custom, as everyone knows, for the flags of the three medal winners' nations to be raised after each final event; this year, in some of the venues, the officials in charge have been obliged to hoist three American flags simultaneously. In Rome, the United States team won thirty-four gold medals. Now, midway through this afternoon's activities, we are already up to twenty-seven—and, for all I know, I may have missed a couple won at outlying venues—and still going strong.

Perhaps our most spectacular triumph, and certainly our most startling one, was that of the handsome young Marine Billy Mills in the ten-thousand-metre run. Americans aren't supposed to win long-distance races (Bob Schul, of Ohio, won the five-thousand-metre late this afternoon, however), and Mills wasn't even our ranking contender in the ten-thousand-metre. After Mills' marvellous victory, which he achieved in spite of being bumped

FABLES FOR THE VERY RICH

(and those who would like to be)



THE SQUIRREL AND HIS WIFE

A rich but penny-pinching Squirrel was asked why he never took his wife out to dine, dance, drive, see a show or enjoy any other relaxation. Said the Squirrel stiffly, "It's against my principles. I don't believe in running around with married women!"

MORAL: a woman who marries for money may frequently find herself shortchanged...

We're not marriage counselors, of course. But who needs to be told that the happiest marriages usually are based in part on financial security—or the promise of it.

Our booklet "BUILDING A 2nd INCOME" tells briefly, clearly how you can begin laying what may be the groundwork for a bright financial future for you and yours... for those welcome extra dollars that could help pay for a child's education, new home, car, trip abroad... whatever.

Like a copy? Simply stop in at our nearest office and ask for one. Or write today to:



FRANCIS I. duPONT & CO.

DEPT. C, ONE WALL STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10005 • DI 4-2000

MEMBERS NEW YORK AND PACIFIC COAST STOCK EXCHANGES AND OTHER PRINCIPAL SECURITY COMMODITY EXCHANGES • MORE THAN 100 OFFICES NATIONWIDE AND ABROAD.



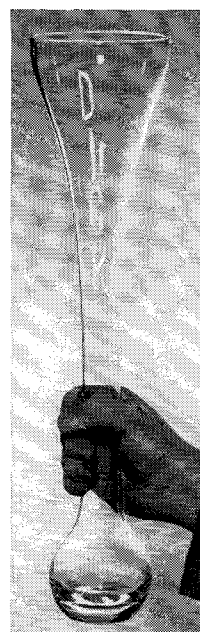
ASTI
ITALIAN AMERICAN CUISINE

Join the stars of Musicals and Opera
in gay singing nightly—everything
from "Pagliacci to Tin Pan Alley."

13 E. 12th ST. • CH 2-9868



RESERVATIONS ONLY
253 EAST 50TH ST., PL 9-3735



half a yard of beer

Inspired by the "yard of ale" used to quench stagecoach drivers' thirsts at English inns, this 18" glass holds 24 oz.—considered ample for quenching purposes in our less robust society. Personalized (up to 10 letters.)

\$11.50
ppd

casual living
108 Chatsworth Ave.

Larchmont, N.Y. 10538



FRANCE IN THE CARIBBEAN GUADELOUPE FRENCH WEST INDIES

The Caribbean's island gem... always unspoiled, still undiscovered, closer than ever, mais toujours, toujours, toujours FRANCAISE!

A BRAND NEW ULTRA-LUXURY RESORT
THE

Fort Royal HOTEL

Deshaies, Guadeloupe, French Caribbean

• 75 modern air conditioned rooms, all with Caribbean view, and 25 enchanting seaside cottages! • All year season... perfect climate... magnificent scenery... **Free Port!** • Pool, TWO private beaches, tennis, all water sports, yachting! • Superb Continental Cuisine by French Masters! • All rates include 10% Gratuities. • See Your Travel Agent.

Representatives: ROBERT F. WARNER, INC.
New York • Boston • Washington
Chicago • Miami • Toronto • London



New From Rodale

QUINTO LINGO

The Learn-A-Language Magazine

Now you can learn, or maintain your skill in French, Spanish, German, Italian or Portuguese a new way. *Quinto Lingo*, Rodale's new magazine, presents the same fascinating articles, anecdotes, stories and jokes in all five foreign languages, plus English, in 6 side-by-side columns. Read something from *Quinto Lingo* each day and watch your skill in a foreign language grow. You learn the reading way, not the grammar-rule way. Subscribe today!

Rodale Press, publishers of *Quinto Lingo*, is one of the leading producers of reference texts, magazines and books, such as the widely-hailed *Word Finder*, *Synonym Finder* and *Phrase Finder* series for over 25 years.

Quinto Lingo Rodale Press, Inc.

Dept. NY-1, Emmaus, Pa.

Please enter my subscription for *Quinto Lingo*, the new Rodale language magazine.

Please check one:

- ☐ 1 year at \$5.00
☐ 2 years at \$9.00 (save \$1.00)
☐ 3 years at \$12.50 (save \$2.50)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Remittance enclosed ☐

Bill me ☐



IS YOUR ALLIGATOR TIRED?

Dull, Worn And Soiled Alligator & Leather Handbags Cleaned, Redyed, Reglazed... Like New Again! Petit Point & Beaded Bags Also Repaired & Relined. Free Estimates!

LEATHERCRAFT PROCESS OF AMERICA, Inc.
62 W. 56th St. W. of 5th Ave., N.Y.C., JU 6-3737

and thrown off stride on the final turn, Avery Brundage, the seventy-seven-year-old American who has just been reelected president of the International Olympics Committee, said that in fifty years of attending the Games he'd never seen anything so exciting. (Brundage's energy is unflagging, despite his years, and he seems to turn up everywhere to award medals. Still, he did permit the man he beat out for the presidency, the Marquess of Exeter, to hand out the awards to the winners of the men's four-hundred-metre hurdles. It was a nice gesture, for His Lordship had won that event himself in 1928.) Mills excited everybody. After he loped across the finish line, a Japanese friend of mine, who, in the fashion of his country, always says hello and goodbye by bowing, flabbergasted me by grabbing my hand and pumping it up and down. That race had a moral victor, too—a Ceylonese named Karunananda, who was clearly out of his class from the start. He fell back after the first few strides, and was a pearl of consistency from then on. He ran so much more slowly than the others that he was lapped at three thousand metres and lapped again at five thousand. By then, the field was spread out all around the track, and it was difficult to calculate how much more ground he was losing. After all the other runners had completed the course and left the track, the straggling Ceylonese, whose pace had never varied, though it was clearly the wrong pace for that distance in that company, jogged all the way around the track alone while seventy-five thousand spectators applauded his determination to finish the required mileage. He reached the finish line and started around again. This time, the crowd, which had no idea how far back he'd fallen, gasped in astonishment. Reaching the finish line once more, he started on still another lap. Now the crowd both applauded and laughed. He knew what he was doing, though, and he knew that this was his final lap. A few hundred feet from the finish line, he broke into a sprint, and the crowd clapped wildly. Never has the loneliness of a long-distance runner been so touchingly portrayed before so many sympathetic eyes.

Karunananda may not win any Olympic laurels, but he certainly put on the solo tour de force of the Games so far, and he is one of the contestants I favor for a sportsmanship award that is scheduled to be given out after the Games are over. My other leading contender at the moment is an Ameri-



"UNICORN"

Superb reproduction of famous English Unicorn. A Classic gate-post finial or garden and fountain ornament. In lead—20 1/2" overall height, 24" long. \$200.00 F.O.B. N.Y.C.

From the world's most distinguished collection of fountains, statuary and garden ornaments in lead, bronze and stone, on display at Florentine Craftsmen Showrooms. Write for Cat. C 63 (25¢ coins—stamps).



The FLORENTINE CRAFTSMEN, Inc.

479-485 FIRST AVE. (28th St.) NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

Phone LExington 2-3926



Seasoned travelers say: In New Orleans choose THE ROOSEVELT

Why? More than \$3,000,000 has been spent in the past two years to refurbish and redecorate this world famous hotel. Here is every concept of modern comfort plus the spacious rooms and gracious charm of the Old South. 100% air-conditioned. Five dining rooms, superb cuisine, free garage, family plan rates. Convenient to everything. For reservations, contact:

The ROOSEVELT HOTEL
New Orleans, La. 70140
Phone 529-7111

Seymour Weiss, Pres. & Mgn. Dir.
A. C. Bellande, Mgr.

Gin and Vodka's new rival...

Gavilan Tequila!

Send for free recipes: Foreign Vintages, 630 5th Ave., N. Y. 20, N. Y. Sole U.S.A. Distributors. 90 proof.

LE VALOIS

45 EAST 58th ST. • MURRAY HILL 8-7630

LUNCHEON

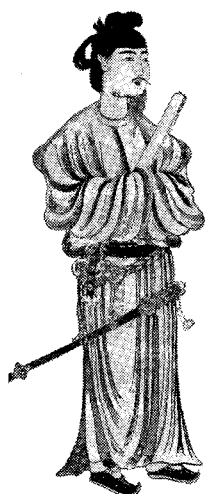
COCKTAILS

DINNER



Also Superb
Private
Facilities
(Parties of
40 or Less)

AN UNPRECEDENTED PUBLISHING EVENT



The story of Japan through the centuries, as seen, remembered, and recorded by her artists—with 237 full color reproductions (all full color, no black and white) newly photographed from the originals, most of them never before seen outside of Japan.

The book is **JAPAN: A HISTORY IN ART** by Bradley Smith, just published.

The first tribute to its unprecedented beauty and importance comes from one of the world's foremost authorities on Japanese civilization, Harvard historian EDWIN O. REISCHAUER, who writes:

"The pictures, most of them as excitingly fresh to the specialist as to the beginner, constitute a series of magnificent vignettes of Japanese culture as it developed over the centuries. The brief but authoritative text binds them together in a broad view of the whole panorama of Japanese history. I know of no book which combines so extensive a view of this vast subject with such depth of penetration, or one which so successfully combines beauty with information."

No such pictorial history has ever before been available. For the first time—on scrolls and woodblocks, on paintings, screens, embroideries, prints, *all* in six-color lithography—you will see the art of Japan *not* as isolated museum pieces, but in the context of Japanese history.

You will see here the first color reproduction ever published of a scene as central to Japanese religion as the manger in Bethlehem is to Christianity—the Birth of the Buddha in a garden (from a 13th century silk painting).

You do not merely *read* about the invasion of Japan by the armies of Kublai Khan. Sections of the priceless pictorial scrolls of the Mongol invasion (a special emissary brought the scrolls to Bradley Smith from the Imperial Family Repository for photographing) are reproduced on 8 full-color double page spreads.

How the first European arrivals looked to the astonished eyes of the Japanese is shown in a magnificent series of early 17th century paintings by Japanese artists.

From the Jomon people of 5000 B.C., whose strange and beautiful figurines you will see, to the emergence of Japan as a modern power in the 20th century

—here is a vast and brilliant panorama encompassing the history of Japan and the Japanese vision of life in all its delicacy and complexity of pattern.

A money-saving offer

Even the most elaborate art books today usually have 50, perhaps even 150, color plates, with the rest in black and white. In *this* book *all* 237 reproductions are in full color (many double-page size; there are 265 color pages in all). It is fortunate that the large initial printing made possible by almost simultaneous publication in five countries allows us to offer this magnificent volume for only \$30.

For those who order now, however, there is a further saving of \$5.05. The coupon will bring a copy to your door to examine at leisure. There is no obligation to buy. If the book does not totally delight you, return it within two weeks and owe nothing. Otherwise we will bill you at the special Christmas present price of only \$24.95. Mail coupon to your bookseller, or to: SIMON AND SCHUSTER, INC., Dept. 75, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10020.

* * *

NOTE: In the Japanese tradition of ceremonial gifts, 500 numbered presentation copies are available at \$100 a copy. Each is bound in silk brocade with feudal devices in gold, has special endpapers, is encased in a box made by hand of paulownia wood (traditionally used for the storing of precious objects and presentation of gifts), and is autographed by the author.

SOME PERTINENT DETAILS

PICTORIAL. Bradley Smith, who is known throughout the world for his incomparable photographs of art works, was given access to priceless and fragile masterpieces in museums, Buddhist temples, Shinto shrines and private collections (including that of the Imperial Household) in Kyoto, Nara, Atami, Yokohama, Kamakura, Tokyo and elsewhere in Japan. His color photographs, made especially for this book, are unretouched.

HISTORICAL. During the writing and photographing, Mr. Smith was in consultation with leading scholars in Asia and the West. Two of the most distinguished have contributed to the book. The *Art Introduction* is by NAGATAKE ASANO, Director of the Tokyo National Museum. The *Historical Introduction* is by MARIUS B. JANSEN, Professor of Japanese History and Director of the East Asian Studies Program at Princeton University.

PRODUCTION. The 6-color lithography is by Japan's finest printers, Toppan of Tokyo. Color endpapers and dividers are of Japanese handmade papers. The book is 8 3/4" x 12 1/2", bound in woven cloth on which the title in Japanese is stamped in gold after a model by a master calligrapher.

Pictured at the top of this page: Prince Shōtoku (born in 572) under whose benevolent guidance Buddhist culture flourished in Japan for the first time. Detail from a 7th century posthumous portrait, color on paper, from the Imperial Household Collection, Kyoto. The complete painting is reproduced in full color on page 39.

THIS RESERVATION CERTIFICATE SAVES YOU \$5.05

Simon and Schuster, Inc., Dept. 75
630 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10020

Please send me, **JAPAN: A HISTORY IN ART**. If, after examining it for two weeks, I am not completely delighted, I may return the book and owe nothing. Otherwise you will bill me at the special pre-Christmas price of only \$24.95 plus postage (a \$5.05 saving) which I may pay in three monthly installments if I choose.

☐ **DE LUXE EDITION**, specially bound, and boxed in paulownia wood: \$100, plus postage. I enclose \$25 deposit. Remainder to be paid \$25 per month for three months.

Name.....
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address.....

City.....Zone.....

State.....

☐ **SAVE POSTAGE.** Check here if you enclose \$24.95 (or \$100 for De Luxe Edition) with this certificate as payment in full—then WE pay postage. Same two-week return privilege—full refund guaranteed. New York City residents add 4% Sales Tax.



LONG JOHN SILVER

... pet parrot perched on his shoulder, comes jauntily to life in this colorful, hand-painted character jug by Royal Doulton. Wouldn't he make a perfect gift to add to, or begin, a collection? 7½" high, \$12.50; 4", \$6.00; 2½", \$3.75.

ROYAL DOULTON



Send 25¢ for collectors book #8 of famous Royal Doulton figurines and jugs in color. Write Doulton & Co., Inc., Dept. 28N, 11 E. 26th St., New York 10, N.Y.

For every motoring maniac—from Lotus jockey to Yellow Cab navigator

THE ENZO FERRARI STORY AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY



"A man who has known the great and who deserves his own share of greatness in motoring and motor racing history." —STIRLING MOSS in his Foreword

illus. \$6.95

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY



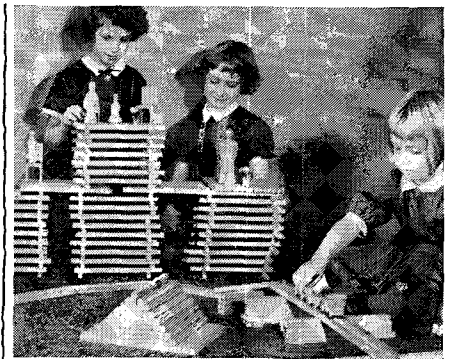
THE DOG WHO LIVES AT THE WALDORF



Sir Galahad is a wise, witty spaniel who really knows how to put on the dog. He lives at the hotel, knows all its celebrities, looks out on the zoo, and once went to a charity ball, uninvited! A hilarious "diary" written by James Brough, illustrated by Vasiliu, published by Little, Brown. \$3.45 at all bookstores

can girl swimmer who, when her parents burst into tears at her failure to come close to winning anything in her event, said, "Goodness, I don't know what you're so upset about. I showed that I was the twelfth best in the world, didn't I?"

THE Japanese love swimming. It is a measure of their devotion to the sport that their big pool enclosure holds fifteen thousand spectators, whereas their similarly designed basketball enclosure holds a mere four thousand. The swimming pool is unique, by Western standards, in that it is magically free of that oppressive antiseptic smell most indoor pools are distinctive for. (One of the few complaints about any aspect of the pool has come from the East German diver Frau Krämer Engel, who said that the water in the diving pool was too cold. As if in reply, the Japanese announced the following day that the water there was 27.8° Centigrade, or 82° Fahrenheit. I don't know whether that's markedly high or low, but I do know, from a visit I paid last night to a *tempura* restaurant that likes to keep its patrons informed as well as fed, that a single female shrimp can hatch up to one million two hundred thousand eggs in fourteen hours flat provided she lays them in water as warm as 25° Centigrade.) The United States swimmers, who include three girls who have yet to reach their fifteenth birthday, are unique by any standards. "What a meet this is proving in swimming!" one Japanese paper said the other day. The Americans, with some Australian help, are largely responsible for the exclamation. They have splashed back and forth in the big fifty-metre pool with such *élan* that records have been falling like the autumn leaves with which Tokyo is profusely decorated. A typical day's results occurred during the men's two-hundred-metre backstroke semifinals, when a new Olympic record, which had been set only twenty-four hours earlier, during a qualifying heat, was shattered three times more within ten minutes. It was dealt the ultimate blow the following day, by the winner of the final, a recent Princeton graduate named Jed Graef, who shattered every record in sight. (The crowds here are becoming understandably blasé about new world records. In the final of small-bore rifle shooting, prone, the first five finishers tied or bettered the old world record, and the first twenty-two finishers tied or bettered the old Olympic record. When I dropped in at a middleweight weight-lifting set-to the



What Can't they build with SENECE STICKS

No limit except their imagination—and using these blocks expands their creative talents. Educators are buying them for classes. Ideal for group or individual play. Sis can build a tall tower and be a princess. Bud may surround himself with a corral and be a cowboy—or a horse! Senece Sticks invite the child to explore, to invent.

Igloos for Esquimaux

Carriers for Pilots

Cabins for Pioneers

Cities for Commuters



Sticks aplenty for the whole family, 1000 hard maple blocks ½x½x10 inches. Silk smooth, fun to touch, will last through generations. They come in a handsome wood chest, ideal for storage, sturdy enough for parents to sit on.

Special price to Grandparents, \$49
500 without chest, \$19

Shipped prepaid. West of Miss. add 10%
Write for brochure—or just go ahead and order

Delavan Designs, Interlaken, N.Y.

Just published SELECTED POEMS OF

Stephen Spender

Mr. Spender has selected — and, in some cases, revised — the poems he considers his best and most relevant. Clothbound \$4.00; paperbound \$1.95. Now at your bookstore.

RANDOM HOUSE



OLD DROVER'S INN DOVER PLAIN, N.Y.



LUXURY COUNTRY DINING
Overnight Accommodations
Res.: Temple 2-3811 • CLOSED WED.

The GOLDEN OX The Mecca for Beef Eaters 1615 L ST. N.W. WASHINGTON, D. C.

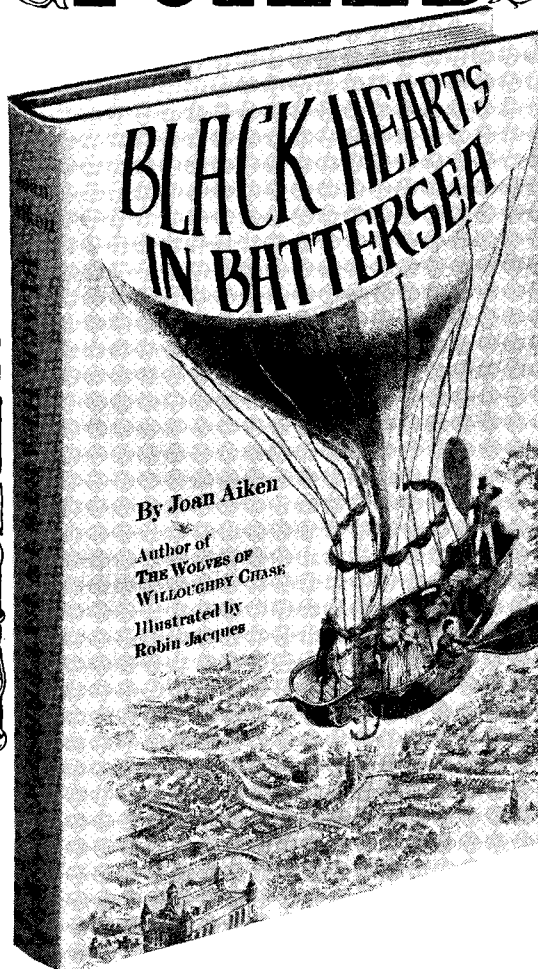


other morning and in two hours saw nobody even come close to any sort of record, I actually felt quite pleased, though the competitors may have felt differently.) After the backstroke semi-finals, Graef, who intends to be a psychologist, was summoned to an interview room to be asked questions of the kind that the press habitually tosses at victors, and he incurred my everlasting admiration by replying, when somebody asked him about his sensations during the race, "It's really hard to tell when you are in the water. I just try to swim." I felt I should ask him a question myself, if I could think of a sensible one, and I was pleased to observe that none of the newspapermen clustered around him had said anything about a set of rubber nose clips dangling from a cord around his neck. I waited until the other reporters had released him, and then asked, in a whisper, standing on tiptoe (he is six feet six), "You always wear nose clips, or is it something about this pool?" He replied forthrightly that he had been wearing them in all pools for several years, because of a sinus condition, and then he strode away. I report this, as far as I know, exclusively.

A BRITISH psychologist who, along with several hundred other doctors and scientists, is attending a convention here of something called the International Congress of Sport Sciences, reported that he had made a study of English female swimmers and had found that they tend to be high on sociability and surgency (this has to do with extroversion) and low on ego strength. The Olympics produce many by-products, and this time a number of the by-products have medical connotations. A mere summary of the papers read at the I.C.S.S. gathering runs to three hundred and sixty-nine pages. Never before has there been such intense discussion of what makes Samihiro run. One United States doctor, a cardiologist from Philadelphia named Joseph B. Wolfe, has been out here drumming up interest in a pet project of his—the accumulation and preservation of medical histories of the world's finest physical specimens. Long before the Games got under way, Wolfe and other doctors, in several dozen countries, began giving physical examinations, free of charge, to men and women and boys and girls who had been named to Olympic teams. (At the insistence of some European doctors, a gynecologic examination was required for the females; there is a recurrent suspicion that a man occasionally sneaks

HUZZAH!

Another Dastardly Plot FOILED

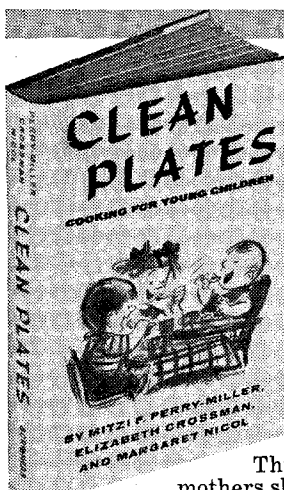


1964's enchanting successor to
"1963's one genuine small masterpiece,"
The Wolves of Willoughby Chase.

By Joan Aiken, with Remarkable Pictures
by Robin Jacques, for Discriminating
Readers of Any Age.

Last year's surprise hit was *THE WOLVES OF WILLOUGHBY CHASE*; *Time Magazine* called it "1963's one genuine small masterpiece." This year Joan Aiken has given us all something new to cheer about—an irresistible sequel in which orphan Simon goes to London, uncovers a plot to murder Good (but mythical) King James, and learns his own True Identity at last. We are pledged not to reveal more. (But keep an eye on the Annual Battersea Mince-Pie Tasting Ceremony.) \$3.50 at all booksellers. Library Edition available.

DOUBLEDAY
BOOKS FOR YOUNG READERS



CLEAN PLATES
COOKING FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

You don't have to coax your child to eat...

Three young mothers share their successful secrets for getting children to eat. Based on wholesome, taste-tempting recipes for children 6 months to 6 years, they include special attractions for finicky eaters, sick children, pokey eaters, birthday parties, and trips. Every dish is easy to prepare—conveniently arranged by meals and palatable for parents too.

CLEAN PLATES
by Mitzi F. Perry-Miller, Elizabeth Crossman and Margaret Nicol

Introduction by Dr. Elizabeth B. Watkins

\$3.50 at all bookstores

SCRIBNERS

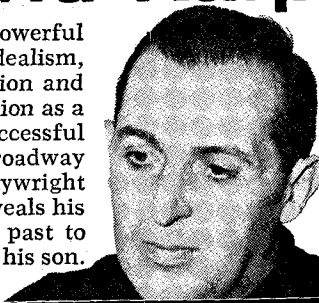
ogden nash
advises husbands

To keep your marriage brimming,
With love in the loving cup,
Whenever you're wrong, admit it;
Whenever you're right, shut up. **2**

2 NASH, OGDEN, *Marriage Lines, Notes of a Student Husband*, p. 79, Little, Brown (Boston, 1964), \$3.95

David Karp

tells a powerful story of idealism, rebellion and disillusion as a successful Broadway playwright reveals his buried past to save his son.



THE LAST BELIEVERS

\$5.95  HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD

into a women's Olympic event.) The athletes who have gone along with the scheme—they're called Volunteers for Science—will be reexamined every four years as long as they live, and from a study of their lifelong records Dr. Wolffe expects to learn what effects, good or bad, prodigious physical activity may have on human beings.

Dr. Wolffe himself feels a special kinship with the celebrated Vesper Boat Club, a pickup crew of Philadelphia oarsmen who astounded rowing fans in the States last summer by knocking off Harvard's varsity in the Olympic trials and thus earning the right to represent our country in the eight-oared competition here. "A doctor who checked them in Philadelphia before the trials asked me to call them in and give them a good pep talk," Dr. Wolffe told me on the eve of the Games. "They didn't breathe right. I got them together and said they were using only fifty per cent of their capacity. One of them said, 'But, Doctor, I was told as a child there was something wrong with my heart.' Here was a man who could do thirty knee bends in thirty seconds and he was afraid of his heart. I said to him, 'You have a beautiful heart,' and not long after my pep talk Vesper went out and beat Harvard." Several days later, at the Olympic Village, I ran into Dr. Wolffe again. He was with Allen Rosenberg, the coach of the wondrous Vespers and one of the top coaches of the whole United States rowing team. I had hoped to engage the Doctor in further colloquy, but he said he couldn't talk to me right then. Pointing first to Rosenberg and then to three or four Vespers who were standing nearby, he added, "He wants me to give them another pep talk." They all walked off, the Doctor conversing peppily.

The following day, the finals of all seven Olympic rowing events were being held at the Toda rowing course, a canal-like, twenty-four-hundred-meter stretch of water alongside the Arakawa River, an hour's drive from central Tokyo. Toda is one of the few venues of the Games that have engendered any controversy among the Japanese. A rice dealer there, irritated because the Olympic hierarchy hadn't allotted enough seats in the official stands, which are on one side of the course, to the residents of the neighborhood, built an unofficial grandstand of his own on the other side. The committee in charge of rowing tried to have somebody make him tear his stand down, but he stood, or sat, firm, and when I arrived I could see that his grandstand was full. I climbed to the

If You Don't Mind My Saying So

ESSAYS ON MAN AND NATURE

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

All the facets of a distinguished career are represented in this collection of shrewd, pungent thought and eloquent writing about the issues and the phenomena of thirty critical years. *Foreword by John K. Hutchens.*

At all bookstores, \$5.95

A WM. SLOANE ASSOCIATES BOOK

MORROW

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

"Positively terrific!"
—ROSS MacDONALD

"A spellbinder."
The most remarkable aspect is the way it has the reader pull the wool over his own eyes."
—STANLEY ELLIN • \$3.95

THE END OF SOLOMON GRUNDY
by Julian Symons

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE



FOREIGN CAR SHOPPERS GUIDE

NEW 1965 FOREIGN CAR GUIDE

Exclusive photos of all 172 sports, luxury, economy models from 52 foreign factories—complete local delivered prices, performance, weight, dimensions—EXCITING GIFT—96 pages 8" x 5 1/2" sewn binding, handsome hard cover, library quality, only \$4.95 pp. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Paulman Publications, Field Building
135 S. LaSalle, Chicago, Illinois 60603

Troubles Hound \$5.95
Size 17" Guaranteed No C.O.D.

This droff and appealing fellow would delight any child. Only one of many soft toys. Top quality. Many sizes. Send for free catalog.

Toy Parade BOX 297 Sandy Springs, Ga.



top of the approved stand and, spotting a couple of young women who were talking English, joined them. One of them turned out to be Joan Knecht, whose husband, Bill, a thirty-four-year-old father of six, was pulling the No. 7 oar in the Vesper shell. No wives of other American participants at Toda were on hand, she told me, and she was so nervous that she had dosed herself liberally with tranquilizers. (Doping is all right for spectators.) A brisk head wind was blowing, and Mrs. Knecht said this might help the United States, because her husband and the other Vespers were more tolerant of that kind of handicap than some of their rivals were. The breeze had delayed the start of the afternoon's proceedings (most of the Olympic events have been run off almost exactly on schedule), and because her husband's race was the last one scheduled, she was worried for fear the sun would be too low for her to take movies of it.

The United States boat had drawn Lane 6 (there were six lanes altogether), and when the first two races—four oars with cox and pair oars without cox—were both won by boats rowing in that lane, I called the fact to Mrs. Knecht's attention, thinking that it might cheer her up. She frowned and didn't reply; I suspected that I had committed a *gaffe*, like mentioning the existence of a putative no-hitter early in a ball game. She brightened when a man came up and told us that the United States would take a gold medal or two for sure. "If Bill can win one, it'll be the greatest thing in his life," she said. She paused, and then went on, more or less soliloquizing, "Seventeen years of working and struggling for this fool medal." She told me that her husband's daily routine, sandwiched around an air-conditioning business he runs, was to practice rowing at 6 A.M. and 6 P.M. The sun was fading, and as the four oars without cox came down the course, with the onlookers straining to see who was doing what, Mrs. Knecht remarked, "This is the craziest spectator sport you ever want to see." I was having a pretty good time, but I didn't want to argue with her. It got darker, and she wondered if I'd heard a rumor that the Japanese, ever resourceful, were planning to send flare-dropping planes our way. I hadn't, but, considering what the sponsors of the Games have demonstrated that they can do, the idea didn't seem preposterous. It was close to five-thirty when the big race started, and the sky was nearly dark. No pictures for Mrs. Knecht. I peered down the course, waiting for

Repaint with your garden hose . . .



the Techbuilt House of Armco Steel!

◀ Beautiful's the word for famed architect Carl Koch's award-winning modular Techbuilt House, now available in durable Armco steel. Baked enamel outside walls eliminate repainting, wash like windows. Long-lasting aluminized roof never requires shingling. Sag-proof steel framework won't settle or warp. Entire shell fire-resistant. No termites. No dry rot. Wide choice of exterior colors. Minimum upkeep costs, maximum contemporary beauty. Many basic designs, room plans, interiors . . . tailored to personal taste and needs.



▶ Bulging portfolio on Techbuilt wood and steel homes and vacation cottages has 95 photos, 61 floor plans, pages of specifications and materials. Send \$1.00 now to Techbuilt Products, Inc., Dept. NY1024, Box 193, Cambridge, Mass.

TECHBUILT®



If you love children, your heart will go out to Tommy Littleraven, a 9-year-old American Indian boy who is attending school off the reservation for the first time. Going to school in town frightens Tommy. He is afraid that his non-Indian schoolmates are laughing at his tattered clothing, at his faulty English.

He yearns to join the school club, buy personal books, clothing, go out for a soda with the other boys. But his parents are too poor to give him pocket money. And so Tommy wanders off by himself and dreams that someday he will have the money to do what his non-Indian schoolmates do.

if you love children

Make a dream come true! You, your school or group can make this dream come true for an Indian child like Tommy. Contribute \$10 a month and provide one Indian youngster with suitable clothing, personal books and a cash allowance. You will receive the photograph and story of the child you help and enjoy a warm person-to-person relationship through an exchange of letters. Please give one Indian youngster an even break—and the sense of security and confidence he needs to join the mainstream of American life.

Serving Children for 30 Years

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION

Norwalk, Connecticut

I wish to contribute \$120.00 annually to help an American Indian girl ☐ boy ☐

Enclosed is my first payment:

\$10.00 a month ☐ \$ 60.00 semi-annually ☐
\$30.00 a quarter ☐ \$120.00 annually ☐

I cannot sponsor a child, enclosed is contribution of \$_____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Contributions are income tax deductible.

NY-10-24-4

When It Comes to Money

Voltaire, who was something of a cynic, once observed: "When it comes to money, we are all of the same religion." And very likely he was right. Most of us would like more money than we have — for travel or the children's education or a new house — or just to meet the ever-higher cost of living. The problem is how to get it.

One answer might be through investing, through buying stocks that seem likely to increase in value over the years. If you're a novice in the market and would like the suggestions of our Research Department on stocks which may suit your objectives, write today, in confidence, outlining your financial situation. You'll get your reply in short order, without charge or obligation.

Mind you, we don't guarantee the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow to anyone who follows our Research Department's suggestions, but over a long period of time Research has been able to help many investors.

Just one more thing. Not everybody gets rich by investing — not by any means. But nobody ever made a penny just by *thinking* about investing.

Over to you.



MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER
PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

**MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH INC**
70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK

the world's six best amateur eights to come into view, and then blinked as a barrage of flares lit up the sky—fired, anticlimactically, from the ground but still mighty illuminating. At the same time, the race officials hastily maneuvered three automobiles and a fire engine so that their headlights were focussed on the finish line. When I turned to remark to Mrs. Knecht upon these pyrotechnics, she had disappeared. She apparently couldn't bear to watch the finish, though she would surely have enjoyed it, as I did. For the Vespers, whom nobody had picked to win, what with a thirty-four-year-old No. 7 and a coxswain, Bob Zimonyi, who was an even more improbable forty-six, came charging down Lane 6, out of the dusk, as if somebody had fired *them* from a flare gun. "Now! Now hit it, boys!" a man was screaming next to me, and I heard myself screaming in chorus with him. It is hard to maintain reportorial detachment at such moments. By the time the Vespers had crossed the finish line, victors by a length and a quarter, the man beside me was wiping tears from his eyes, and the fellow who had been sedately occupying my seat through most of the long afternoon was standing on top of it yelling his fool head off. When I regained my composure, I looked around again for Mrs. Knecht. If I could have found her, I would have kissed her, and I'm sure Bill wouldn't have minded.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

RICH, BEAUTIFUL PROSE DEPARTMENT IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

[*Opinion of the Court, Judith Bell Gordon v. State Farm Life Insurance Company, Appellant, in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, Western District. J. Musmanno*]

Larry Gordon was in excellent health prior to his death. The post mortem revealed that he bore no inner latent pathological clock ticking off his moments of mortality. There was evidence, on the other hand, that he was swept off the highway of life by the gasoline phantom which swings its fatal scythe with remorseless continuity, gathering in the old and the young, the male and the female, every day, every month, every year.

Colors of walls are affected by lights and shadows. Since the wall area surrounding windows is in shadow, it appears darker than the walls on which the light from the windows falls. Democrats often have window walls painted in a lighter tint to compensate for this condition.—*Norwalk (Conn.) Hour*.

They're trigger-happy with that spray gun.



Do
you have a
dice cup set?
HOFFRITZ
does.

LEATHER DICE CUP WITH THREE REGULAR AND FIVE POKER DICE, RUSH
12.75 PLUS 35¢ FOR POSTAGE TO 49 E. 34 STREET OR POP BY HOFFRITZ.



The very same
Felicia Whitfield
who enchanted
you in *The Last of
the Whitfields*
is now at boarding
school in Virginia,
about to become
an adult... in



THE NEW GIRL

The new novel by

ELISE SANGUINETTI

\$5.50 McGRAW-HILL



Barbara
Weinman's

Representing 40 select
Yachts in the Virgin,
leeward windward islands

Caribbean Yacht Charters
551 2nd AVE, N.Y.C. MU6-2145

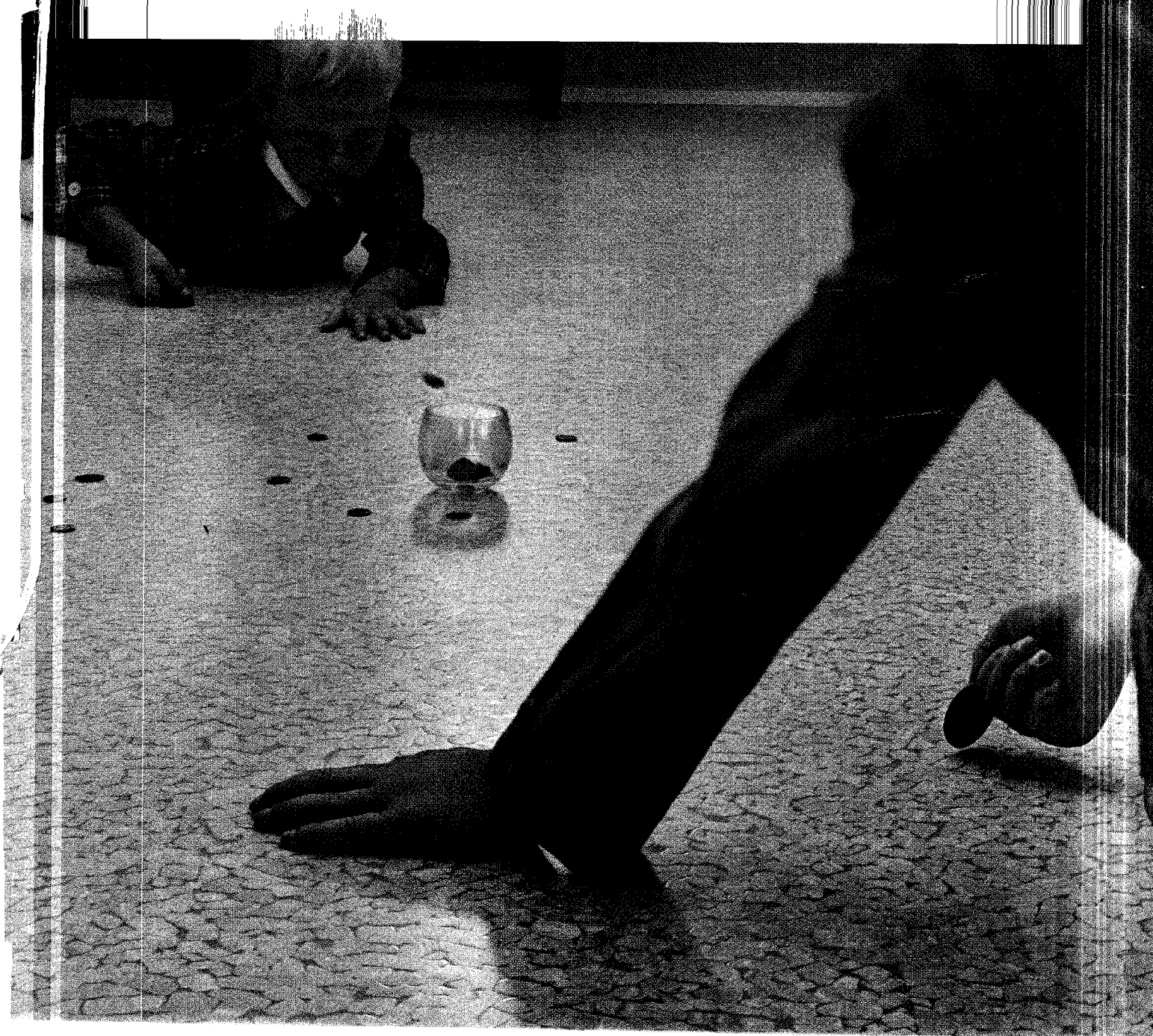
FANNY'S WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT

Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime
Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.

Hours 5 to 10 pm daily
(OPEN EVERY DAY)
1601 Simpson St.

Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm
Phone GR 5-8686
Evanston, Ill.

OCTOBER 24, 1964



Why advanced winkers prefer to do their tiddly-winking on a Montina Vinyl Corlon

floor As is always the case with sense and serious games of this nature, experts emerge who find ways to make the games more difficult than they already are.

Which is why advanced winkers play a Montina Corlon floor.

Montina Corlon, through the design cunning of its manufacturer, has an extraordinary, nubbly surface texture. This texture makes the rolling and

squopping of winks a matter subject to hazard and chance. Even the most perfectly balanced wink, tiddly-winked with utmost precision, can be caused to waver and falter on Montina's charmingly uneven surface.

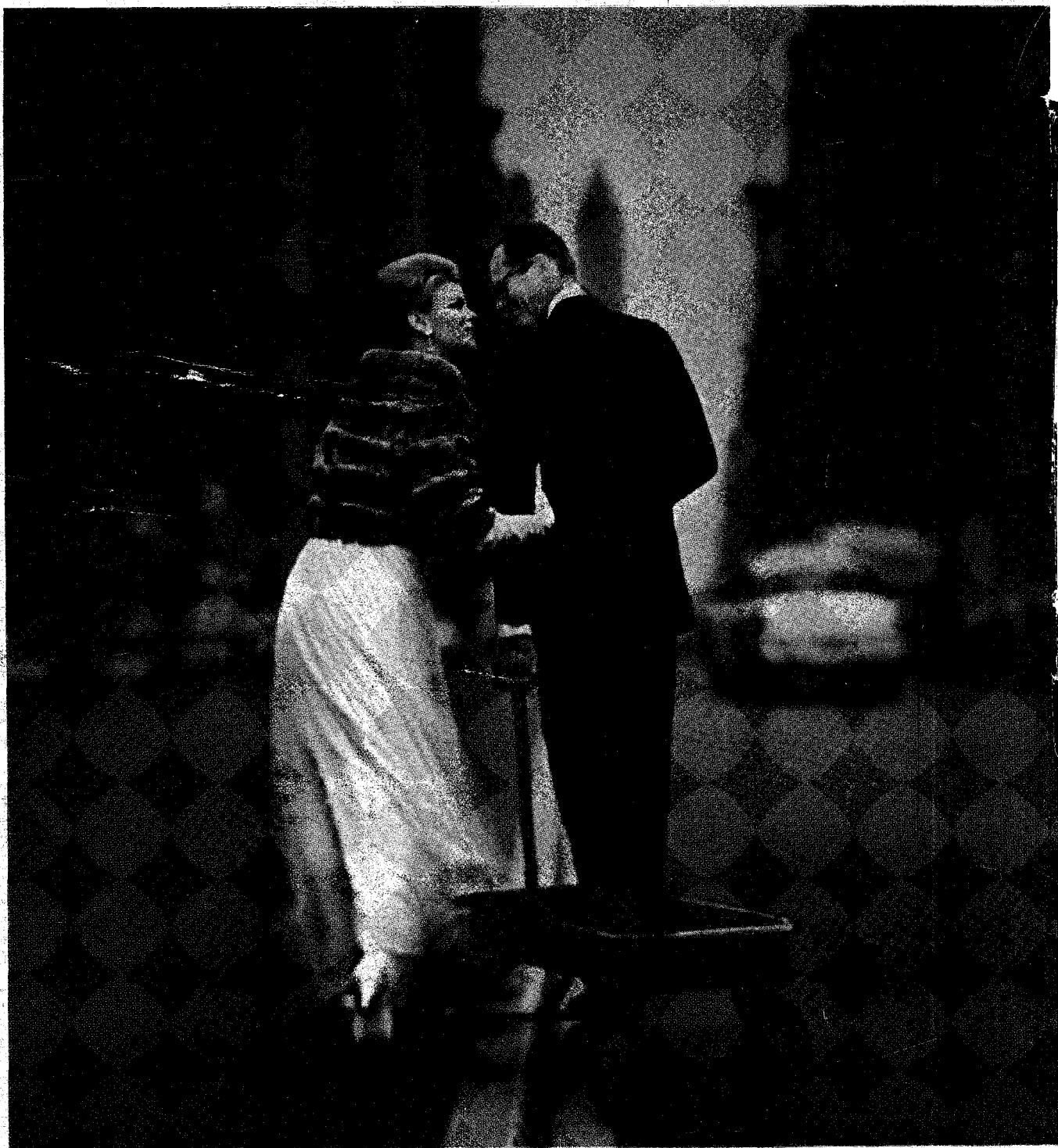
The heat of combat is apt to render the players unaware of Montina's beauty, however. This is regrettable, because being beautiful is really the primary purpose of a Montina floor.

It is for the audience, the kibitzers, you and me, to notice the subtle colors of Montina's stone-like vinyl chips . . . to see how Montina, in addition to

having texture, has scarcely any seams, wall to wall.

For a free sample of Montina Vinyl Corlon, write Armstrong, 6410A Payne Rd., Lancaster, Pa. In Canada, write Dept. 104A-R, Box 919, Montreal, P.Q. Shown: style 86712. Montina and Corlon are registered trademarks of Armstrong Cork Co. Floor design copyrighted by Armstrong.

VINYL FLOORS BY
Armstrong



“If they’re out of Imported O.F.C., I’m going on the wagon.”

People with pull just won't touch anything but Imported O.F.C. It's the Old Fine Canadian—a lighter, more with-it whisky. O.F.C. 8 year old is priced with Canadians years younger. And 12 year old O.F.C. costs little more than Canadians half its age. When you're out, ask for Imported O.F.C.—it's the only Canadian with three initials.



86.8 Proof. © 1964 Schenley Distillers Co., N.Y.C.